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MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. X.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

VOL. III.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,

WITH A

PRELIMINARY VIEW OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

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LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER III.

The Alps.—Feelings and Views of Buonaparte on being appointed to the Command of the Army of Italy—General Account of his new Principles of Warfare—Mountainous Countries peculiarly favourable to them.—Retrospect of Military Proceedings since October 1795.—*Hostility of the French Government to the Pope.—Massacre of the French Envoy Basseville, at Rome.—Austrian Army under Beaulieu.—Napoleon's Plan for entering Italy—Battle of Montenotte, and Buonaparte's first Victory—Again defeats the Austrians at Millesimo—and again under Colli—Takes possession of Cherasco—King of Sardinia requests an Armistice, which leads to a Peace, concluded on very severe Terms.—Close of the Piedmontese Campaign.—Napoleon's Character at this period.*

NAPOLEON has himself observed, that no country in the world is more distinctly marked out by its natural boundaries than Italy.[1] The Alps seem a barrier erected by Nature herself, on

[1] [Napoleon, Memoirs, t. iii. p. 91.]

which she has inscribed in gigantic characters, "Here let ambition be staid." Yet this tremendous circumvallation of mountains, as it could not prevent the ancient Romans from breaking out to desolate the world, so it has been in like manner found, ever since the days of Hannibal, unequal to protect Italy herself from invasion. The French nation, in the times of which we treat, spoke indeed of the Alps as a natural boundary, so far as to authorize them to claim all which lay on the western side of these mountains, as naturally pertaining to their dominions; but they never deigned to respect them as such, when the question respected their invading, on their own part, the territories of other states, which lay on or beyond the formidable frontier. They assumed the law of natural limits as an unchallengeable rule when it made in favour of France, but never allowed it to be quoted against her interest.

During the Revolutionary War, the general fortune of battle had varied from time to time in the neighbourhood of these mighty boundaries. The King of Sardinia[1] possessed almost all the fortresses which command the passes on these mountains, and had therefore been said to wear the keys of the Alps at his girdle. He had indeed lost his Dukedom of Savoy, and the County of Nice, in the late campaigns; but he still maintained a very considerable army, and was supported by his powerful ally the Emperor of Austria,

[1] [Victor Amadeus III. He was born in 1726, and died in 1796.]

always vigilant regarding that rich and beautiful portion of his dominions which lies in the north of Italy. The frontiers of Piedmont were therefore covered by a strong Austro-Sardinian army, opposed to the French, of which Napoleon had been just named commander-in-chief. A strong Neapolitan force[1] was also to be added, so that in general numbers their opponents were much superior to the French; but a great part of this force was cooped up in garrisons which could not be abandoned.

It may be imagined with what delight the general, scarce aged twenty-six, advanced to an independent field of glory and conquest, confident in his own powers, and in the perfect knowledge of the country, which he had acquired when by his scientific plans of the campaign, he had enabled General Dumerbion to drive the Austrians back, and obtain possession of the Col di Tende, Saorgio, and the gorges of the higher Alps.[2] Buonaparte's achievements had hitherto been under the auspices of others. He made the dispositions before Toulon, but it was Dugommier who had the credit of taking the place. Dumerbion, as we have just said, obtained the merit of the advantages in Piedmont. Even in the civil turmoil of the 13th Vendemaire, his actual services had been overshadowed by the official dignity of Barras as commander-in-chief. But if he reaped honour in Italy, the success would

[1] ["The Neapolitan army was 60,000 strong; the cavalry was excellent."—NAPOLEON, *Memoirs*, t. iii. p. 134.]

[2] [Viz. in April 1794. See Napoleon, Memoirs, t. iii. p. 28.]

be exclusively his own; and that proud heart must have throbbed to meet danger upon such terms; that keen spirit have toiled to discover the means of success.

For victory, he relied chiefly upon a system of tactics hitherto unpractised in war, or at least upon any considerable or uniform scale. It may not be unnecessary to pause, to take a general view of the principles which he now called into action.

Nations in the savage state, being constantly engaged in war, always form for themselves some peculiar mode of fighting, suited to the country they inhabit, and to the mode in which they are armed. The North-American Indian becomes formidable as a rifleman or sharpshooter, lays ambuscades in his pathless forests, and practices all the arts of irregular war. The Arab, or Scythian, manœuvres his clouds of cavalry, so as to envelope and destroy his enemy in his deserts by sudden onsets, rapid retreats, and unexpected rallies; desolating the country around, cutting off his antagonist's supplies, and practising, in short, the species of war proper to a people superior in light cavalry.

The first stage of civilisation is less favourable to success in war. As a nation advances in the peaceful arts, and the character of the soldier begins to be less familiarly united with that of the citizen, this system of natural tactics falls out of practice; and when foreign invasion, or civil broils, call the inhabitants to arms, they have no idea save that of finding out the enemy, rushing

upon him, and committing the event to superior strength, bravery, or numbers. An example may be seen in the great Civil War of England, where men fought on both sides, in almost every county of the kingdom, without any combination, or exact idea of uniting in mutual support, or manœuvring so as to form their insulated bands into an army of preponderating force. At least, what was attempted for that purpose must have been on the rudest plan possible, where, even in actual fight, that part of an army which obtained any advantage, pursued it as far as they could, instead of using their success for the support of their companions; so that the main body was often defeated when a victorious wing was in pursuit of those whom their first onset had broken.

But—as war becomes a profession, and a subject of deep study—it is gradually discovered, that the principles of tactics depend upon mathematical and arithmetical science; and that the commander will be victorious who can assemble the greatest number of forces upon the same point at the same moment, notwithstanding an inferiority of numbers to the enemy when the general force is computed on both sides. No man ever possessed in a greater degree than Buonaparte, the power of calculation and combination necessary for directing such decisive manœuvres. It constituted, indeed, his *secret* —as it was for some time called—and that secret consisted in an imagination fertile in expedients which would never have occurred to others; clearness and precision in forming his plans; a mode of directing with certainty the separate moving

columns which were to execute them, by arranging so, that each division should arrive on the destined position at the exact time when their service was necessary; and above all, in the knowledge which enabled such a master-spirit to choose the most fitting subordinate implements, to attach them to his person, and, by explaining to them so much of his plan as it was necessary each should execute, to secure the exertion of their utmost ability in carrying it into effect.

Thus, not only were his manœuvres, however daring, executed with a precision which warlike operations had not attained before his time; but they were also performed with a celerity which gave them almost always the effect of surprise. Napoleon was like lightning in the eyes of his enemies; and when repeated experience had taught them to expect this portentous rapidity of movement, it sometimes induced his opponents to wait, in a dubious and hesitating posture, for attacks, which, with less apprehension of their antagonist, they would have thought it more prudent to frustrate and to anticipate.

Great sacrifices were necessary to enable the French troops to move with that degree of celerity which Buonaparte's combinations required. He made no allowance for impediments or unexpected obstacles; the time which he had calculated for execution of manœuvres prescribed, was on no account to be exceeded—every sacrifice was to be made of baggage, stragglers, even artillery, rather than the column should arrive too late at the point of its destination. Hence, all that had hitherto

been considered as essential not only to the health, but to the very existence of an army, was in a great measure dispensed with in the French service; and, for the first time, troops were seen to take the field without tents, without camp-equipage, without magazines of provisions, without military hospitals;—the soldiers eating as they could, sleeping where they could, dying where they could; but still advancing, still combating, and still victorious.

It is true that the abandonment of every object, save success in the field, augmented frightfully all the usual horrors of war. The soldier, with arms in his hands, and wanting bread, became a marauder in self-defence; and, in supplying his wants by rapine, did mischief to the inhabitants, in a degree infinitely beyond the benefit he himself received; for it may be said of military requisition, as truly as of despotism, that it resembles the proceedings of a savage, who cuts down a tree to come at the fruit. Still, though purchased at a high rate, that advantage was gained by this rapid system of tactics, which in a slower progress, during which the soldier was regularly maintained, and kept under the restraint of discipline, might have been rendered doubtful. It wasted the army through disease, fatigue, and all the consequences of want and toil; but still the victory was attained, and that was enough to make the survivors forget their hardships, and to draw forth new recruits to replace the fallen. Patient of labours, light of heart and temper, and elated by success beyond all painful recollections, the French soldiers were

the very men calculated to execute this desperate species of service under a chief, who, their sagacity soon discovered, was sure to lead to victory all those who could sustain the hardships by which it was to be won.

The character of the mountainous countries, among which he was, for the first time, to exercise his system, was highly favourable to Buonaparte's views. Presenting many lines and defensible positions, it induced the Austrian generals to become stationary, and occupy a considerable extent of ground, according to their old system of tactics. But though abounding in such positions as might at first sight seem absolutely impregnable, and were too often trusted to as such, the mountains also exhibited to the sagacious eye of a great captain, gorges, defiles, and difficult and unsuspected points of access, by which he could turn the positions that appeared in front so formidable; and, by threatening them on the flank and on the rear, compel the enemy to a battle at disadvantge, or to a retreat with loss.

The forces which Buonaparte had under his command were between fifty and sixty thousand good troops, having, many of them, been brought from the Spanish campaign, in consequence of the peace with that country; but very indifferently provided with clothing, and suffering from the hardships they had endured in those mountainous, barren, and cold regions.[1] The cavalry, in particular, were in very

[1] [Napoleon states his fighting force, fit for duty, at about 30,000 men.—Montholon, t. iii. p. 140; Jomini, t. viii. p. 59, at 42,400.]

poor order; but the nature of their new field of action not admitting of their being much employed, rendered this of less consequence. The misery of the French army, until these Alpine campaigns were victoriously closed by the armistice of Cherasco, could, according to Buonaparte's authority,[1] scarce bear description. The officers for several years had received no more than eight livres a-month (twenty pence sterling a-week) in name of pay, and staff-officers had not amongst them a single horse. Berthier preserved, as a curiosity, an order of the day, dated Albenga, directing an advance of four Louis d'or to every general of division, to enable them to enter on the campaign.[2] Among the generals to whom this paltry supply was rendered acceptable by their wants, were, or might have been, many whose names became afterwards the praise and dread of war.[3] Augereau, Massena,[4] Serrurier, Joubert, Lasnes, and Murat,

[1] [Las Cases, t. i. p. 162.]

[2] This reminds us of the liberality of the Kings of Brentford to their Knightsbridge forces—

First King. Here, take five guineas to these warlike men.

Second King. And here, five more, which makes the sum just ten.

Herald. We have not seen so much the Lord knows when!

[3] [" The state of the finances was such, that the government, with all its efforts, could only furnish the chest of the army, at the opening of the campaign, with 2000 louis in specie, and a million in drafts, part of which were protested."—NAPOLEON, *Montholon*, t. iii. p. 140; Thiers, t. viii. p. 174.]

[4] [" An idea of the penury of the army may be collected from the correspondence of the commander-in-chief, who appears to have once sent Massena a supply of twenty-four francs to provide for his official expenses."—JOMINI, t. viii. p. 96.]

all generals of the first consideration, served under Buonaparte in his first Italian campaign.

The position of the French army had repeatedly varied since October 1795, after the skirmish at Cairo. At that time the extreme left of the line, which extended from south to north, rested upon the Col d'Argentine, and communicated with the higher Alps—the centre was on the Col di Tende and Mont Bertrand—the left occupied the heights of Saint Bertrand, Saint Jacques, and other ridges running in the same direction, which terminated on the Mediterranean shore, near Finale.

The Austrians, strongly reinforced, attacked this line, and carried the heights of Mont Saint Jacques; and Kellermann, after a vain attempt to regain that point of his position, retreated to the line of defence more westward, which rests on Borghetto. Kellermann, an active and good brigade officer, but without sufficient talent to act as commander-in-chief, was superseded, and Scherer was placed in command of the army of Italy. He risked a battle with the Austrians near Loano, in which the talents of Massena and Augereau were conspicuous; and by the victory which ensued, the French regained the line of Saint Jacques and Finale, which Kellermann had been forced to abandon; so that, in a general point of view, the relative position of the two opposed armies was not very different from that in which they had been left by Buonaparte.[1]

But though Scherer had been thus far victorious,

[1] [Napoleon, Memoirs, t. iii. p. 54.]

he was not the person to whom the Directory desired to intrust the daring plan of assuming the offensive on a grand scale upon the Alpine frontier, and, by carrying their arms into Italy, compelling the Austrians to defend themselves in that quarter, and to diminish the gigantic efforts which that power had hitherto continued with varied success, but unabated vigour, upon the Rhine. The rulers of France had a farther object in this bold scheme. They desired to intimidate, or annihilate and dethrone the Pope. He was odious to them as head of the church, because the attachment of the French clergy to the Roman See, and the points of conscience which rested upon that dependence, had occasioned the recusancy of the priests, especially of those who were most esteemed by the people, to take the constitutional oath. To the Pope, and his claims of supremacy, were therefore laid the charge of the great civil war in La Vendée, and the general disaffection of the Catholics in the south of France.

But this was not the only cause of the animosity entertained by the Directory against the head of the Catholic Church. They had, three years before, sustained an actual injury from the See of Rome, which was yet unavenged. The people of Rome were extremely provoked that the French residing there, and particularly the young artists, had displayed the three-coloured cockade, and were proposing to exhibit the scutcheon containing the emblems of the Republic, over the door of the French consul. The Pope, through his minister, had intimated his desire that this should not be at-

tempted, as he had not acknowledged the Republic as a legitimate government. The French, however, pursued their purpose; and the consequence was, that a popular commotion arose, which the papal troops did not greatly exert themselves to suppress. The carriage of the French envoy, or chargé des affaires, named Basseville, was attacked in the streets, and chased home; his house was broken into by the mob, and he himself, unarmed and unresisting, was cruelly assassinated. The French Government considered this very naturally as a gross insult, and were the more desirous of avenging it, that by doing so they would approach nearer to the dignified conduct of the Roman Republic, which, in good or evil, seems always to have been their model. The affair happened in 1793, but was not forgotten in 1796.[1]

The original idea entertained by the French Government for prosecuting their resentment, had been by a proposed landing at Civita Vecchia with an army of ten thousand men, marching to Rome, and exacting from the pontiff complete atonement for the murder of Basseville. But as the English fleet rode unopposed in the Mediterranean, it became a matter of very doubtful success to transport such a body of troops to Civita Vecchia by sea, not to mention the chance that, even if safely landed, they would have found themselves in the centre of

[1] [" He received a thrust of a bayonet in the abdomen: he was dragged into the streets, holding his bowels in his hands, and at length left on a field-bed in a guard-house, where he expired." —Montholon, t. iii. p. 41.—Botta, Storia d'Italia. t. i. p. 271. Basseville, in 1789, was editor of the *Mercure National*. He published *Elémens de Mythologie*, &c.]

Italy, cut off from supplies and succours, assaulted on all hands, and most probably blockaded by the British fleet. Buonaparte, who was consulted, recommended that the north of Italy should be first conquered, in order that Rome might be with safety approached and chastised; and this scheme, though in appearance scarce a less bold measure, was a much safer one than the Directory had at first inclined to, since Buonaparte would only approach Rome in the event of his being able to preserve his communications with Lombardy and Tuscany, which he must conquer in the first place.

The plan of crossing the Alps and marching into Italy, suited in every respect the ambitious and self-confident character of the general to whom it was now intrusted. It gave him a separate and independent authority, and the power of acting on his own judgment and responsibility; for his countryman Salicetti, the deputy who accompanied him as a commissioner of the Government, was not probably much disposed to intrude his opinions. He had been Buonaparte's patron, and was still his friend.[2] The young general's mind was made up to the alternative of conquest or ruin, as may be judged from his words to a friend at taking leave of him. "In three months," he said, "I will be either at Milan or at Paris;" intimating at once his desperate resolution to succeed, and his sense

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 43; Thibaudeau, Hist. Gen. de Napoleon, t. i. p. 139; Jomini, t. viii. p. 49.]

[2] ["Salicetti was never the personal friend of Napoleon, but of his brother Joseph; with whom, in 1792 and 1793, he had been member for the department of Corsica."—Joseph Buonaparte, *Notes sur les Memoires de Bourrienne*, t. i. p. 238.]

that the disappointment of all his prospects must be the consequence of a failure.

On the 27th of March Buonaparte reached Nice. The picture of the army which General Scherer [1] laid before him, was even worse than he had formed any idea of. The supply of bread was very uncertain; distributions of meat had long ceased; and for means of conveyance there were only mules, and not above five hundred of these could be reckoned upon.

The headquarters had never been removed from Nice, since the commencement of the war: they were instantly ordered to be transferred to Albenga On the march thither, along the rugged and precipitous shore of the Mediterranean, the staff, broken with the rear and baggage of the army, were exposed to the cannonade of Nelson's squadron; but the young commander-in-chief would not allow the columns to halt, for the purpose either of avoiding or of returning it.[2] On the 3d of April, the army reached port Maunie, near Oneglia, and on the 4th arrived at Albenga; where, with the view of animating his followers to ambitious hopes, he addressed the army of Italy to the following purpose:—"Soldiers, you are hungry and naked—The Republic owes you much, but she has not the

[1] ["I am particularly gratified with my reception by General Scherer; who, by his honourable deportment and readiness to supply me with all useful information, has acquired a right to my gratitude. To great facility in expressing himself, he unites an extent of general and military knowledge, which may probably induce you to deem his services useful in some important station.' —Napoleon *to the Directory, March* 30.]

[2] [Jomini, t. viii. p. 62; Thiers, t. viii. p. 329.]

means to acquit herself of her debts. The patience with which you support your hardships among these barren rocks is admirable, but it cannot procure you glory. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains that the sun beholds—Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal—Soldiers, with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?" This was showing the deer to the hound when the leash is about to be slipped.

The Austro-Sardinian army, to which Buonaparte was opposed, was commanded by Beaulieu, an Austrian general of great experience and some talent, but no less than seventy-five years old; accustomed all his life to the ancient rules of tactics, and unlikely to suspect, anticipate, or frustrate, those plans, formed by a genius so fertile as that of Napoleon.

Buonaparte's plan for entering Italy differed from that of former conquerors and invaders, who had approached that fine country by penetrating or surmounting at some point or other her Alpine barriers. This inventive warrior resolved to attain the same object, by turning round the southern extremity of the Alpine range, keeping as close as possible to the shores of the Mediterranean, and passing through the Genoese territory by the narrow pass called the Boccheta, leading around the extremity of the mountains, and betwixt these and the sea. Thus he proposed to penetrate into Italy by the lowest level which the surface of the country presented, which must be of course where the range of the Alps unites with that of the Apen-

nines. The point of junction where these two immense ranges of mountains touch upon each other, is at the heights of Mount Saint Jacques, above Genoa, where the Alps, running north-westward, ascend to Mont Blanc, their highest peak, and the Apennines, running to the south-east, gradually elevate themselves to Monte Velino, the tallest mountain of the range.

To attain his object of turning the Alps in the manner proposed, it was necessary that Buonaparte should totally change the situation of his army; those occupying a defensive line, running north and south, being to assume an offensive position, extending east and west. Speaking of an army as of a battalion, he was to form into column upon the right of the line which he had hitherto occupied. This was an extremely delicate operation, to be undertaken in presence of an active enemy, his superior in numbers; nor was he permitted to execute it uninterrupted.

No sooner did Beaulieu learn that the French general was concentrating his forces, and about to change his position, than he hastened to preserve Genoa, without possession of which, or at least of the adjacent territory, Buonaparte's scheme of advance could scarce have been accomplished. The Austrian divided his army into three bodies. Colli, at the head of a Sardinian division, he stationed on the extreme right at Ceva; his centre division, under D'Argenteau, having its head at Sasiello, had directions to march on a mountain called Montenotte, with two villages of the same name, near to which was a strong position at a place called

Montelegino, which the French had occupied in order to cover their flank during their march towards the east. At the head of his left wing, Beaulieu himself moved from Novi upon Voltri, a small town within ten miles of Genoa, for the protection of that ancient city, whose independence and neutrality were like to be held in little reverence. Thus it appears, that while the French were endeavouring to penetrate into Italy by an advance from Sardinia by the way of Genoa, their line of march was threatened by three armies of Austro-Sardinians, descending from the skirts of the Alps, and menacing to attack their flank. But though a skilful disposition, Beaulieu's had, from the very mountainous character of the country, the great disadvantage of wanting connexion between the three separate divisions; neither, if needful, could they be easily united on any point desired, while the lower line, on which the French moved, permitted constant communication and cooperation.

On the 10th of April, D'Argenteau, with the central division of the Austro-Sardinian army, marched on Montenotte, while Beaulieu on the left attacked the van of the French army, which had come as far as Voltri. General Cervoni, commanding the French division which sustained the attack of Beaulieu, was compelled to fall back on the main body of his countrymen; and had the assault of D'Argenteau been equally animated, or equally successful, the fame of Buonaparte might have been stifled in the birth. But Colonel Rampon, a French officer, who commanded the redoubts near Montelegino, stopped the progress of D'Ar-

genteau by the most determined resistance. At the head of not more than fifteen hundred men, whom he inspired with his own courage, and caused to swear either to maintain their post or die there,[1] he continued to defend the redoubts, during the whole of the 11th, until D'Argenteau, whose conduct was afterwards greatly blamed for not making more determined efforts to carry them, drew off his forces for the evening, intending to renew the attack next morning.

But, on the morning of the 12th, the Austrian general found himself surrounded with enemies. Cervoni, who retreated before Beaulieu, had united himself with La Harpe, and both advancing northward during the night of the 11th, established themselves in the rear of the redoubts of Montelegino, which Rampon had so gallantly defended. This was not all. The divisions of Augereau and Massena had marched, by different routes, on the flank and on the rear of D'Argenteau's column; so that next morning, instead of renewing his attack on the redoubts, the Austrian general was obliged to extricate himself by a disastrous retreat, leaving behind him colours and cannon, a thousand slain, and two thousand prisoners.[2]

Such was the battle of Montenotte, the first of Buonaparte's victories; eminently displaying that truth and mathematical certainty of combination,[3]

[1] [Thiers, t. viii. p. 178; Lacretelle, t. xiii. p. 153.]

[2] [Napoleon, Memoirs, t. iii. p. 145; Jomini, t. viii. p. 70; Las Cases, t. ii. p. 187.]

[3] ["Napoleon placed himself on a ridge in the centre of his divisions, the better to judge of the turn of affairs, and to prescribe the manœuvres which might become necessary."—Jomini, t. viii p. 72.]

which enabled him on many more memorable occasions, even when his forces were inferior in numbers, and apparently disunited in position, suddenly to concentrate them and defeat his enemy, by overpowering him on the very point where he thought himself strongest. He had accumulated a superior force on the Austrian centre, and destroyed it, while Colli, on the right, and Beaulieu himself, on the left, each at the head of numerous forces, did not even hear of the action till it was fought and won.[1]

In consequence of the success at Montenotte, and the close pursuit of the defeated Austrians, the French obtained possession of Cairo, which placed them on that side of the Alps which slopes towards Lombardy, and where the streams from these mountains run to join the Po.

Beaulieu had advanced to Voltri, while the French withdrew to unite themselves in the attack upon D'Argenteau. He had now to retreat northward with all haste to Dego, in the valley of the river Bormida, in order to resume communication with the right wing of his army, consisting chiefly of Sardinians, from which he was now nearly separated by the defeat of the centre. General Colli, by a corresponding movement on the right, occupied Millesimo, a small town about nine miles from Dego, with which he resumed and maintained communication by a brigade stationed on the heights of Biastro. From the strength of this position, though his forces were scarce sufficiently

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 145; Las Cases, t. ii. p. 190; Thiers, t. viii. p. 178.]

concentrated, Beaulieu hoped to maintain his ground till he should receive supplies from Lombardy, and recover the consequences of the defeat at Montenotte. But the antagonist whom he had in front had no purpose of permitting him such respite.

Determined upon a general attack on all points of the Austrian position, the French army advanced in three bodies upon a space of four leagues in extent. Augereau, at the head of the division which had not fought at Montenotte, advanced on the left against Millesimo; the centre, under Massena, directed themselves upon Dego, by the vale of the Bormida; the right wing, commanded by La Harpe, proceeded by the heights of Cairo, for the purpose of turning Beaulieu's left flank. Augereau, whose division had not engaged at the battle of Montenotte, was the first who came in contact with the enemy. He attacked General Colli on the 13th April. His troops, emulous of the honour acquired by their companions, behaved with great bravery, rushed upon the outposts of the Sardinian army at Millesimo, forced, and retained possession of the gorge by which it was defended, and thus separated from the Sardinian army a body of about two thousand men, under the Austrian General Provera, who occupied a detached eminence called Cossaria, which covered the extreme left of General Colli's position. But the Austrian showed the most obstinate courage. Although surrounded by the enemy, he threw himself into the ruinous castle of Cossaria, which crowned the eminence, and showed a disposition to

maintain the place to the last; the rather that, as he could see from the turrets of his stronghold the Sardinian troops, from whom he had been separated, preparing to fight on the ensuing day, he might reasonably hope to be disengaged.[1]

Buonaparte in person came up; and seeing the necessity of dislodging the enemy from this strong post, ordered three successive attacks to be made on the castle. Joubert, at the head of one of the attacking columns, had actually, with six or seven others, made his way into the outworks, when he was struck down by a wound in the head. General Banel, and Adjutant-general Quénin fell, each at the head of the column which he commanded; and Buonaparte was compelled to leave the obstinate Provera in possession of the castle for the night. The morning of the 14th brought a different scene. Contenting himself with blockading the castle of Cossaria, Buonaparte now gave battle to General Colli, who made every effort to relieve it. These attempts were all in vain. He was defeated and cut off from Beaulieu; he retired as well as he could upon Ceva, leaving to his fate the brave General Provera, who was compelled to surrender at discretion.

On the same day, Massena, with the centre, attacked the heights of Biastro, being the point of communication betwixt Beaulieu and Colli, while La Harpe, having crossed the Bormida, where the stream came up to the soldiers' middle, attacked in front and in flank the village of Dego, where the

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 146; Las Cases, t. ii. p. 192; Jomini, t. viii. p. 76.]

Austrian commander-in-chief was stationed. The first attack was completely successful,—the heights of Biastro were carried, and the Piedmontese routed. The assault of Dego was not less so, although after a harder struggle. Beaulieu was compelled to retreat, and was entirely separated from the Sardinians, who had hitherto acted in combination with him. The defenders of Italy now retreated in different directions, Colli moving westward towards Ceva, while Beaulieu, closely pursued through a difficult country, retired upon D'Aqui.[1]

Even the morning after the victory, it was nearly wrested out of the hands of the conquerors. A fresh division of Austrians, who had evacuated Voltri later than the others, and were approaching to form a junction with their general, found the enemy in possession of Beaulieu's position. They arrived at Dego like men who had been led astray, and were no doubt surprised at finding it in the hands of the French. Yet they did not hesitate to assume the offensive, and by a brisk attack drove out the enemy, and replaced the Austrian eagles in the village. Great alarm was occasioned by this sudden apparition; for no one among the French could conceive the meaning of an alarm beginning on the opposite quarter to that on which the enemy had retreated, and without its being announced from the outposts towards D'Aqui.

Buonaparte hastily marched on the village. The Austrians repelled two attacks; at the third, Gene-

[1] [Las Cases, t. ii. 193; Montholon, t. iii. p. 148; Thiers, t. viii. p. 181.]

ral Lanusse, afterwards killed in Egypt, put his hat upon the point of his sword, and advancing to the charge, penetrated into the place. Lannes also, afterwards Duke of Montebello, distinguished himself on the same occasion by courage and military skill, and was recommended by Buonaparte to the Directory for promotion. In this battle of Dego, more commonly called of Millesimo, the Austro-Sardinian army lost five or six thousand men, thirty pieces of cannon, with a great quantity of baggage. Besides, the Austrians were divided from the Sardinians; and the two generals began to show, not only that their forces were disunited, but that they themselves were acting upon separate motives; the Sardinians desiring to protect Turin, whereas the movements of Beaulieu seemed still directed to prevent the French from entering the Milanese territory.[1]

Leaving a sufficient force on the Bormida to keep in check Beaulieu, Buonaparte now turned his strength against Colli, who, overpowered, and without hopes of succour, abandoned his line of defence near Ceva, and retreated to the line of the Tanaro.

Napoleon in the mean time fixed his headquarters at Ceva, and enjoyed from the heights of Montezemoto, the splendid view of the fertile fields of Piedmont stretching in boundless perspective beneath his feet, watered by the Po, the Tanaro, and a thousand other streams which descend from the Alps. Before the eyes of the delighted army of

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 148; Las Cases, t. ii. p. 193; Lacretelle, t. xiii. p. 159.]

victors lay this rich expanse like a promised land; behind them was the wilderness they had passed; —not indeed, a desert of barren sand, similar to that in which the Israelites wandered, but a huge tract of rocks and inaccessible mountains, crested with ice and snow, seeming by nature designed as the barrier and rampart of the blessed regions which stretched eastward beneath them. We can sympathize with the self-congratulation of the general who had surmounted such tremendous obstacles in a way so unusual. He said to the officers around him, as they gazed upon this magnificent scene, "Hannibal took the Alps by storm. We have succeeded as well by turning their flank."[1]

The dispirited army of Colli was attacked at Mondovi during his retreat, by two corps of Buonaparte's army, from two different points, commanded by Massena and Serrurier. The last general, the Sardinian repulsed with loss; but when he found Massena, in the mean time, was turning the left of his line, and that he was thus pressed on both flanks, his situation became almost desperate.[2] The cavalry of the Piedmontese made an effort to renew the combat. For a time they overpowered and drove back those of the French; and General Stengel, who commanded the latter,

[1] ["Annibal a forcé les Alpes; nous nous les avons tournées!" —Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iii. p. 151.]

[2] ["The rapidity of Massena's movements was a subject of astonishment and terror with the Piedmontese, who regarded him as a rebel. He was born at Nice, but attached himself early in his youth to the French service. The Revolution found him a sergeant in the Royal-Italian regiment."—Lacretelle, t. xiii. p. 161.]

was slain in attempting to get them into order.[1] But the desperate valour of Murat, unrivalled perhaps in the heady charge of cavalry combat, renewed the fortune of the field; and the horse, as well as the infantry of Colli's army, were compelled to a disastrous retreat. The defeat was decisive; and the Sardinians, after the loss of the best of their troops, their cannon, baggage, and appointments, and being now totally divided from their Austrian allies, and liable to be overpowered by the united forces of the French army, had no longer hopes of effectually covering Turin. Buonaparte, pursuing his victory, took possession of Cherasco, within ten leagues of the Piedmontese capital.[2]

Thus Fortune, in the course of a campaign of scarce a month, placed her favourite in full possession of the desired road to Italy, by command of the mountain-passes, which had been invaded and conquered with so much military skill. He had gained three battles over forces far superior to his own; inflicted on the enemy a loss of twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; taken eighty pieces of cannon, and twenty-one stand of colours;[3] reduced to inaction the Aus-

[1] [" General Stengel, a native of Alsace, was an excellent hussar officer; he had served under Dumouriez, and in the other campaigns of the North; he was adroit, intelligent, and active, combining the qualities of youth with those of maturity, he was the true general for advanced posts."—NAPOLEON, *Montholon*, t. iii. p. 152.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 151; Jomini, t. viii. p. 93.]

[3] [Murat was despatched to Paris with them, and the treaty for the armistice of Cherasco. His arrival, by way of Mount Cenis, with so many trophies, and the King of Sardinia's submis-

trian army; almost annihilated that of Sardinia; and stood in full communication with France upon the eastern side of the Alps, with Italy lying open before him, as if to invite his invasion. But it was not even with such laurels, and with facilities which now presented themselves for the accomplishment of new and more important victories upon a larger scale, and with more magnificent results, that the career of Buonaparte's earliest campaign was to be closed. The head of the royal house of Savoy, if not one of the most powerful, still one of the most distinguished in Europe, was to have the melancholy experience, that he had encountered with the Man of Destiny, as he was afterwards proudly called, who, for a time, had power, in the emphatic phrase of Scripture, "to bind kings with chains, and nobles with fetters of iron."

The shattered relics of the Sardinian army had fallen back, or rather fled, to within two leagues of Turin, without hope of being again able to make an effectual stand. The Sovereign of Sardinia, Savoy, and Piedmont, had no means of preserving his capital, nay, his existence on the continent, excepting by an almost total submission to the will of the victor. Let it be remembered, that Victor Amadeus the Third was the descendant of a race of heroes, who, from the peculiar situation of their territories, as constituting a neutral ground of great strength betwixt France and the Italian possessions of Austria, had often been called on to play a part

sion, caused great joy in the capital. Junot, who had been despatched after the battle of Millesimo by the Nice road, arrived later than Murat.]

in the general affairs of Europe, of importance far superior to that which their condition as a second-rate power could otherwise have demanded. In general, they had compensated their inferiority of force by an ability and gallantry which did them the highest credit, both as generals and as politicians; and now Piedmont was at the feet, in her turn, of an enemy weaker in numbers than her own. Besides the reflections on the past fame of his country, the present humiliating situation of the King was rendered more mortifying by the state of his family connexions. Victor Amadeus was the father-in-law of Monsieur (Louis XVIII.), and of the Comte d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X.) He had received his sons-in-law at his court at Turin, had afforded them an opportunity of assembling around them their forces, consisting of the emigrant noblesse, and had strained all the power he possessed, and in many instances successfully, to withstand both the artifices and the arms of the French Republicans. And now, so born, so connected, and with such principles, he was condemned to sue for peace, on any terms which might be dictated, from a General of France aged twenty-six years, who, a few months before, was desirous of an appointment in the artillery service of the Grand Signior.

Under these afflicting circumstances, a suspension of hostilities was requested by the King of Sardinia; and, on the 24th April, conferences were held at Carru, the headquarters of the French, but an armistice could only be purchased by placing two of the King's strongest fortresses—Coni and

Tortona, in the hands of the French, and thus acknowledging that he surrendered at discretion. The armistice was agreed on [April 28] at Cherasco, but commissioners were sent by the King to Paris, to arrange with the Directory the final terms of peace. These were such as victors give to the vanquished.

Besides the fortresses already surrendered, the King of Sardinia was to place in the hands of the French five others of the first importance. The road from France to Italy was to be at all times open to the French armies; and indeed the King, by surrender of the places mentioned, had lost the power of interrupting their progress. He was to break off every species of alliance and connexion with the combined powers at war with France, and become bound not to entertain at his court, or in his service, any French emigrants whatever, or any of their connexions; nor was an exception even made in favour of his own two daughters. In short, the surrender was absolute.[1] Victor Amadeus exhibited the utmost reluctance to subscribe this treaty, and did not long survive it.[2] His son succeeded in name to the kingdom of Piedmont; but the fortresses and passes, which had rendered him a prince of some importance, were, excepting Turin, and one or two of minor consequence, all surrendered into the hands of the French.

Viewing this treaty with Sardinia as the close

[1] [The treaty was concluded at Paris, on the 15th May. For a copy of it, see *Annual Register*, v. xxxviii. p. 262.]

[2] [Victor Amadeus died of apoplexy, in the following October, and was succeeded by his son, Charles Emanuel.]

of the Piedmontese campaign, we pause to consider the character which Buonaparte displayed at that period. The talents as a general which he had exhibited, were of the very first order. There was no disconnexion in his objects; they were all attained by the very means he proposed, and the success was improved to the utmost. A different conduct usually characterises those who stumble unexpectedly on victory, either by good fortune or by the valour of their troops. When the favourable opportunity occurs to such leaders, they are nearly as much embarrassed by it as by a defeat. But Buonaparte, who had foreseen the result of each operation by his sagacity, stood also prepared to make the most of the advantages which might be derived from it.

His style in addressing the Convention was, at this period, more modest and simple, and therefore more impressive, than the figurative and bombastic style which he afterwards used in his bulletins. His self-opinion, perhaps, was not risen so high as to permit him to use the sesquipedalian words and violent metaphors, to which he afterwards seems to have given a preference. We may remark also, that the young victor was honourably anxious to secure for such officers as distinguished themselves, the preferment which their services entitled them to.[1] He urges the promotion of his brethren in arms in almost every one of his despatches,—a conduct not only just and generous, but also highly politic. Were his recommendations successful, their

[1] [See Correspondence Inédite, t. i. p. 85.]

general had the gratitude due for the benefit; were they overlooked, thanks equally belonged to him for his good wishes, and the resentment for the slight attached itself to the government, who did not give effect to them.

If Buonaparte spoke simply and modestly on his own achievements, the bombast which he spared was liberally dealt out to the Convention by an orator named Daubermesnil, who invokes all bards, from Tyrtæus and Ossian down to the author of the Marseillois hymn—all painters, from Apelles to David —all musicians, from Orpheus to the author of the *Chant du départ*, to sing, paint, and compose music, upon the achievements of the General and Army of Italy.[1]

With better taste, a medal of Buonaparte was struck in the character of the Conqueror of the battle of Montenotte. The face is extremely thin, with lank hair, a striking contrast to the fleshy square countenance exhibited on his later coins. On the reverse, Victory, bearing a palm branch, a wreath of laurel, and a naked sword, is seen flying over the Alps. This medal we notice as the first of the splendid series which records the victories and honours of Napoleon, and which was designed by Denon as a tribute to the genius of his patron.

[1] [See the speech in the *Moniteur*, No. 233, 12th May.]

CHAPTER IV.

Farther progress of the French Army under Buonaparte—He crosses the Po, at Placenza, on 7th May.—Battle of Lodi takes place on the 10th, in which the French are victorious.—Remarks on Napoleon's Tactics in this celebrated Action.—French take possession of Cremona and Pizzighitone.—Milan deserted by the Archduke Ferdinand and his Duchess.—Buonaparte enters Milan on the 15th May—General situation of the Italian States at this period.—Napoleon inflicts Fines upon the neutral and unoffending States of Parma and Modena, and extorts the surrender of some of their finest Pictures.—Remarks upon this novel procedure.

THE ardent disposition of Buonaparte did not long permit him to rest after the advantages which he had secured. He had gazed on Italy with an eagle's eye; but it was only for a moment, ere stooping on her with the wing, and pouncing on her with the talons, of the king of birds.

A general with less extraordinary talent would perhaps have thought it sufficient to have obtained possession of Piedmont, revolutionizing its government as the French had done that of Holland, and would have awaited fresh supplies and reinforcements from France before advancing to farther and more distant conquests, and leaving the Alps under the dominion of a hostile, though for the present a

subdued and disarmed monarchy. But Buonaparte had studied the campaign of Villars in these regions, and was of opinion that it was by that general's hesitation to advance boldly into Italy, after the victories which the Marshal de Coigni had obtained at Parma and Guastalla, that the enemy had been enabled to assemble an accumulating force, before which the French were compelled to retreat.[1] He determined, therefore, to give the Republic of Venice, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and other states in Italy, no time to muster forces, and take a decided part as they were likely to do, to oppose a French invasion. Their terror and surprise could not fail to be increased by a sudden irruption; while months, weeks, even days of consideration, might afford those states, attached as the rulers must be to their ancient oligarchical forms of government, time and composure to assume arms to maintain them. A speedy resolution was the more necessary, as Austria, alarmed for her Italian possessions, was about to make every effort for their defence. Orders had already been sent by the Aulic Council of War to detach an army of thirty thousand men, under Wurmser, from the Army of the Rhine to the frontiers of Italy. These were to be strengthened by other reinforcements from the interior, and by such forces as could be raised in the mountainous district of the Tyrol, which furnishes perhaps the most experienced and most formidable sharpshooters in the world. The whole was to be united to the fragments of Beaulieu's

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 162.]

defeated troops. If suffered to form a junction, and arrange their plans for attack or defence, an army, of force so superior to the French in numbers, veterans in discipline, and commanded by a general like Wurmser, was likely to prevent all the advantages which the French might gain by a sudden irruption, ere an opposition so formidable was collected and organized. But the daring scheme which Napoleon contemplated, corresponding to the genius of him who had formed it, required to be executed with caution, united with secrecy and celerity. These were the more necessary, as, although the thanks of the French Government had been voted to the army of Italy five times in the course of a month, yet the Directory, alarmed at the more doubtful state of hostilities upon the Rhine, had turned their exertions chiefly in that direction; and, trusting to the skill of their general, and the courage of his troops, had not transmitted recruits and supplies upon the scale necessary for the great undertakings which he meditated. But *Italiam—Italiam!*[1]—the idea of penetrating into a country so guarded and defended by nature, as well as by military skill, the consciousness of having surmounted obstacles of a nature so extraordinary,

[1] "— procul obscuros colles humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam! primus conclamat Achates;
Italiam! læto socii clamore salutant."
VIRG. *Æneid*, Book III.
["Now every star before Aurora flies,
Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies;
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood
Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries,
And, Italy! with shouts the crowd replies."
DRYDEN]

and the hope that they were approaching the reward of so many labours—above all, their full confidence in a leader, who seemed to have bound Victory to his standard—made the soldiers follow their general, without counting their own deficiencies, or the enemy's numbers.[1]

To encourage this ardour, Buonaparte circulated an address,[2] in which, complimenting the army on the victories they had gained, he desired them at the same time "to consider nothing as won so long as the Austrians held Milan, and while the ashes of those who had conquered the Tarquins were soiled by the presence of the assassins of Basseville." It would appear that classical allusions are either familiar to the French soldiers, or that, without being more learned than others of their rank, they are pleased with being supposed to understand them. They probably considered the oratory of their great leader as soldier-like words, and words of exceeding good command. The English soldier, addressed in such flights of eloquence, would either have laughed at them, or supposed that he had got a crazed play-actor put over him, instead of a gene-

[1] ["The army, on reaching the Adige, will command all the states of the House of Austria in Italy, and all those of the Pope on this side of the Apennines; it will be in a situation to proclaim the principles of liberty, and to excite Italian patriotism against the sway of foreigners. The word *Italiam! Italiam!* proclaimed at Milan, Bologna, and Verona, will produce a magical effect."—Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iii. p. 165.]

[2] [It was dated Cherasco, April the 26th, and sufficiently proves, that notwithstanding all their victories, many of the soldiery, nay, even of the superior officers, were still alarmed at the magnitude of the enterprise on which Napoleon was entering with apparently very inadequate resources.]

ral. But there is this peculiar trait in the French character, that they are willing to take every thing of a complimentary kind in the manner in which it seems to be meant. They appear to have made that bargain with themselves on many points, which the audience usually do in a theatre,—to accept of the appearance of things for the reality. They never enquire whether a triumphal arch is of stone or of wood; whether a scutcheon is of solid metal, or only gilt; or whether a speech, of which the tendency is flattering to their national vanity, contains genuine eloquence, or only tumid extravagance.

All thoughts were therefore turned to Italy. The fortress of Tortona was surrendered to the French by the King of Sardinia; Buonaparte's headquarters were fixed there, [May 4]. Massena concentrated another part of the army at Alexandria, menacing Milan, and threatening, by the passage of the Po, to invade the territories belonging to Austria on the northern bank of that stream. As Buonaparte himself observed, the passage of a great river is one of the most critical operations in modern war; and Beaulieu had collected his forces to cover Milan, and prevent the French, if possible, from crossing the Po. But, in order to avert the dangerous consequences of attempting to force his passage on the river, defended by a formidable enemy in front, Buonaparte's subtle genius had already prepared the means for deceiving the old Austrian respecting his intended operations.

Valenza appeared to be the point of passage proposed by the French; it is one of those fortresses

which cover the eastern frontier of Piedmont, and is situated upon the Po. During the conferences previous to the armistice of Cherasco, Buonaparte had thrown out hints as if he were particularly desirous to be possessed of this place, and it was actually stipulated in the terms of the treaty, that the French should occupy it for the purpose of effecting their passage over the river. Beaulieu did not fail to learn what had passed, which coinciding with his own ideas of the route by which Buonaparte meant to advance upon Milan, he hastened to concentrate his army on the opposite bank, at a place called Valeggio, about eighteen miles from Valenza, the point near which he expected the attempt to be made, and from which he could move easily in any direction towards the river, before the French could send over any considerable force. Massena also countenanced this report, and riveted the attention of the Austrians on Valenza, by pushing strong reconnoitring parties from Alexandria in the direction of that fortress. Besides, Beaulieu had himself crossed the Po at this place, and, like all men of routine—(for such he was, though a brave and approved soldier)—he was always apt to suppose that the same reasons which directed himself, must needs seem equally convincing to others. In almost all delicate affairs, persons of ordinary talents are misled by their incapacity to comprehend, that men of another disposition will be likely to view circumstances, and act upon principles, with an eye and opinion very different from their own.

But the reports which induced the Austrian

general to take the position at Valeggio, arose out of a stratagem of war. It was never Buonaparte's intention to cross the Po at Valenza. The proposal was a feint to draw Beaulieu's attention to that point, while the French accomplished the desired passage at Placenza, nearly fifty miles lower down the river than Valeggio, where their subtle general had induced the Austrians to take up their line of defence. Marching for this purpose with incredible celerity, Buonaparte, on the 7th of May, assembled his forces at Placenza, when their presence was least expected, and where there were none to defend the opposite bank, except two or three squadrons of Austrians, stationed there merely for the purpose of reconnoitring. General Andréossi (for names distinguished during those dreadful wars begin to rise on the narrative, as the stars glimmer out on the horizon) commanded an advanced guard of five hundred men. They had to pass in the common ferry-boats, and the crossing required nearly half an hour; so that the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of achieving the operation, had they been seriously opposed, appears to demonstration. Colonel Lannes threw himself ashore first with a body of grenadiers, and speedily dispersed the Austrian hussars, who attempted to resist their landing. The vanguard having thus opened the passage, the other divisions of the army were enabled to cross in succession, and in the course of two days the whole were in the Milanese territory, and on the left bank of the Po. The military manœuvres, by means of which Buonaparte achieved, without the

loss of a man, an operation of so much consequence, and which, without such address as he displayed, must have been attended with great loss, and risk of failure, have often been considered as among his most masterly movements.

Beaulieu, informed too late of the real plans of the French general, moved his advanced guard, composed of the division of General Liptay, from Valeggio towards the Po, in the direction of Placenza. But here also the alert general of the French had been too rapid in his movements for the aged German. Buonaparte had no intention to wait an attack from the enemy with such a river as the Po in his rear, which he had no means of recrossing if the day should go against him; so that a defeat, or even a material check, would have endangered the total loss of his army. He was, therefore, pushing forward in order to gain ground on which to manœuvre, and the advanced divisions of the two armies met at a village called Fombio, not far from Casal, on the 8th of May. The Austrians threw themselves into the place, fortified and manned the steeples, and whatever posts else could be made effectual for defence, and reckoned upon defending themselves there until the main body of Beaulieu's army should come up to support them. But they were unable to sustain the vivacity of the French onset, to which so many successive victories had now given a double impulse. The village was carried at the bayonet's point; the Austrians lost their cannon, and left behind one-third of their men, in slain, wounded, and prisoners. The wreck of

Liptay's division saved themselves by crossing the Adda at Pizzighitone, while they protected their retreat by a hasty defence of that fortress.[1]

Another body of Austrians having advanced from Casal, to support, it may be supposed, the division of Liptay, occasioned a great loss to the French army in the person of a very promising officer. This was General La Harpe, highly respected and trusted by Buonaparte, and repeatedly mentioned in the campaigns of Piedmont. Hearing the alarm given by the out-posts, when the Austrian patrols came in contact with them, La Harpe rode out to satisfy himself concerning the nature and strength of the attacking party. On his return to his own troops, they mistook him and his attendants for the enemy, fired upon, and killed him. He was a Swiss by birth, and had been compelled to leave his country on account of his democratical opinions; a grenadier, says Buonaparte, in stature and in courage, but of a restless disposition. The soldiers with the superstition belonging to their profession, remarked, that during the battle of Fombio, on the day before, he was less animated than usual, as if an obscure sense of his approaching fate already overwhelmed him.[2]

The Austrian regiment of cavalry which occasioned this loss, after some skirmishing, was content to escape to Lodi, a point upon which Beaulieu was again collecting his scattered forces, for

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 169; Thibaudeau, t. i. p. 206; Jomini, t. viii. p. 117.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 172.]

the purpose of covering Milan, by protecting the line of the Adda.

"The passage of the Po," said Buonaparte, in his report to the Directory, "had been expected to prove the boldest and most difficult manœuvre of the campaign, nor did we expect to have an action of more vivacity than that of Dego. But we have now to recount the battle of Lodi."[1] As the conqueror deservedly congratulated himself on this hard-won victory, and as it has become in a manner especially connected with his name and military character, we must, according to our plan, be somewhat minute in our details respecting it.

The Adda, a large and deep river, though fordable at some places and in some seasons, crosses the valley of the Milanese, rising in the Tyrolese Alps, and joining the Po at Pizzighitone; so that, if the few points at which it can be crossed are fortified or defended, it forms a line covering all the Milanese territory to the eastward, from any force approaching from the direction of Piedmont. This line Beaulieu proposed to make good against the victor before whom he had so often retreated, and he conjectured (on this occasion rightly) that, to prosecute his victory by marching upon Milan, Buonaparte would first desire to dislodge the covering army from the line of the Adda, as he could not safely advance to the capital of Lombardy, leaving the enemy in possession of such a defensive line upon their flank. He also conjectured that this attempt would be made at Lodi.

[1] [Moniteur, No. 241, May 20.]

This is a large town, containing twelve thousand inhabitants. It has old Gothic walls, but its chief defence consists in the river Adda, which flows through it, and is crossed by a wooden bridge about five hundred feet in length. When Beaulieu, after the affair of Fombio, evacuated Casal, he retreated to this place with about ten thousand men. The rest of his army was directed upon Milan and Cassano, a town situated, like Lodi, upon the Adda.

Buonaparte calculated that, if he could accomplish the passage of the Adda at Lodi, he might overtake and disperse the remainder of Beaulieu's army, without allowing the veteran time to concentrate them for farther resistance in Milan, or even for rallying under the walls of the strong fortress of Mantua. The judgment of the French general was in war not more remarkable for seizing the most advantageous moment of attack, than for availing himself to the very uttermost of success when obtained. The quick-sighted faculty and power of instant decision with which nature had endowed him, had, it may be supposed, provided beforehand for the consequences of the victory ere it was yet won, and left no room for doubt or hesitation when his hopes had become certainties. We have already remarked, that there have been many commanders, who, after an accidental victory, are so much at a loss what is next to be done, that while they are hesitating, the golden moments pass away unimproved; but Buonaparte knew as well how to use advantages, as to obtain them.

Upon the 10th day of May, attended by his best generals, and heading the choicest of his troops, Napoleon pressed forward towards Lodi. About a league from Casal, he encountered the Austrian rear-guard, who had been left, it would appear, at too great a distance from the main body. The French had no difficulty in driving these troops before them into the town of Lodi, which was but slightly defended by the few soldiers whom Beaulieu had left on the western or right side of the Adda. He had also neglected to destroy the bridge, although he ought rather to have supported a defence on the right bank of the river, (for which the town afforded many facilities,) till the purpose of destruction was completed, than have allowed it to exist. If his rear-guard had been actually stationed in Lodi, instead of being so far in the rear of the main body, they might, by a protracted resistance from the old walls and houses, have given time for this necessary act of demolition.

But though the bridge was left standing, it was swept by twenty or thirty Austrian pieces of artillery, whose thunders menaced death to any who should attempt that pass of peril. The French, with great alertness, got as many guns in position on the left bank, and answered this tremendous fire with equal spirit. During this cannonade, Buonaparte threw himself personally amongst the fire, in order to station two guns loaded with grape-shot in such a position, as rendered it impossible for any one to approach for the purpose of under-

mining or destroying the bridge; and then calmly proceeded to make arrangements for a desperate attempt.

His cavalry was directed to cross, if possible, at a place where the Adda was said to be fordable,—a task which they accomplished with difficulty. Mean time Napoleon observed that the Austrian line of infantry was thrown considerably behind the batteries of artillery which they supported, in order that they might have the advantage of a bending slope of ground, which afforded them shelter from the French fire. He therefore drew up a close column of three thousand grenadiers, protected from the artillery of the Austrians by the walls and houses of the town, and yet considerably nearer to the enemy's line of guns on the opposite side of the Adda than were their own infantry, which ought to have protected them. The column of grenadiers, thus secured, waited in comparative safety, until the appearance of the French cavalry, who had crossed the ford, began to disquiet the flank of the Austrians. This was the critical moment which Buonaparte expected. A single word of command wheeled the head of the column of grenadiers to the left, and placed it on the perilous bridge. The word was given to advance, and they rushed on with loud shouts of *Vive la République!* But their appearance upon the bridge was the signal for a redoubled shower of grape-shot, while from the windows of the houses on the left side of the river, the soldiers who occupied them poured volley after volley of mus-

ketry on the thick column as it endeavoured to force its way over the long bridge. At one time the French grenadiers, unable to sustain this dreadful storm, appeared for an instant to hesitate. But Berthier, the chief of Buonaparte's staff, with Massena, L'Allemagne, and Corvini, hurried to the head of the column, and by their presence and gallantry renewed the resolution of the soldiers, who now poured across the bridge. The Austrians had but one resource left; to rush on the French with the bayonet, and kill, or drive back into the Adda, those who had forced their passage, before they could deploy into line, or receive support from their comrades, who were still filing along the bridge. But the opportunity was neglected, either because the troops, who should have executed the manœuvre, had been, as we have already noticed, withdrawn too far from the river; or because the soldiery, as happens when they repose too much confidence in a strong position, became panic-struck when they saw it unexpectedly carried. Or it may be, that general Beaulieu, so old and so unfortunate, had somewhat lost that energy and presence of mind which the critical moment demanded. Whatever was the cause, the French rushed on the artillerymen, from whose fire they had lately suffered so tremendously, and, unsupported as they were, had little difficulty in bayoneting them.

The Austrian army now completely gave way, and lost in their retreat, annoyed as it was by the French cavalry, upwards of twenty guns, a thou-

sand prisoners, and perhaps two thousand more wounded and slain.[1]

Such was the famous passage of the Bridge of Lodi; achieved with such skill and gallantry, as gave the victor the same character for fearless intrepidity, and practical talent in actual battle, which the former part of the campaign had gained him as a most able tactician.

Yet this action, though successful, has been severely criticised by those who desire to derogate from Buonaparte's military talents. It has been said, that he might have passed over a body of infantry at the same ford where the cavalry had crossed; and that thus, by manœuvring on both sides of the river, he might have compelled the Austrians to evacuate their position on the left bank of the Adda, without hazarding an attack upon their front, which could not but cost the assailants very dearly

Buonaparte had perhaps this objection in his recollection when he states, that the column of grenadiers was so judiciously sheltered from the fire until the moment when their wheel to the left brought them on the bridge, that they only lost two hundred men[2] during the storm of the passage. We cannot but suppose, that this is a very mitigated account of the actual loss of the French army. So slight a loss is not to be easily reconciled with the horrors of the battle, as he himself detail-

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 173; Jomini, t. viii. p. 126; Thibaudeau, t. i. p. 218.]

[2] ["The loss of the French was only four hundred men."—THIBAUDEAU, t. i. p. 218.]

ed them in his despatches; nor with the conclusion, in which he mentions, that of the sharp contests which the army of Italy had to sustain during the campaign, none was to be compared with that "terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi."[1]

In fact, as we may take occasion to prove hereafter, the Memoranda of the great general, dictated to his officers at Saint Helena, have a little too much the character of his original bulletins; and, while they show a considerable disposition to exaggerate the difficulties to be overcome, the fury of the conflict, and the exertions of courage by which the victory was attained, show a natural inconsistency, from the obvious wish to diminish the loss which was its unavoidable price.

But, admitting that the loss of the French had been greater on this occasion than their general cared to recollect or acknowledge, his military conduct seems not the less justifiable.

Buonaparte appears to have had two objects in view in this daring exploit. The first was, to improve and increase the terror into which his previous successes had thrown the Austrians, and to impress on them the conviction, that no position, however strong, was able to protect them against the audacity and talent of the French. This discouraging feeling, exemplified by so many defeats, and now by one in circumstances where the Austrians appeared to have every advantage, it was natural to suppose, would hurry Beaulieu's retreat, induce him to renounce all subsequent attempts to

[1] [Moniteur, No. 241, May 20.]

cover Milan, and rather to reunite the fragments of his army, particularly that part of Liptay's division, which, after being defeated at Fombio, had thrown themselves into Pizzighitone. To have manœuvred slowly and cautiously, would not have struck that terror and confusion which was inspired by the desperate attack on the position at Lodi. Supposing these to have been his views, the victor perfectly succeeded; for Beaulieu, after his misadventure, drew off without any farther attempt to protect the ancient capital of Lombardy, and threw himself upon Mantua, with the intention of covering that strong fortress, and at the same time of sheltering under it the remains of his army, until he could form a junction with the forces which Wurmser was bringing to his assistance from the Rhine.

Buonaparte himself has pointed out a second object, in which he was less successful. He had hoped the rapid surprise of the bridge of Lodi might enable him to overtake or intercept the rest of Beaulieu's army, which, as we have said, had retreated by Cassano. He failed, indeed, in this object; for these forces also made their way into the Mantuan territory, and joined Beaulieu, who, by crossing the classical Mincio, placed another strong line of military defence betwixt him and his victor. But the prospect of intercepting and destroying so large a force, was worth the risk he encountered at Lodi,[1] especially taking into view

[1] ["Vendémiaire and Montenotte," said the Emperor, "never induced me to look upon myself as a man of a superior class: it was not till after Lodi that I was struck with the possibility of

the spirit which his army had acquired from a long train of victory, together with the discouragement which had crept into the Austrian ranks from a uniform series of defeats.

It should also be remembered, in considering the necessity of forcing the bridge of Lodi, that the ford over the Adda was crossed with difficulty even by the cavalry, and that when once separated by the river, the communication between the main army and the detachment of infantry, (which his censors say Napoleon should have sent across in the same manner,) being in a great degree interrupted, the latter might have been exposed to losses, from which Buonaparte, situated as he was on the right bank, could have had no means of protecting them.

Leaving the discussion of what might have been, to trace that which actually took place, the French cavalry pursued the retreating Austrians as far as Cremona, of which they took possession. Pizzighitone was obliged to capitulate, the garrison being cut off from all possibility of succour. About five hundred prisoners surrendered in that fortress; the rest of Liptay's division, and other Austrian corps, could no otherwise escape, than by throwing themselves into the Venetian territory.

It was at this time that Buonaparte had some conversation with an old Hungarian officer made prisoner in one of the actions, whom he met with at a bivouac by chance, and who did not know him.

my becoming a decisive actor on the scene of political events. It was then that the first spark of my ambition was kindled."—Las Cases, t. i. p. 150.]

The veteran's language was a curious commentary on the whole campaign; nay, upon Buonaparte's general system of warfare, which appeared so extraordinary to those who had long practised the art on more formal principles. "Things are going on as ill and as irregularly as possible," said the old martinet. "The French have got a young general, who knows nothing of the regular rules of war; he is sometimes on our front, sometimes on the flank, sometimes on the rear. There is no supporting such a gross violation of rules."[1] This somewhat resembles the charge which foreign tacticians have brought against the English, that they gained victories by continuing, with their insular ignorance and obstinacy, to fight on, long after the period when, if they had known the rules of war, they ought to have considered themselves as completely defeated.

A peculiar circumstance is worth mentioning. The French soldiers had a mode at that time of amusing themselves, by conferring an imaginary rank upon their generals, when they had done some remarkable exploit. They showed their sense of the bravery displayed by Buonaparte at the Battle of Lodi, by creating him a Corporal; and by this phrase, of the *Little Corporal*, he was distinguished in the intrigues formed against him, as well as those which were carried on in his favour; in the language of Georges Cadoudal, who laid a scheme for assassinating him, and in the secret consultation of

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 178.]

the old soldiers and others, who arranged his return from Elba.[1]

We are now to turn for a time from war to its consequences, which possess an interest of a nature different from the military events we have been detailing.

The movements which had taken place since the King of Sardinia's defeat, had struck terror into the Government of Milan, and the Archduke Ferdinand, by whom Austrian Lombardy was governed. But while Beaulieu did his best to cover the capital by force of arms, the measures resorted to by the Government were rather of a devotional than war-like character. Processions were made, relics exposed, and rites resorted to, which the Catholic religion prescribes as an appeal to Heaven in great national calamities. But the saints they invoked were deaf or impotent; for the passage of the bridge of Lodi, and Beaulieu's subsequent retreat to Mantua, left no possibility of defending Milan. The archduke and his duchess immediately left Milan, followed by a small retinue, and leaving only a moderate force in the citadel, which was not in a very defensible condition. Their carriages passed through a large crowd which filled the streets. As they moved slowly along, the royal pair were observed to shed natural tears, at leaving

[1] ["How subtle is the chain which unites the most trivial circumstances to the most important events! Perhaps this very nickname contributed to the Emperor's miraculous success on his return from Elba in 1815. While he was haranguing the first battalion he met, which he found it necessary to parley with, a voice from the ranks exclaimed, 'Vive notre petit Caporal!—We will never fight against him.'"—Las Cases, t. i. p. 170.]

the capital of these princely possessions of their house. The people observed a profound silence, only broken by low whispers. They showed neither joy nor sorrow at the event which was passing —all thoughts were bent in anxious anticipation upon what was to happen next.[1]

When the archduke had departed, the restraint which his presence had imposed from habit and sentiment, as much as from fear of his authority, was of course removed, and many of the Milanese citizens began, with real or affected zeal for republicanism, to prepare themselves for the reception of the French. The three-coloured cockade was at first timidly assumed; but the example being shown, it seemed as if these emblems had fallen like snow into the caps and hats of the multitude. The imperial arms were removed from the public buildings, and a placard was put on the palace of the government with an inscription—"This house is to be let—apply for the keys to the French Commissioner Salicetti." The nobles hastened to lay aside their armorial bearings, their servants' liveries, and other badges of aristocracy. Mean time the magistrates caused order to be maintained in the town, by regular patrols of the burgher guard. A deputation of the principal inhabitants of Milan, with Melzi[2] at its head, was sent to the victorious general with offers of full submission, since there was no longer room for resistance, or for standing upon terms.

[1] [Thiers, t. viii. p. 207.]

[2] ["It was in memory of this mission, that Napoleon, when King of Italy, created the duchy of Lodi, in favour of Melzi."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 179.]

On the 15th of May, Buonaparte made his public entry into Milan, under a triumphal arch prepared for the occasion, which he traversed, surrounded by his guards, and took up his residence in the archiepiscopal palace. The same evening a splendid entertainment was given, and the Tree of Liberty, (of which the aristocrats observed, that it was a bare pole without either leaves or fruit, roots or branches,) was erected with great form in the principal square. All this affectation of popular joy did not disarm the purpose of the French general, to make Milan contribute to the relief of his army. He imposed upon the place a requisition of twenty millions of livres, but offered to accept of goods of any sort in kind, and at a rateable valuation; for it may be easily supposed that specie, the representative of value, must be scarce in a city circumstanced as Milan was.[1] The public funds of every description, even those dedicated to the support of hospitals, went into the French military chest; the church-plate was seized as a part of the requisition; and, when all this was done, the citizens were burdened with the charge of finding rations for fifteen thousand men daily, by which force the citadel, with its Austrian garrison, was instantly to be blockaded.[2]

[1] [Botta, t. i. p. 431; Jomini, t. viii. p. 179; Thibaudeau, t. i. p. 234; Thiers, t. viii. p. 298.]

[2] [On the 20th, Buonaparte addressed the following remarkable order of the day to the army:—

"Soldiers! you have rushed like a torrent from the top of the Apennines: you have overthrown, dispersed, all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian tyranny, indulges her natural sentiments of peace and friendship towards France. Milan is yours; and the republican flag waves through-

While Lombardy suffered much, the neighbouring countries were not spared. The reader must be aware, that for more than a century Italy had been silently declining into that state of inactivity

out Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political existence only to your generosity. The army which so proudly threatened you, can now find no barrier to protect it against your courage: neither the Po, the Ticino, nor the Adda, could stop you a single day: those vaunted bulwarks of Italy opposed you in vain; you passed them as rapidly as the Apennines. These great successes have filled the heart of your country with joy; your representatives have ordered a festival to commemorate your victories, which has been held in every commune of the republic. There your fathers, your mothers, your wives, sisters, and mistresses, rejoiced in your victories, and proudly boasted of belonging to you. Yes, soldiers! you have done much.—But remains there nothing more to perform? Shall it be said of us, that we know how to conquer, but not how to make use of victory. Shall posterity reproach us with having found our Capua in Lombardy?—But I see you already hasten to arms: an effeminate repose is tedious to you; the days which are lost to glory, are lost to your happiness. Well, then! let us set forth; we have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to avenge. Let those who have sharpened the daggers of civil war in France, who have basely murdered our ministers, and burnt our ships at Toulon, tremble! The hour of vengeance has struck. But let the people of all countries be free from apprehension; we are the friends of the people every where, and more particularly of the descendants of Brutus and Scipio, and the great men whom we have taken for our models. To restore the capitol, to replace there the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious, with suitable honours, to awaken the Roman people, stupified by several ages of slavery—such is the fruit of our victories. They will form an historical era for posterity: yours will be the immortal glory of having changed the face of the finest part of Europe. The French people, free, respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace, which will indemnify her for the sacrifices of every kind, which, for the last six years, she has been making. You will then return to your homes; and your coun-

which succeeds great exertion, as a rapid and furious blaze sinks down into exhaustion and ashes. The keen judgment of Napoleon had seen, that the geographical shape of Italy, though presenting in many respects advantages for a great and commercial nation, offered this main impediment to its separate existence as one independent state, that its length being too great in proportion to its breadth, there was no point sufficiently central to preserve the due influence of a metropolis in relation to its extreme northern and southern provinces; and that the inhabitants of Naples and Lombardy being locally so far divided, and differing in climate, habits, and the variety of temper which climate and habits produce, could hardly be united under the same government. From these causes Italy was, after the demolition of the great Roman Empire, early broken up into different subdivisions, which, more civilized than the rest of Europe at the time, attracted in various degrees the attention of mankind; and at length, from the sacerdotal power of Rome, the wealth and extensive commerce of Venice and Genoa, the taste and splendour of Florence, and the ancient fame of the metropolis of the world, became of importance much over-proportioned to their actual extent of territory. But this time had passed away, and the Italian states, rich in remembrances, were now

trymen will say, as they point you out—'*He belonged to the army of Italy.*'"—*Moniteur*, No. 254, June 2.

On reading over this proclamation one day at St Helena, the Emperor exclaimed—"And yet they have the folly to say I could not write!"—LAS CASES, t. iii. p. 86.]

comparatively poor in point of immediate consequence in the scale of nations. They retained their oligarchical or monarchical forms and constitutions, as in the more vigorous state of their existence, but appeared to have lost their energies both for good and evil. The proud and jealous love which each Italian used to bear towards his own province was much abated; the hostility of the factions which divided most of their states, and induced the citizens to hazard their own death or exile in the most trifling party quarrel, had subsided into that calm, selfish indifference, which disregards public interests of all kinds. They were ill governed, in so far as their rulers neglected all means of benefiting the subjects or improving the country; and they were thus far well-governed, that, softened by the civilisation of the times, and perhaps by a tacit sense of their own weakness, their rulers had ceased, in a great measure, to exercise with severity the despotic powers with which they were in many cases invested, though they continued to be the cause of petty vexations, to which the natives had become callous. The Vatican slept like a volcano, which had exhausted its thunders; and Venice, the most jealous and cruel of oligarchies, was now shutting her wearied eyes, and closing her ears, against informers and spies of state. The Italian states stood, therefore, like a brotherhood of old trees, decayed at heart and root, but still making some show of branches and leaves; until the French invasion rushed down, like the whirlwind which lays them prostrate.

In the relations between France and Italy, it

must be observed, that two of the most considerable of these states, Tuscany and Venice, were actually in league with the former country, having acknowledged the republic, and done nothing to deserve the chastisement of her armies. Others might be termed neutral, not having perhaps deemed themselves of consequence sufficient to take part in the quarrel of the coalesced powers against France. The Pope had given offence by the affair of Basseville, and the encouragement which his countenance afforded to the non-conforming clergy of France. But, excepting Naples and Austrian Lombardy, no state in Italy could be exactly said to be at open war with the new republic. Buonaparte was determined, however, that this should make no difference in his mode of treating them.

The first of these slumbering potentates with whom he came in contact, was the Duke of Parma.[1] This petty sovereign, even before Buonaparte entered Milan, had deprecated the victor's wrath; and although neither an adherent of the coalition, nor at war with France, he found himself obliged to purchase an armistice by heavy sacrifices. He paid a tribute of two millions of livres, besides furnishing horses and provisions to a large amount, and agreeing to deliver up twenty of the finest paintings in his cabinet, to be chosen by the French general.[2]

[1] [Frederic, Duke of Parma, grandson of Philip V. of Spain, was born in 1751. On his death, in 1802, the duchy was united to France, in virtue of the convention of 1801.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 173; Lacretelle, t. xiii. p. 172; Thibaudeau, t. i. p. 211. See the Treaty, Annual Register, vol. xxxviii. p. 233.]

The next of these sufferers was the Duke of Modena.[1] This prince was a man of moderate abilities; his business was hoarding money, and his pleasure consisted in nailing up, with his own princely hands, the tapestry which ornamented churches on days of high holyday; from which he acquired the nickname of "the royal upholsterer." But his birth was illustrious as the descendant of that celebrated hero of Este, the patron of Tasso and of Ariosto; and his alliance was no less splendid, having married the sister of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and of Joseph the Second: then his daughter was married to the Archduke Ferdinand, the Governor of Milan. Notwithstanding his double connexion with the Imperial family, the principality of Modena was so small that he might have been passed over as scarce worthy of notice, but for the temptation of his treasures, in the works of art, as well as in specie. On the approach of a column of the French army to Modena, the duke fled from his capital, but sent his brother, the Chevalier d'Este, to capitulate with Napoleon, [May 20].[2]

It might have been urged in his favour, that he was no avowed partner in the coalition; but Buonaparte took for granted his good-will towards his brother-in-law the Emperor of Austria, and esteemed it a crime deserving atonement.[3] Indeed

[1] [Hercules III., Renaud d'Este, last Duke of Modena, was born in 1727, and died in 1797.]

[2] [Lacretelle, t. xiii. p. 187; Montholon, t. iii. p. 187.]

[3] ["The duke is avaricious. His only daughter and heiress is married to the Archduke of Milan. The more you squeeze from him, the more you take from the House of Austria."—

it was one which had not been proved by any open action, but neither could it admit of being disproved. The duke was therefore obliged to purchase the privilege of neutrality, and to expiate his supposed good inclination for the house of Austria. Five millions and a half of French livres, with large contributions in provisions and accoutrements, perhaps cost the Duke of Modena more anxious thoughts than he had bestowed on the misfortunes of his imperial relatives.

To levy on obnoxious states or princes the means of paying or accommodating troops, would have been only what has been practised by victors in all ages. But an exaction of a new kind was now for the first time imposed on these Italian Princes. The Duke of Modena, like the Duke of Parma, was compelled to surrender twenty of his choicest pictures, to be selected at the choice of the French general, and the persons of taste with whom he might advise. This was the first time that a demand of this nature had been made in modern times in a public and avowed manner,[1] and we must pause to consider the motives and justice of such a requisition.[2]

Hitherto, works of art had been considered as

LALLEMANT to BUONAPARTE, 14th May; *Correspondence Inédite*, t. i. p. 169.]

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 174.]

[2] ["The republic had already received, by the same title, and placed in its Museum, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The Romans carried away from conquered Greece the statues which adorn the capitol. Every capital of Europe contained the spoils of antiquity, and no one had ever thought of imputing it to them as a crime."—THIBAUDEAU, t. i. p. 214.]

sacred, even during the utmost extremities of war. They were judged to be the property, not so much of the nation or individuals who happened to possess them, as of the world in general, who were supposed to have a common interest in these productions, which, if exposed to become the ordinary spoils of war, could hardly escape damage or destruction. To take a strong example of forbearance, Frederick of Prussia was a passionate admirer of the fine arts, and no scrupulous investigator of the rights conferred by conquest, but rather disposed to stretch them to the uttermost. Yet, when he obtained possession of Dresden under circumstances of high irritation, Frederick respected the valuable gallery, cabinets, and museums of the capital of Saxony, and preserved their contents inviolate, as a species of property which could not, and ought not, to fall within the rights of a conqueror. He considered the elector as only the keeper of the gallery; and regarded the articles which it contained as belonging to the civilized world at large.

There are persons who demand the cause of this distinction, and require to know why works of art, the value of which is created solely by the opinion of those who pretend to understand them, and is therefore to be regarded as merely imaginary, or, as it is called by lawyers, a mere *pretium affectionis*, should be exempted from that martial law which disposes at pleasure of the real property of the vanquished.

It might easily be shown in reply, that the respect due to genius of the highest order, attaches with a sort of religious zeal to the objects of our

admiration in the fine arts, and renders it a species of sacrilege to subject them to the chances of war. It has besides already been hinted, that these chefs-d'œuvre being readily liable to damage, scarcely admitting of being repaired, and absolutely incapable of being replaced, their existence is hazarded by rendering them the objects of removal, according to the fluctuation of victory.

But it is surely sufficient to say, that wherever the progress of civilisation has introduced rules to qualify and soften the extremities of war, these should be strictly adhered to. In the rudest ages of society, man avails himself of the right of the strongest in the fullest extent. The victor of the Sandwich islands devours his enemy—the North-American Indian tortures him to death—almost all savage tribes render their prisoners slaves, and sell them as such. As society advances, these inhumanities fall out of practice; and it is unnecessary to add, that, as the victorious general deserves honourable mention in history, who, by his clemency, relaxes in any respect the rigorous laws of conquest, so he must be censured in proportion whose conduct tends to retrograde towards the brutal violence of primitive hostility.

Buonaparte cannot be exempted from this censure. He, as the willing agent of the Directory under whose commands he acted, had resolved to disregard the neutrality which had hitherto been considered as attaching to the productions of the fine arts, and, for the first time, had determined to view them as the spoils of conquest. The motive is more easily discovered than justified.

In the Reign of Terror and Equality, the fine arts, with every thing connected with cultivated feelings, had been regarded as inconsistent with the simplicity of the Republican character; and, like the successful fanatics of England, and the first enthusiastic votaries of the Koran, the true Sans-Culottes were disposed to esteem a taste which could not generally exist without a previous superior education, as something aristocratic, and alien from the imaginary standard of equality, to which it was their purpose to lower all the exertions of intellect, as well as the possession of property. Palaces were therefore destroyed, and monuments broken to pieces.

But this brutal prejudice, with the other attempts of these frantic democrats to bring back the world to a state of barbarism, equally in moral and in general feeling, was discarded at the fall of the Jacobin authority. Those who succeeded to the government, exerted themselves laudably in endeavouring rather to excite men's minds to a love of those studies and tastes, which are ever found to humanize and soften the general tone of society, and which teach hostile nations that they have points of friendly union, even because they unite in admiring the same masterpieces of art. A museum was formed at Paris, for the purpose of collecting and exhibiting to public admiration paintings and statues, and whatever was excellent in art, for the amusement of the citizens, whose chief scene of pleasure hitherto had been a wild and ill-regulated civic festival, to vary the usual exhibition of the procession of a train of victims moving towards the

guillotine. The substitution of such a better object of popular attention was honourable, virtuous, and politic in itself, and speedily led the French people, partly from taste, partly from national vanity, to attach consequence to the fine arts and their productions.

Unfortunately there were no ordinary measures by which the French, as purchasers, could greatly augment the contents of their Museum; and more unfortunately for other nations, and ultimately for themselves, they had the power and the will to increase their possessions of this kind, without research or expense, by means of the irresistible progress of their arms. We have no right to say that this peculiar species of spoliation originated with Buonaparte personally. He probably obeyed the orders of the Directory; and, besides, instances might no doubt be found in the history of all nations, of interesting articles of this nature having been transferred by the chance of war from one country to another, as in cases of plunder of an ordinary description, which, though seldom avowed or defended, are not the less occasionally practised. But Napoleon was unquestionably the first and most active agent, who made such exactions a matter of course, and enforced them upon principle; and that he was heartily engaged in this scheme of general plunder, is sufficiently proved from his expressions to the Directory, upon transmitting those paintings which the Duke of Modena, the first sufferer on this system, was compelled to surrender, and which were transferred to Paris as the legitimate spoils of war.

But before copying the terms in which Napoleon announces the transmission of masterpieces of art to the National Museum, it ought to be remarked, that the celebrated Saint Jerome, by Correggio, which he mentions with a sort of insulting triumph, was accounted so valuable, that the Duke of Modena offered two millions of livres as the ransom of that picture alone. This large sum the French general, acting on the principle which many in his situation were tempted to recognise, might have safely converted to his own use, under the certainty that the appropriation, indispensable as his services were to the government, would neither have been enquired into nor censured. But avarice cannot be the companion, far less the controller, of ambition. The feelings of the young victor were of a character too elevated to stoop to the acquisition of wealth; nor was his career, at that or any other period, sullied by this particular and most degrading species of selfishness. When his officers would have persuaded him to accept the money, as more useful for the army, he replied, that the two millions of francs would soon be spent, but the Correggio[1] would remain an ornament of the city of Paris for ages, and inspire the production of future masterpieces.[2]

In his despatch to the Directory, of 17th Floreal, (8th of May,) Napoleon desires to have some artists sent to him, who might collect the monuments of

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 174.]

[2] ["Is it, then, so difficult for Sir Walter to justify the motive which induced Napoleon to prefer works of art? It was a motive too great and too praiseworthy to need justification."—Louis Buonaparte, p. 21.]

art; which shows that the purpose of seizing upon them had been already formed.[1] In the letter which accompanied the transmission of the pictures, he has these remarkable expressions:—"You will receive the articles of the suspension of arms which I have granted to the Duke of Parma. I will send you as soon as possible the finest pictures of Correggio, amongst others a Saint Jerome, which is said to be his masterpiece. I must own that the saint takes an unlucky time to visit Paris, but I hope you will grant him the honours of the Museum."[2]

The same system was followed at Milan, where several of the most valuable articles were taken from the Ambrosian collection. The articles were received in the spirit with which they were transmitted. The most able critics were despatched to assist the general in the selection of the monuments of the fine arts to be transferred to Paris, and the Secretary-general of the Lyceum, confounding the possession of the production of genius with the genius itself which created them, congratulated his countrymen on the noble dispositions which the victors had evinced. "It is no longer blood," said the

[1] [On the 7th of May, Carnot had written to Buonaparte—"The executive Directory is convinced, citizen-general, that you consider the glory of the fine arts connected with that of the army under your command. Italy is, in great part, indebted to them for her riches and renown; but the time is arrived when their reign must pass into France to strengthen and embellish that of liberty. The National Museum must contain the most distinguished monuments of all the arts, and you will neglect no opportunity of enriching it with such as it expects from the present conquests of the army of Italy, and those which may follow," &c.—*Correspondence Inédite*, t. i. p. 155.]

[2] [Moniteur, 25th Floreal, 16th May.]

orator, "which the French soldier thirsts for. He desires to lead no slaves in triumph behind his chariot —it is the glorious spoils of the arts and of industry with which he longs to decorate his victories—he cherishes that devouring passion of great souls, the love of glory, and the enthusiasm for high talents, to which the Greeks owed their astonishing successes. It was the defence of their temples, their monuments, their statues, their great artists, that stimulated their valour. It was from such motives they conquered at Salamis and at Marathon. It is thus that our armies advance, escorted by the love of arts, and followed by sweet peace, from Coni to Milan, and soon to proceed from thence to the proud basilic of St Peter's." The reasoning of the Secretary of the Lyceum is lost amidst his eloquence; but the speech, if it means any thing, signifies, that the seizing on those admired productions placed the nation which acquired the forcible possession of them, in the same condition as if she had produced the great men by whom they were achieved; —just as the ancient Scythians believed they became inspired with the talents and virtues of those whom they murdered. Or, according to another interpretation, it may mean that the French, who fought to deprive other nations of their property, had as praiseworthy motives of action as the Greeks, who made war in defence of that which was their own. But however their conduct might be regarded by themselves, it is very certain that they did by no means resemble those whose genius set the example of such splendid success in the fine arts. On the contrary, the classical prototype of Buona-

parte in this transaction, was the Roman Consul Mummius, who violently plundered Greece of those treasures of art, of which he himself and his countrymen were insensible to the real and proper value.

It is indeed little to the purpose, in a moral point of view, whether the motive for this species of rapine were or were not genuine love of the art. The fingering connoisseur who secrets a gem, cannot plead in mitigation, that he stole it, not on account of the value of the stone, but for the excellence of the engraving; any more than the devotee who stole a Bible could shelter herself under a religious motive. But, in truth, we do not believe that the French or their general were actuated on this occasion by the genuine love of art. This taste leads men to entertain respect for the objects which it admires; and feeling its genuine influence, a conqueror would decline to give an example of a species of rapine, which, depriving those objects of admiration of the protection with which the general sentiment of civilized nations had hitherto invested them, must hold them up, like other ordinary property, as a prey to the strongest soldier. Again, we cannot but be of opinion, that a genuine lover of the arts would have hesitated to tear those paintings from the churches or palaces, for the decoration of which they had been expressly painted, and where they must always have been seen to the best effect, whether from the physical advantages of the light, size of apartment, and other suitable localities connected with their original situation, or from the moral feelings which

connect the works themselves with the place for which they were primarily designed, and which they had occupied for ages. The destruction of these mental connexions, which give so much additional effect to painting and statuary, merely to gratify the selfish love of appropriation, is like taking a gem out of the setting, which in many cases may considerably diminish its value.

We cannot, therefore, believe, that this system of spoliation was dictated by any sincere and manly love of the arts, though this was so much talked of in France at the time. It must, on the contrary, be ascribed to the art and ambition of the Directory who ordered, and the general who obeyed; both of whom, being sensible that the national vanity would be flattered by this species of tribute, hastened to secure it an ample gratification. Buonaparte, in particular, was at least sufficiently aware, that, with however little purity of taste the Parisians might look upon these exquisite productions, they would be sufficiently alive to the recollection, that, being deemed by all civilized people the most admirable specimens in the world, the valour of the French armies, and the skill of their unrivalled general, had sent them to adorn the metropolis of France; and might hope, that once brought to the prime city of the Great Nation, such chefs-d'œuvre could not again be subject to danger by transportation, but must remain there, fixed as household gods, for the admiration of posterity. So hoped, as we have seen, the victor himself; and doubtless with the proud anticipation, that in future ages the recollection of himself, and

of his deeds, must be inseparably connected with the admiration which the Museum, ordained and enriched by him, was calculated to produce.

But art and ambition are apt to estimate the advantages of a favourite measure somewhat too hastily. By this breach of the law of nations, as hitherto acknowledged and acted upon, the French degraded their own character, and excited the strongest prejudice against their rapacity among the Italians, whose sense of injury was in proportion to the value which they set upon those splendid works, and to the dishonour which they felt at being forcibly deprived of them. Their lamentations were almost like those of Micah the Ephraimite, when robbed of "the graven image, and the Teraphim, and the Ephod, and the molten image," by the armed and overbearing Danites—"Ye have taken away my gods that I have made, and what have I more?"

Again, by this unjust proceeding, Buonaparte prepared for France and her capital the severe moral lesson inflicted upon her by the allies in 1815. Victory has wings as well as Riches; and the abuse of conquest, as of wealth, becomes frequently the source of bitter retribution. Had the paintings of Correggio, and other great masters, been left undisturbed in the custody of their true owners, there could not have been room, at an after period, when looking around the Louvre, for the reflection, "Here once were disposed the treasures of art, which, won by violence, were lost by defeat."[1]

[1] [See also Lacretelle's "Digression sur l'enlèvement de statues, tableaux, &c."—*Hist.* t. xiii. p. 172.]

CHAPTER V.

Directory proposes to divide the Army of Italy betwixt Buonaparte and Kellermann.—Buonaparte resigns, and the Directory give up the point.—Insurrection against the French at Pavia—crushed—and the Leaders shot—Also at the Imperial Fiefs, and Lugo, quelled and punished in the same way.—Reflections.—Austrians defeated at Borghetto, and retreat behind the Adige.—Buonaparte narrowly escapes being made Prisoner at Valeggio.—Mantua blockaded.—Verona occupied by the French.—King of Naples secedes from Austria.—Armistice purchased by the Pope.—The Neutrality of Tuscany violated, and Leghorn occupied by the French Troops.—Views of Buonaparte respecting the Revolutionizing of Italy.—He temporizes.—Conduct of the Austrian Government at this Crisis.—Beaulieu displaced, and succeeded by Wurmser.—Buonaparte sits down before Mantua.

Occupying Milan, and conqueror in so many battles, Buonaparte might be justly considered as in absolute possession of Lombardy, while the broken forces of Beaulieu had been compelled to retreat under that sole remaining bulwark of the Austrian power, the strong fortress of Mantua, where they might await such support as should be detached to them through the Tyrol, but could undertake no offensive operations. To secure his position, the Austrian general had occupied the line formed by

the Mincio, his left flank resting upon Mantua, his right upon Peschiera, a Venetian city and fortress, but of which he had taken possession, against the reclamation of the Venetian government, who were desirous of observing a neutrality between such powerful belligerents, not perhaps altogether aware how far the victor, in so dreadful a strife, might be disposed to neglect the general law of nations. The Austrian defence on the right was prolonged by the lago di Guarda, a large lake out of which the Mincio flows, and which, running thirty-five miles northward into the mountains of the Tyrol, maintained uninterrupted Beaulieu's communication with Germany.

Buonaparte in the mean time permitted his forces only the repose of four or five days, ere he again summoned them to active exertion. He called on them to visit the Capitol, there to re-establish (he ought to have said to *carry away*) the statues of the great men of antiquity, and to change, or rather renovate, the destinies of the finest district of Europe. But while thus engaged, he received orders from Paris respecting his farther proceedings, which must have served to convince him that *all* his personal enemies, all who doubted and feared him, were not to be found in the Austrian ranks.

The Directory themselves had begun to suspect the prudence of suffering the whole harvest of success which Italy afforded, to be reaped by the adventurous and haughty character who had first thrust in the sickle. They perhaps felt already an instinctive distrust of the waxing influence, which

was destined one day to overpower their own. Under some such impression, they resolved [May 7] to divide the army of Italy betwixt Buonaparte and Kellermann, directing the former general to pass the Po, and advance southward on Rome and Naples, with twenty thousand men, while Kellermann, with the other moiety of the Italian army, should press the siege of Mantua, and make head against the Austrians.[1]

This was taking Buonaparte's victory out of his grasp; and he resented the proposal accordingly, by transmitting his resignation [May 14], and declining to have any concern in the loss of his army, and the fruits of his conquests. He affirmed, that Kellermann, with an army reduced to twenty thousand men, could not face Beaulieu, but would be speedily driven out of Lombardy; and that, in consequence, the army which advanced southward would be overwhelmed and destroyed. One bad general, he said, was better than two good ones.[2] The Directory must have perceived from such a reply, the firm and inflexible nature of the man they had made the leader of their armies, but they dared not, such was his reputation, proceed in the plan they had formed for the diminution of his power; and perhaps, for the first time since the Revolution, the executive government of France was compelled to give way to a successful general,

[1] [See Letter of the Directory to Buonaparte, May 7; Correspondence Inédite, t. i. p. 145; and Montholon, t. iv. p. 447.]

[2] ["Je crois qu' il faut plutôt un mauvais général que deux bons. La guerre est comme le gouvernement—*c'st une affaire de tact.*"—*Correspondence Inédite*, t. i. p. 160.]

and adopt his views instead of their own. The campaign was left to his sole management;[1] he obtained an ascendency which he took admirable care not to relinquish, and it became the only task of the Directory, so far as Italy was concerned, to study phrases for intimating their approbation of the young general's measures.

Whatever were the ultimate designs of Buonaparte against Rome, he thought it prudent to suspend them until he should be free from all danger of the Austrians, by the final defeat of Beaulieu. For this object, he directed the divisions of his army towards the right bank of the Mincio, with a view of once more forcing Beaulieu's position, after having taken precautions for blockading the citadel of Milan, where the Austrians still held out, and for guarding Pavia and other points, which appeared necessary to secure his conquests.

Napoleon himself fixed his headquarters at Lodi, upon the 24th of May. But he was scarcely arrived there, when he received the alarming intelligence, that the city of Pavia, with all the surrounding districts, were in arms in his rear; that the tocsin was ringing in every village, and that news were circulated, that the Prince of Condé's army, united with a strong Austrian force, had descended from the Tyrol into Italy. Some com-

[1] ["You appear desirous, citizen-general, to continue to conduct the whole series of the military operations of the present campaign in Italy. The Directory have maturely reflected on this proposition, and the confidence they have in your talents and Republican zeal, has decided this question in the affirmative."—CARNOT *to* BUONAPARTE, 21st May; *Correspondence Inédite*, t. i. p. 202.]

motions had shown themselves in Milan, and the Austrian garrison there made demonstrations towards favouring the insurrection in Pavia, where the insurgents were completely successful, and had made prisoners a French corps of three hundred men.

Buonaparte represents these disturbances as effected by Austrian agents;[1] but he had formerly assured us, that the Italians took little interest in the fate of their German masters. The truth is, that, having entered Italy with the most flattering assurances of observing respect for public and private property, the French had alienated the inhabitants, by exacting the contributions which they had imposed on the country with great severity. As Catholics, the Italians were also disgusted with the open indignities thrown on the places and objects of public worship, as well as on the persons and character of their priests.[2]

The nobles and the clergy naturally saw their ruin in the success of the French; and the lower classes joined them for the time, from dislike to foreigners, love of national independence, resentment of the exactions made, and the acts of sacrilege committed by the ultramontane invaders. About thirty thousand insurgents were in arms;

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 196.]

[2] It has been alleged, that in a farce exhibited on the public stage by authority of Buonaparte, the Pope was introduced in his pontifical dress. This, which could not be looked on as less than sacrilege by a Catholic population, does not accord with the general conduct of Buonaparte. See, however, "*Tableau des Premières Guerres de Buonaparte*," Paris, 1815, par Le Chevalier Mechaud de Villelle, p. 41.

but having no regular forces on which to rest as a rallying point, they were ill calculated to endure the rapid assault of the disciplined French.

Buonaparte, anxious to extinguish a flame so formidable, instantly returned from Lodi to Milan, at the head of a strong division, took order for the safety of the capital of Lombardy, and moved next morning towards Pavia, the centre of the insurrection. The village of Benasco, which was defended against Lannes, was taken by storm, the inhabitants put to the sword, and the place plundered and burnt. Napoleon himself arrived before Pavia, blew the gates open with his cannon, dispersed with ease the half-armed insurgents, and caused the leaders of the insurrection to be put to death, for having attempted to defend the independence of their country. He then seized on the persons of many inhabitants, and sent them to Paris as hostages for the subjection of their fellow-citizens.[1]

The French general published a proclamation in

[1] [" The pillage lasted several hours; but occasioned more fear than damage; it was confined to some goldsmiths' shops. The selection of the hostages fell on the principal families. It was conceived to be advantageous that some of the persons of most influence should visit France. In fact, they returned a few months after, several of them having travelled in all our provinces, where they had adopted French manners."—Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iii. p. 200.

" Pavia," said the Emperor, " is the only place I ever gave up to pillage. I had promised it to the soldiers for twenty-four hours; but after three hours I could bear it no longer, and put an end to it. Policy and morality are equally opposed to the system. Nothing is so certain to disorganize and completely ruin an army."—Las Cases, t. iv. p. 326. See also Botta, t. v. p. 465; Jomini, t. viii. p. 137; and Lacretelle, t. xiii. p. 199.]

the Republican style, in which he reproaches the insurgents for presuming to use arms in defence of their country, and menaces with fire and sword whatever individuals should in future prosecute the same daring course. He made his threat good some weeks afterwards, when a similar insurrection took place in those districts called the Imperial Fiefs,[1] and still later, when an effort at resistance was attempted in the town of Lugo. On both occasions, the leaders of the armed inhabitants were tried by a military commission, condemned, and shot. On the last, indeed, to revenge the defeat sustained by a squadron of French dragoons, Lugo was taken by storm, pillaged, burnt, and the men put to the sword; while some credit seems to be taken by Buonaparte in his despatches, for the clemency of the French, which spared the women and children.[2]

It is impossible to read the account of these barbarities, without contrasting them with the opinions professed on other occasions, both by the republican and imperial governments of France. The first of these exclaimed as at an unheard of cruelty, when the Duke of Brunswick, in his celebrated proclamation, threatened to treat as a brigand every Frenchman, not being a soldier, whom he should find under arms, and to destroy such villages as should offer resistance to the invading army. The French at that time considered with justice, that, if there is one duty more holy than another, it is that which calls on men to defend their native country

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 227.] [2] [*Ibid*, t. iii. p. 227.]

against invasion. Napoleon, being emperor, was of the same opinion in the years 1813 and 1814, when the allies entered the French territories, and when, in various proclamations, he called on the inhabitants to rise against the invaders with the implements of their ordinary labour when they had no better arms, and "to shoot a foreigner as they would a wolf." It would be difficult to reconcile these invitations with the cruel vengeance taken on the town of Lugo,[1] for observing a line of conduct which, in similar circumstances, Buonaparte so keenly and earnestly recommended to those whom fortune had made his own subjects.

The brief insurrection of Pavia suppressed by these severities, Buonaparte once more turned his thoughts to the strong position of the Austrians, with the purpose of reducing Beaulieu to a more decided state of disability, before he executed the threatened vengeance of the Republic on the Sovereign Pontiff. For this purpose he advanced to Brescia, and manœuvred in such a manner as induced Beaulieu, whom repeated surprises of the same kind had not put upon his guard, to believe, that either the French general intended to attempt the passage of the Mincio at the small but strong town of Peschiera, where that river issues from the lago di Guarda, or else that, marching northward along the eastern bank, he designed to come round the head of the lake, and thus turn the right of the Austrian position. While Beaulieu

[1] ["The examples of the Imperial Fiefs and Lugo, though extremely severe, were indispensable, and authorized by the usage of war."—Jomini, t. viii. p. 156.]

disposed his forces as expecting an attack on the right of his line, Buonaparte, with his usual celerity, proposed to attack him on the centre, at Borghetto, a town situated on the Mincio, and commanding a bridge over it, above ten miles lower than Peschiera.

On the 30th May, the French general attacked with superior force, and repulsed across the Mincio, an Austrian corps who endeavoured to cover the town. The fugitives attempted to demolish the bridge, and did break down one of its arches. But the French, rushing forward with impetuosity, under cover of a heavy fire, upon the retreating Austrians, repaired the broken arch so as to effect a passage, and the Mincio, passed as the Po and the Adda had been before, ceased in its turn to be a protection to the army drawn up behind it.

Beaulieu, who had his headquarters at Valeggio, a village nearly opposite to Borghetto, hastened to retreat, and evacuating Peschiera, marched his dismayed forces behind the Adige, leaving five hundred prisoners, with other trophies of victory, in the hands of the French. Buonaparte had designed that this day of success should have been still more decisive; for he meditated an attack upon Peschiera at the moment when the passage at Borghetto was accomplished; but ere Augereau, to whom this manœuvre was committed, had time to approach Peschiera, it was evacuated by the Austrians, who were in full retreat by Castel Nuovo, protected by their cavalry.[1]

The left of the Austrian line, cut off from the

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 204; Jomini, t. viii. p. 140.]

centre by the passage of the French, had been stationed at Puzzuolo, lower on the Mincio. When Sebottendorf, who commanded the Imperial troops stationed on the left bank, heard the cannonade, he immediately ascended the river, to assist his commander-in-chief to repel the French, or to take them in flank if it was already crossed. The retreat of Beaulieu made both purposes impossible; and yet this march of Sebottendorf had almost produced a result of greater consequence than would have been the most complete victory.

The French division which first crossed the Mincio, had passed through Valeggio without halting, in pursuit of Beaulieu, by whom the village had been just before abandoned. Buonaparte with a small retinue remained in the place, and Massena's division were still on the right bank of the Mincio, preparing their dinner. At this moment the advanced guard of Sebottendorf, consisting of hulans and hussars, pushed into the village of Valeggio. There was but barely time to cry to arms, and, shutting the gates of the inn, to employ the general's small escort in its defence, while Buonaparte, escaping by the garden, mounted his horse and galloped towards Massena's division. The soldiers threw aside their cookery, and marched instantly against Sebottendorf, who, with much difficulty, and not without loss, effected a retreat in the same direction as his commander-in-chief Beaulieu. This personal risk induced Buonaparte to form what he called the corps of guides, veterans of ten years' service at least, who were perpetually near his person, and, like the *Triarii* of the Ro-

mans, were employed only when the most desperate efforts of courage were necessary. Bessières, afterwards Duke of Istria, and Marshal of France, was placed at the head of this chosen body, which gave rise to the formation of the celebrated Imperial Guards of Napoleon.[1]

The passage of the Mincio obliged the Austrians to retire within the frontier of the Tyrol; and they might have been considered as completely expelled from Italy, had not Mantua and the citadel of Milan still continued to display the Imperial banners. The castle of Milan was a place of no extraordinary strength, the surrender of which might be calculated on so soon as the general fate of war had declared itself against the present possessors. But Mantua was by nature one of those almost impregnable fortresses, which may long, relying on its own resources, defy any compulsion but that of famine.

The town and fortress of Mantua are situated on a species of island, five or six leagues square, called the seraglio, formed by three lakes, which communicate with, or rather are formed by, the Mincio. This island has access to the land by five causeways, the most important of which was in 1796 defended by a regular citadel, called, from the vicinity of a ducal palace, La Favorità. Another was defended by an intrenched camp, extending between the fortress and the lake. The third was protected by a hornwork. The remaining two causeways were only defended by gates and drawbridges. Mantua, low in situation, and surrounded

[1 Montholon, t. iii. p. 206.]

by water, in a warm climate, is naturally unhealthy; but the air was likely to be still more destructive to a besieging army, (which necessarily lay in many respects more exposed to the elements, and were besides in greater numbers, and less habituated to the air of the place,) than to a garrison who had been seasoned to it, and were well accommodated within the fortress.

To surprise a place so strong by a coup-de-main was impossible, though Buonaparte represents his soldiers as murmuring that such a desperate feat was not attempted. But he blockaded Mantua [June 4] with a large force, and proceeded to take such other measures to improve his success, as might pave the way to future victories. The garrison was numerous, amounting to from twelve to fourteen thousand men; and the deficiencies of the fortifications, which the Austrians had neglected in over security, were made up for by the natural strength of the place. Yet of the five causeways, Buonaparte made himself master of four; and thus the enemy lost possession of all beyond the walls of the town and citadel, and had only the means of attaining the mainland through the citadel of La Favorità. Lines of circumvallation were formed, and Serrurier was left in blockade of the fortress, which the possession of four of the accesses enabled him to accomplish with a body of men inferior to the garrison.[1]

To complete the blockade, it was necessary to come to some arrangement with the ancient repub-

[1] [Napoleon, Memoirs, t. iii. p. 209.]

lic of Venice. With this venerable government Napoleon had the power of working his own pleasure; for although the state might have raised a considerable army to assist the Austrians, to whom its senate, or aristocratic government, certainly bore good-will, yet, having been in amity with the French Republic, they deemed the step too hazardous, and vainly trusting that their neutrality would be respected, they saw the Austrian power completely broken for the time, before they took any active measures either to stand in their defence, or to deprecate the wrath of the victor. But when the line of the Mincio was forced, and Buonaparte occupied the Venetian territory on the left bank, it was time to seek by concessions that deference to the rights of an independent country, which the once haughty aristocracy of Venice had lost a favourable opportunity of supporting by force.

There was one circumstance which rendered their cause unfavourable. Louis XVIII., under the title of a private person, the Comte de Lille, had received the hospitality of the republic, and was permitted to remain at Verona, living in strict seclusion. The permission to entertain this distinguished exile, the Venetian government had almost mendicated from the French revolutionary rulers, in a manner which we would term mean, were it not for the goodness of the intention, which leads us to regard the conduct of the ancient mistress of the Adriatic with pity rather than contempt. But when the screen of the Austrian force no longer existed between the invading armies of

France and the Venetian territories—when the final subjugation of the north of Italy was resolved on—the Directory peremptorily demanded, and the senate of Venice were obliged to grant, an order, removing the Comte de Lille from the boundaries of the republic.

The illustrious exile protested against this breach of hospitality, and demanded, before parting, that his name, which had been placed on the golden book of the republic, should be erased, and that the armour presented by Henry IV. to Venice, should be restored to his descendant.[1] Both demands were evaded, as might have been expected in the circumstances, and the future monarch of France left Verona on the 21st of April, 1796, for the army of the Prince of Condé, in whose ranks he proposed to place himself, without the purpose of assuming any command, but only that of fighting as a volunteer in the character of the first gentleman in France. Other less distinguished emigrants, to the number of several hundreds, who had found an asylum in Italy, were, by the successes at Lodi and Borghetto, compelled to fly to other countries.

Buonaparte, immediately after the battle of Borghetto, and the passage of the Mincio, occupied the town of Verona [June 3], and did not fail to intimate to its magistrates, that if the *Pretender*, as he termed him, to the throne of France, had not left Verona before his arrival, he would have burnt to the ground a town which, acknowledging him as King of France, assumed, in doing so, the air of

[1] [Daru, Hist. de Venise, t. v. p. 436; Thibaudeau, t. i. p. 257.]

being itself the capital of that republic.[1] This might, no doubt, sound gallant in Paris; but Buonaparte knew well that Louis of France was not received in the Venetian territory as the successor to his brother's throne, but only with the hospitality due to an unfortunate prince, who, suiting his claim and title to his situation, was content to shelter his head, as a private man might have done, from the evils which seemed to pursue him.

The neutrality of Venice was, however, for the time admitted, though not entirely from respect for the law of nations; for Buonaparte is at some pains to justify himself for not having seized without ceremony on the territories and resources of that republic, although a neutral power as far as her utmost exertions could preserve neutrality. He contented himself for the time with occupying Verona, and other dependencies of Venice upon the line of the Adige. "You are too weak," he said to the Proveditore Foscarelli, "to pretend to enforce neutrality, with a few hundred Sclavonians, on two such nations as France and Austria. The Austrians have not respected your territory where it suited their purpose, and I must, in requital, occupy such part as falls within the line of the Adige."[2]

But he considered that the Venetian territories to the westward should in policy be allowed to retain the character of neutral ground, which The Government, as that of Venice was emphatically called, would not, for their own sakes, permit them

[1] [Moniteur, No. 267, June 17; Montholon, t. iv. p. 121.]
[2] [Thiers, t. viii. p. 225.]

to lose; while otherwise, if occupied by the French as conquerors, these timid neutrals might, upon any reverse, have resumed the character of fierce opponents. And, at all events, in order to secure a territory as a conquest, which, if respected as neutral, would secure itself, there would have been a necessity for dividing the French forces, which it was Buonaparte's wish to concentrate. From interested motives, therefore, if not from respect to justice, Buonaparte deferred seizing the territory of Venice when within his grasp, conscious that the total defeat of the Austrians in Italy would, when accomplished, leave the prey as attainable, and more defenceless than ever. Having disposed his army in its position, and prepared some of its divisions for the service which they were to perform as movable columns, he returned to Milan to reap the harvest of his successes.

The first of these consisted in the defection of the King of Naples from the cause of Austria, to which, from family connexion, he had yet remained attached, though of late with less deep devotion. His cavalry had behaved better during the engagements on the Mincio, than has been of late the custom with Neapolitan troops, and had suffered accordingly. The King, discouraged with the loss, solicited an armistice, which he easily obtained [June 5]; for his dominions being situated at the lower extremity of Italy, and his force extending to sixty thousand men at least, it was of importance to secure the neutrality of a power who might be dangerous, and who was not, as matters stood, under the immediate control of the French. A Neapoli-

tan ambassador was sent to Paris to conclude a final peace; in the meanwhile, the soldiers of the King of the Two Sicilies were withdrawn from the army of Beaulieu, and returned to their own country. The dispositions of the Court of Naples continued, nevertheless, to vacillate, as opportunity of advantage, joined with the hatred of the Queen, (sister of Marie Antoinette,) or the fear of the French military superiority, seemed to predominate.[1]

The storm now thickened round the devoted head of the Pope. Ferrara and Bologna, the territories of which belonged to the Holy See, were occupied by the French troops. In the latter place, four hundred of the Papal troops were made prisoners, with a cardinal who acted as their officer. The latter was dismissed on his parole. But when summoned to return to the French headquarters, his eminence declined to obey, and amused the republican officers a good deal, by alleging, that the Pope had dispensed with his engagement. Afterwards, however, there were officers of no mean rank in the French service, who could contrive to extricate themselves from the engagement of a parole, without troubling the Pope for his interference on the occasion. Influenced by the approaching danger, the Court of Rome sent Azara, the Spanish minister, with full powers to treat for an armistice. It was a remarkable part of Buonaparte's character, that he knew as well when to forbear as when to strike. Rome, it was true, was an enemy whom France, or at least its present

[1] [Montholon, t. iii, p. 213; Thibaudeau, t. i. p. 275.]

rulers, both hated and despised; but the moment was then inopportune for the prosecution of their resentment. To have detached a sufficient force in that direction, would have weakened the French army in the north of Italy, where fresh bodies of German troops were already arriving, and might have been attended with great ultimate risk, since there was a possibility that the English might have transported to Italy the forces which they were about to withdraw from Corsica, amounting to six thousand men. But, though these considerations recommended to Napoleon a negotiation with the Pope, his holiness was compelled to purchase the armistice [June 23] at a severe rate. Twenty-one millions of francs, in actual specie, with large contributions in forage and military stores, the cession of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara, not forgetting one hundred of the finest pictures, statues, and similar objects of art, to be selected according to the choice of the committee of artists who attended the French army, were the price of a respite which was not of long duration. It was particularly stipulated, with republican ostentation, that the busts of the elder and younger Brutus were to be among the number of ceded articles, and it was in this manner that Buonaparte made good his vaunt, of establishing in the Roman capitol the statues of the illustrious and classical dead.[1]

The Archduke of Tuscany was next to undergo the republican discipline. It is true, that prince had given no offence to the French Republic; on the contrary, he had claims of merit with them,

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 221; Thiers, t. viii. p. 236.]

from having been the very first power in Europe who acknowledged them as a legal government, and having ever since been in strict amity with them. It seemed also, that while justice required he should be spared, the interest of the French themselves did not oppose the conclusion. His country could have no influence on the fate of the impending war, being situated on the western side of the Apennines. In these circumstances, to have seized on his museum, however tempting, or made requisitions on his territories, would have appeared unjust towards the earliest ally of the French Republic; so Buonaparte contented himself with seizing on the grand duke's seaport of Leghorn [June 27], confiscating the English goods which his subjects had imported, and entirely ruining the once flourishing commerce of the dukedom. It was a principal object with the French to seize the British merchant vessels, who, confiding in the respect due to a neutral power, were lying in great numbers in the harbour; but the English merchantmen had such early intelligence as enabled them to set sail for Corsica, although a very great quantity of valuable goods fell into the possession of the French.

While the French general was thus violating the neutrality of the grand duke, occupying by surprise his valuable seaport, and destroying the commerce of his state, the unhappy prince was compelled to receive him at Florence,[1] with all

[1] ["Il parcourut avec le grand-duc la célèbre galerie et n' y remarqua que trop la Vénus de Medicis."—LACRETELLE, t. xiii p. 190.]

the respect due to a valued friend, and profess the utmost obligation to him for his lenity, while Manfredini, the Tuscan minister, endeavoured to throw a veil of decency over the transactions at Leghorn, by allowing that the English were more masters in that port than was the grand duke himself. Buonaparte disdained to have recourse to any paltry apologies. "The French flag," he said, "has been insulted in Leghorn—You are not strong enough to cause it to be respected. The Directory has commanded me to occupy the place."[1] Shortly after, Buonaparte, during an entertainment given to him by the grand duke at Florence, received intelligence that the citadel of Milan had at length surrendered. He rubbed his hands with self-congratulation, and turning to the grand duke, observed, "that the Emperor, his brother, had now lost his last possession in Lombardy."

When we read of the exactions and indignities to which the strong reduce the weak, it is impossible not to remember the simile of Napoleon himself, who compared the alliance of France and an inferior state, to a giant embracing a dwarf. "The poor dwarf," he added, "may probably be suffocated in the arms of his friend; but the giant does not mean it, and cannot help it."

While Buonaparte made truce with several of the old states in Italy, or rather adjourned their destruction in consideration of large contributions, he was far from losing sight of the main object of the French Directory, which was to cause the adja-

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 226; Pommereuil, Campagnes de Buonaparte, p. 78.]

cent governments to be revolutionized and new-modelled on a republican form, corresponding to that of the Great Nation herself.

This scheme was, in every respect, an exceedingly artful one. In every state which the French might overrun or conquer, there must occur, as we have already repeatedly noticed, men fitted to form the members of revolutionary government, and who, from their previous situation and habits, must necessarily be found eager to do so. Such men are sure to be supported by the rabble of large towns, who are attracted by the prospect of plunder, and by the splendid promises of liberty, which they always understand as promising the equalisation of property. Thus provided with materials for their edifice, the bayonets of the French army were of strength sufficient to prevent the task from being interrupted, and the French Republic had soon to greet sister states, under the government of men who held their offices by the pleasure of France, and who were obliged, therefore, to comply with all her requisitions, however unreasonable.

This arrangement afforded the French government an opportunity of deriving every advantage from the subordinate republics, which could possibly be drained out of them, without at the same time incurring the odium of making the exactions in their own name. It is a custom in some countries, when a cow who has lost her calf will not yield her milk freely, to place before the refractory animal the skin of her young one stuffed, so as to have some resemblance to life. The cow is de-

ceived by this imposture, and yields to be milked upon seeing this representative of her offspring. In like manner, the show of independence assigned to the Batavian, and other associated republics, enabled France to drain these countries of supplies, which, while they had the appearance of being given to the governments of those who granted the supplies, passed, in fact, into the hands of their engrossing ally. Buonaparte was sufficiently aware that it was expected from him to extend the same system to Italy, and to accelerate, in the conquered countries of that fertile land, this species of political regeneration; but it would appear that, upon the whole, he thought the soil scarcely prepared for a republican harvest. He mentions, no doubt, that the natives of Bologna and Reggio, and other districts, were impatient to unite with the French as allies, and intimate friends; but even these expressions are so limited as to make it plain that the feelings of the Italians in general were not as yet favourable to that revolution which the Directory desired, and which he endeavoured to forward.

He had, indeed, in all his proclamations, declared to the inhabitants of the invaded countries, that his war was not waged with them but with their governments, and had published the strictest orders for the discipline to be observed by his followers. But though this saved the inhabitants from immediate violence at the hand of the French soldiery, it did not diminish the weight of the requisitions with which the country at large was burdened, and to which poor and rich had to con-

tribute their share. They were pillaged with regularity, and by order, but they were not the less pillaged; and Buonaparte himself has informed us, that the necessity of maintaining the French army at their expense very much retarded the march of French principles in Italy. "You cannot," he says, with much truth, "at the same moment strip a people of their substance, and persuade them while doing so, that you are their friend and benefactor."

He mentions also, in the St Helena manuscripts,[1] the regret expressed by the wise and philosophical part of the community, that the revolution of Rome, the source and director of superstitious opinions, had not been commenced; but frankly admits that the time was not come for going to such extremities, and that he was contented with plundering the Roman See of its money and valuables, waiting until the fit moment should arrive of totally destroying that ancient hierarchy.

It was not without difficulty that Buonaparte could bring the Directory to understand and relish these temporizing measures. They had formed a false idea of the country, and of the state and temper of the people, and were desirous at once to revolutionize Rome, Naples, and Tuscany.

Napoleon, more prudently, left these extensive regions under the direction of their old and feeble governments, whom he compelled, in the interim, to supply him with money and contributions, in exchange for a protracted existence, which he in-

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 222.]

tended to destroy so soon as the fit opportunity should offer itself. What may be thought of this policy in diplomacy, we pretend not to say; but in private life it would be justly branded as altogether infamous. In point of morality, it resembles the conduct of a robber, who, having exacted the surrender of the traveller's property, as a ransom for his life, concludes his violence by murder. It is alleged, and we have little doubt with truth, that the Pope was equally insincere, and struggled only, by immediate submission, to prepare for the hour, when the Austrians should strengthen their power in Italy. But it is the duty of the historian loudly to proclaim, that the bad faith of one party in a treaty forms no excuse for that of the other; and that national contracts ought to be, especially on the stronger side, as pure in their intent, and executed as rigidly, as if those with whom they were contracted were held to be equally sincere in their propositions. If the more powerful party judge otherwise, the means are in their hand to continue the war; and they ought to encounter their more feeble enemy by detection, and punishment of his fraud, not by anticipating the same deceitful course which their opponent has resorted to in the consciousness of his weakness,—like a hare which doubles before the hounds when she has no other hope of escape. It will be well with the world, when falsehood and finesse are as thoroughly exploded in international communication, as they are among individuals in all civilized countries.

But though those states, whose sovereigns could afford to pay for forbearance, were suffered for a

time to remain under their ancient governments, it might have been thought that Lombardy, from which the Austrians had been almost totally driven, and where, of course, there was no one to compound with on the part of the old government, would have been made an exception. Accordingly, the French faction in these districts, with all the numerous class who were awakened by the hope of national independence, expected impatiently the declaration of their freedom from the Austrian yoke, and their erection, under the protection of France, into a republic on the same model with that of the Great Nation. But although Buonaparte encouraged men who held these opinions, and writers who supported them, he had two weighty reasons for procrastinating on this point. First, if France manumitted Lombardy, and converted her from a conquered province into an ally, she must in consistency have abstained from demanding of the liberated country those supplies, by which Buonaparte's army was entirely paid and supported. Again, if this difficulty could be got over, there remained the secret purpose of the Directory to be considered. They had determined, when they should make peace with the Emperor of Austria, to exact the cession of Belgium and the territory of Luxembourg, as provinces lying convenient to France, and had resolved, that under certain circumstances, they would even give up Lombardy again to his dominion, rather than not obtain these more desirable objects. To erect a new republic in the country which they were prepared to restore to its former sovereign, would have been to throw a bar in the

way of their own negotiation. Buonaparte had therefore the difficult task of at once encouraging, on the part of the republicans of Lombardy, the principles which induced them to demand a separate government, and of soothing them to expect with patience events, which he was secretly conscious might possibly never come to pass. The final issue shall be told elsewhere. It may be just necessary to observe, that the conduct of the French towards the republicans whom they had formed no predetermination to support, was as uncandid as towards the ancient governments whom they treated with. They sold to the latter false hopes of security, and encouraged the former to express sentiments and opinions, which must have exposed them to ruin, in case of the restoration of Lombardy to its old rulers, an event which the Directory all along contemplated in secret. Such is, in almost all cases, the risk incurred by a domestic faction, who trust to carry their peculiar objects in the bosom of their own country by means of a foreign nation. Their too powerful auxiliaries are ever ready to sacrifice them to their own views of emolument.

Having noticed the effect of Buonaparte's short but brilliant campaign on other states, we must observe the effects which his victories produced on Austria herself. These were entirely consistent with her national character. The same tardiness which has long made the government of Austria slow in availing themselves of advantageous circumstances, cautious in their plans, and unwilling to adopt, or indeed to study to comprehend, a new

system of tactics, even after having repeatedly experienced its terrible efficacies, is combined with the better qualities of firm determination, resolute endurance, and unquenchable spirit. The Austrian slowness and obstinacy, which have sometimes threatened them with ruin, have, on the other hand, often been compensated by their firm perseverance and courage in adversity.

Upon the present occasion, Austria showed ample demonstration of the various qualities we have ascribed to her. The rapid and successive victories of Buonaparte, appeared to her only the rash flight of an eaglet, whose juvenile audacity had over-estimated the strength of his pinion. The Imperial Council resolved to sustain their diminished force in Italy, with such reinforcements as might enable them to reassume the complete superiority over the French, though at the risk of weakening their armies on the Rhine. Fortune in that quarter, though of a various complexion, had been on the whole more advantageous to the Austrians than elsewhere, and seemed to authorize the detaching considerable reinforcements from the eastern frontier, on which they had been partially victorious, to Italy, where, since Buonaparte had descended from the Alps, they had been uniformly unfortunate.

Beaulieu, aged and unlucky, was no longer considered as a fit opponent to his inventive, young, and active adversary. He was as full of displeasure, it is said, against the Aulic Council, for the associates whom they had assigned him, as they could be with him for his bad success.[1] He was recalled,

[1] The following letter appears in the journals as an intercepted

therefore, in that species of disgrace which misfortune never fails to infer, and the command of his remaining forces, now drawn back and secured within the passes of the Tyrol, was provisionally assigned to the veteran Melas.

Meanwhile Wurmser, accounted one of the best of the Austrian generals, was ordered to place himself at the head of thirty thousand men from the Imperial forces on the Rhine, and, traversing the Tyrol, and collecting what recruits he could in that warlike district, to assume the command of the Austrian army, which, expelled from Italy, now lay upon its frontiers, and might be supposed eager to resume their national supremacy in the fertile climate out of which they had been so lately driven.

Aware of the storm which was gathering, Buonaparte made every possible effort to carry Mantua before arrival of the formidable Austrian army, whose first operation would doubtless be to raise the siege of that important place. A scheme to

despatch from Beaulieu to the Aulic Council of War. It seems worthy of preservation, as expressing the irritated feelings with which the veteran general was certainly affected, whether he wrote the letter in question or not. It will be recollected, that D'Argenteau, of whom he complains, was the cause of his original misfortunes at Montenotte. See p. 17. "I asked you for a *general*, and you have sent me Argenteau—I am quite aware that he is a great lord, and that he is to be created Field-marshal of the Empire, to atone for my having placed him under arrest—I apprise you that I have no more than twenty thousand men remaining, and that the French are sixty thousand strong. I apprise you farther, that I will retreat to-morrow—next day—the day after that—and every day—even to Siberia itself, if they pursue me so far. My age gives me a right to speak out the truth. Hasten to make peace on any condition whatever."—*Moniteur*, 1796, No. 269.

take the city and castle by surprise, by a detachment which should pass to the Seraglio, or islet on which Mantua is situated, by night and in boats, having totally failed, Buonaparte was compelled to open trenches, and proceed as by regular siege. The Austrian general, Canto D'Irles, when summoned to surrender it, replied that his orders were to defend the place to extremity. Napoleon, on his side, assembled all the battering ordnance which could be collected from the walls of the neighbouring cities and fortresses, and the attack and defence commenced in the most vigorous manner on both sides; the French making every effort to reduce the city before Wurmser should open his campaign, the governor determined to protract his resistance, if possible, until he was relieved by the advance of that general. But although red-hot balls were expended in profusion, and several desperate and bloody assaults and sallies took place, many more battles were to be fought, and much more blood expended, before Buonaparte was fated to succeed in this important object.[1]

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 229; Jomini, t. viii. p. 163.]

CHAPTER VI.

Campaign on the Rhine.—General Plan.—Wartensleben and the Archduke Charles retire before Jourdan and Moreau.—The Archduke forms a junction with Wartensleben, and defeats Jourdan, who retires—Moreau, also, makes his celebrated Retreat through the Black Forest.—Buonaparte raises the Siege of Mantua, and defeats the Austrians at Salo and Lonato.—Misbehaviour of the French General Valette, at Castiglione.—Lonato taken, with the French Artillery, on 3d August.—Retaken by Massena and Augereau.—Singular escape of Buonaparte from being captured at Lonato.—Wurmser defeated between Lonato and Castiglione, and retreats on Trent and Roveredo.—Buonaparte resumes his position before Mantua.—Effects of the French Victories on the different Italian States.—Inflexibility of Austria.—Wurmser recruited.—Battle of Roveredo.—French victorious, and Massena occupies Trent.—Buonaparte defeats Wurmser at Primolano—and at Bassano, 8th September.—Wurmser flies to Vicenza.—Battle of Saint-George.—Wurmser finally shut up within the walls of Mantua.

THE reader must, of course, be aware, that Italy, through which we are following the victorious career of Napoleon, was not the only scene of war betwixt France and Austria, but that a field of equally strenuous and much more doubtful contest was opened upon the Rhine, where the high military talents of the Archduke Charles were opposed to those of Moreau and Jourdan.

The plan which the Directory had adopted for the campaign of 1796 was of a gigantic character, and menaced Austria, their most powerful enemy upon the continent, with nothing short of total destruction. It was worthy of the genius of Carnot, by whom it was formed, and of Napoleon and Moreau, by whom it had been revised and approved. Under sanction of this general plan, Buonaparte regulated the Italian campaign in which he had proved so successful; and it had been schemed, that to allow Austria no breathing space, Moreau, with the army of the Sambre and Meuse, should press forward on the eastern frontier of Germany, supported on the left by Jourdan, at the head of the army of the Rhine, and that both generals should continue to advance, until Moreau should be in a position to communicate with Buonaparte through the Tyrol. When this junction of the whole forces of France, in the centre of the Austrian dominions, was accomplished, it was Carnot's ultimate plan that they should advance upon Vienna, and dictate peace to the Emperor under the walls of his capital.[1]

Of this great project, the part intrusted to Buonaparte was completely executed, and for some time the fortune of war seemed equally auspicious to France upon the Rhine as in Italy. Moreau and Jourdan crossed that great national boundary at Neuwied and Kehl, and moved eastward through Germany, forming a connected front of more than sixty leagues in breadth, until Moreau had actually

[1] [See Correspondence Inédite, t. i. p. 12; Montholon, t. iv. p. 372; Jomini, t. viii. p. 388.]

crossed the river Lech, and was almost touching with his right flank the passes of the Tyrol, through which he was, according to the plan of the campaign, to have communicated with Buonaparte.

During this advance of two hostile armies, amounting each to seventy-five thousand men, which filled all Germany with consternation, the Austrian leader Wartensleben was driven from position to position by Jourdan, while the Archduke Charles was equally unable to maintain his ground before Moreau. The imperial generals were reduced to this extremity by the loss of the army, consisting of from thirty to thirty-five thousand men, who had been detached under Wurmser to support the remains of Beaulieu's forces, and reinstate the Austrian affairs in Italy, and who were now on their march through the Tyrol for that purpose. But the archduke was an excellent and enterprising officer, and at this important period he saved the empire of Austria by a bold and decided manœuvre. Leaving a large part of his army to make head against Moreau, or at least to keep him in check, the archduke moved to the right with the rest, so as to form a junction with Wartensleben, and overwhelm Jourdan with a local superiority of numbers, being the very principle on which the French themselves achieved so many victories. Jourdan was totally defeated, and compelled to make a hasty and disorderly retreat, which was rendered disastrous by the insurrection of the German peasantry around his fugitive army. Moreau, also unable to maintain himself in the heart of Germany, when Jourdan, with the army which

covered his left flank, was defeated, was likewise under the necessity of retiring, but conducted his retrograde movement with such dexterity, that his retreat through the Black Forest, where the Austrians hoped to cut him off, has been always judged worthy to be compared to a great victory.[1] Such were the proceedings on the Rhine, and in the interior of Germany, which must be kept in view as influencing at first by the expected success of Moreau and Jourdan, and afterwards by their actual failure, the movements of the Italian army.[2]

As the divisions of Wurmser's army began to arrive on the Tyrolese district of Trent, where the Austrian general had fixed his headquarters, Buonaparte became urgent, either that reinforcements should be despatched to him from France, or that the armies of the Rhine should make such a movement in advance towards the point where they might cooperate with him, as had been agreed upon at arranging the original plan of the campaign. But he obtained no succours; and though the campaign on the Rhine commenced, as we have seen, in the month of June, yet that period was too late to afford any diversion in favour of Napoleon. Wurmser and his whole reinforcements being already

[1] ["That retreat was the greatest blunder that ever Moreau committed. If he had, instead of retreating, made a détour, and marched in the rear of Prince Charles, he would have destroyed or taken the Austrian army. The Directory, jealous of me, wanted to divide, if possible, the stock of military reputation; and as they could not give Moreau credit for a victory, they caused his retreat to be extolled in the highest terms: although even the Austrian generals condemned him for it."—NAPOLEON, *Voice*, &c. v. ii. p. 40. See also Gourgaud, t. i. p. 157.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 292–307; Jomini, t. viii. p. 178–194.]

either by that time arrived, or on the point of arriving, at the place where they were to commence operations against the French army of Italy.[1]

The thunder-cloud which had been so long blackening on the mountains of the Tyrol, seemed now about to discharge its fury. Wurmser, having under his command perhaps eighty thousand men, was about to march from Trent against the French, whose forces, amounting to scarce half so many, were partly engaged in the siege of Mantua, and partly dispersed in the towns and villages on the Adige and Chiese, for covering the division of Serrurier, which carried on the siege. The Austrian veteran, confident in his numbers, was only anxious so to regulate his advance, as to derive the most conclusive consequences from the victory which he doubted not to obtain. With an imprudence which the misfortunes of Beaulieu ought to have warned him against, he endeavoured to occupy with the divisions of his army so large an extent of country, as rendered it very difficult for them to maintain their communications with each other. This was particularly the case with his right wing under Quasdonowich, the Prince of Reuss, and General Ocskay, who were detached down the valley of the river Chiese, with orders to direct their march on Brescia. This division was destined to occupy Brescia, and cut off the retreat of the French in the direction of Milan. The left wing of Wurmser's army, under Melas, was to descend the Adige by both banks at once, and manœuvre

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 234.]

on Verona, while the centre, commanded by the Austrian field-marshal in person, was to march southward by the left bank of the lago di Guarda, take possession of Peschiera, which the French occupied, and, descending the Mincio, relieve the siege of Mantua. There was this radical error in the Austrian plan, that, by sending the right wing by the valley of Chiese, Wurmser placed the broad lake of Guarda, occupied by a French flotilla, between that division and the rest of his army, and of course made it impossible for the centre and left to support Quasdonowich, or even to have intelligence of his motions or his fate.[1]

The active invention of Buonaparte, sure as he was to be seconded by the zeal and rapidity of the French army, speedily devised the means to draw advantage from this dislocation of the Austrian forces. He resolved not to await the arrival of Wurmser and Melas, but, concentrating his whole strength, to march into the valley of Chiese, and avail himself of the local superiority thus obtained, to attack and overpower the Austrian division left under Quasdonowich, who was advancing on Brescia, down the eastern side of the lake. For this purpose one great sacrifice was necessary. The plan inevitably involved the raising of the siege of Mantua. Napoleon did not hesitate to relinquish this great object, at whatever loss, as it was his uniform system to sacrifice all secondary views, and to incur all lesser hazards, to secure what he considered as the main object of the campaign.

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 235; Jomini, t. viii. p. 302.]

Serrurier, who commanded the blockading army, was hastily ordered to destroy as much as possible of the cannon and stores which had been collected with so much pains for the prosecution of the siege.[1] A hundred guns were abandoned in the trenches, and Wurmser, on arriving at Mantua, found that Buonaparte had retired with a precipitation resembling that of fear.[2]

On the night of the 31st July this operation took place, and, leaving the division of Augereau at Borghetto, and that of Massena at Peschiera, to protect, while it was possible, the line of the Mincio, Buonaparte rushed, at the head of an army which his combinations had rendered superior, upon the right wing of the Austrians, which had already directed its march to Lonato, near the bottom of the lago di Guarda, in order to approach the Mincio, and resume its communication with Wurmser. But Buonaparte, placed by the celerity of his movements between the two hostile armies, defeated one division of the Austrian right at Salo, upon the lake, and another at Lonato. At the same time, Augereau and Massena, leaving just enough of men at their posts of Borghetto and Peschiera to maintain a respectable defence against Wurmser, made a forced march to Brescia, which they

[1] [Jomini, t. viii. p. 314; Montholon, t. iii. p. 239.]

[2] ["Napoleon despatched Louis in the greatest haste to Paris, with an account of what had taken place. Louis left his brother with regret on the eve of the battle, to become the bearer of bad news. 'It must be so,' said Napoleon, 'but before you return you will have to present to the Directory the colours which we shall take to-morrow.'"—Louis Buonaparte, t. i. p. 63.]

supposed to be still occupied by a third division of the Austrian right wing. But that body, finding itself insulated, and conceiving that the whole French army was debouching on them from different points, was already in full retreat towards the Tyrol, from which it had advanced with the expectation of turning Buonaparte's flank, and destroying his retreat upon Milan. Some French troops were left to accelerate their flight, and prevent their again making head, while Massena and Augereau, rapidly countermarching, returned to the banks of the Mincio to support their respective rear-guards, which they had left at Borghetto and Peschiera, on the line of that river.

They received intelligence, however, which induced them to halt upon this counter-march. Both rear-guards had been compelled to retire from the line of the Mincio, of which river the Austrians had forced the passage. The rear-guard of Massena, under General Pigeon, had fallen back in good order, so as to occupy Lonato; that of Augereau fled with precipitation and confusion, and failed to make a stand at Castiglione, which was occupied by Austrians, who intrenched themselves there. Valette, the officer who commanded this body, was deprived of his commission in presence of his troops for misbehaviour,[1] an example which the gallantry of the French generals rendered extremely infrequent in their service.

Wurmser became now seriously anxious about the fate of his right wing, and determined to force

[1] [Buonaparte to the Directory; Moniteur, No. 328; Jomini, t. viii. p. 318; Botta. t. ii. p. 64.]

a communication with Quasdonowich at all risks. But he could only attain the valley of the Chiese, and the right bank of the lago di Guarda, by breaking a passage through the divisions of Massena and Augereau. On the 3d of August, at break of day, two divisions of Austrians, who had crossed the Mincio in pursuit of Pigeon and Valette, now directed themselves, with the most determined resolution, on the French troops, in order to clear the way between the commander-in-chief and his right wing.

The late rear-guard of Massena, which, by his counter-march, had now become his advanced-guard, was defeated, and Lonato, the place which they occupied, was taken by the Austrians, with the French artillery, and the general officer who commanded them. But the Austrian general, thus far successful, fell into the great error of extending his line too much towards the right, in order, doubtless, if possible, to turn the French position on their left flank, thereby the sooner to open a communication with his own troops on the right bank of the lago di Guarda, to force which had been his principal object in the attack. But, in thus manœuvring,[1] he weakened his centre, an error of which Massena instantly availed himself. He formed two strong columns under Augereau, with which he redeemed the victory, by breaking through and dividing the Austrian line, and retaking Lonato at the point of the bayonet. The manœuvre is indeed a simple one, and the same by which, ten

[1] ["Sa manœuvre me parut un sûr garant de la victoire."—BUONAPARTE to the Directory, 6th August.]

years afterwards, Buonaparte gained the battle of Austerlitz; but it requires the utmost promptitude and presence of mind to seize the exact moment for executing such a daring measure to advantage. If it is but partially successful, and the enemy retains steadiness, it is very perilous; since the attacking column, instead of flanking the broken divisions of the opposite line, may be itself flanked by decided officers and determined troops, and thus experience the disaster which it was their object to occasion to the enemy. On the present occasion, the attack on the centre completely succeeded. The Austrians, finding their line cut asunder, and their flanks pressed by the victorious columns of the French, fell into total disorder. Some, who were farthest to the right, pushed forward, in hopes to unite themselves to Quasdonowich, and what they might find remaining of the original right wing; but these were attacked in front by General Soret, who had been active in defeating Quasdonowich upon the 30th July, and were at the same time pursued by another detachment of the French, which had broken through their centre.

Such was the fate of the Austrian right at the battle of Lonato, while that of the left was no less unfavourable. They were attacked by Augereau with the utmost bravery, and driven from Castiglione, of which they had become masters by the bad conduct of Valette. Augereau achieved this important result at the price of many brave men's lives;[1] but it was always remembered as an essen-

[1] [Buonaparte, in his despatch to the Directory, states the loss of the Austrians at from two to three thousand killed, and

tial service by Buonaparte, who afterwards, when such dignities came in use, bestowed on Augereau the title of Duke of Castiglione.[1] After their defeat, there can be nothing imagined more confused or calamitous than the condition of the Austrian divisions, who, having attacked, without resting on each other, found themselves opposed and finally overwhelmed by an enemy who appeared to possess ubiquity, simply from his activity and power of combining his forces.

A remarkable instance of their lamentable state of disorder and confusion, resembling in its consequences more than one example of the same sort, occurred at Lonato. It might, with any briskness of intelligence, or firmness of resolution, have proved a decisive advantage to their arms; it was, in its result, a humiliating illustration, how completely the succession of bad fortune had broken the spirit of the Austrian soldiers. The reader can hardly have forgotten the incident at the battle of Millesimo, when an Austrian column which had been led astray, retook, as if it were by chance, the important village of Dego;[2] or the more recent instance, when a body of Beaulieu's advanced-guard, alike unwittingly, had nearly made Buonaparte prisoner in his quarters.[3] The present danger arose from the same cause, the confusion and want of combination of the enemy; and now, as in the former perilous occurrences, the very same

four thousand prisoners; Jomini, t. viii. p. 325, says, "three thousand killed, wounded, or prisoners."]

[1] ["That day was the most brilliant of Augereau's life, nor did Napoleon ever forget it."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 255.]

[2] See p. 22. [3] See p 78.

circumstances which brought on the danger, served to ward it off.

A body of four or five thousand Austrians, partly composed of those who had been cut off at the battle of Lonato, partly of stragglers from Quasdonowich, received information from the peasantry, that the French troops, having departed in every direction to improve their success, had only left a garrison of twelve hundred men in the town of Lonato. The commander of the division resolved instantly to take possession of the town, and thus to open his march to the Mincio, to join Wurmser. Now, it happened that Buonaparte himself, coming from Castiglione with only his staff for protection, had just entered Lonato. He was surprised when an Austrian officer was brought before him blindfolded, as is the custom on such occasions, who summoned the French commandant of Lonato to surrender to a superior force of Austrians, who, he stated, were already forming columns of attack to carry the place by irresistible force of numbers. Buonaparte, with admirable presence of mind, collected his numerous staff around him, caused the officer's eyes to be unbandaged, that he might see in whose presence he stood, and upbraided him with the insolence of which he had been guilty, in bringing a summons of surrender to the French commander-in-chief in the middle of his army.[1] The credulous officer, recognising the presence of

[1] ["Go and tell your general," said Napoleon, "that I give him eight minutes to lay down his arms; he is in the midst of the French army; after that time there are no hopes for him." —Montholon, t. iii. p. 246; Jomini, t. viii. p. 326. But see Botta, t. i. p. 546.]

Buonaparte, and believing it impossible that he could be there without at least a strong division of his army, stammered out an apology, and returned to persuade his dispirited commander to surrender himself, and the four thousand men and upwards whom he commanded, to the comparatively small force which occupied Lonato. They grounded their arms accordingly, to one-fourth of their number, and missed an inviting and easy opportunity of carrying Buonaparte prisoner to Wurmser's headquarters.

The Austrian general himself, whose splendid army was thus destroyed in detail, had been hitherto employed in revictualling Mantua, and throwing in supplies of every kind; besides which, a large portion of his army had been detached in the vain pursuit of Serrurier, and the troops lately engaged in the siege, who had retreated towards Marcaria. When Wurmser learned the disasters of his right wing, and the destruction of the troops despatched to form a communication with it, he sent to recall the division which we have mentioned, and advanced against the French position between Lonato and Castiglione, with an army still numerous, notwithstanding the reverses which it had sustained. But Buonaparte had not left the interval unimproved. He had recalled Serrurier from Marcaria, to assail the left wing and the flank of the Austrian field-marshal. The opening of Serrurier's fire was a signal for a general attack on all points of Wurmser's line. He was defeated, and nearly made prisoner; and it was not till after suffering great losses in the retreat and pursuit, that he gained

with difficulty Trent and Roveredo, the positions adjacent to the Tyrol, from which he had so lately sallied with such confidence of victory. He had lost perhaps one half of his fine army, and the only consolation which remained was, that he had thrown supplies into the fortress of Mantua. His troops also no longer had the masculine confidence which is necessary to success in war. They were no longer proud of themselves and of their commanders; and those, especially, who had sustained so many losses under Beaulieu, could hardly be brought to do their duty, in circumstances where it seemed that Destiny itself was fighting against them.

The Austrians are supposed to have lost nearly forty thousand men in these disastrous battles. The French must have at least suffered the loss of one-fourth of the number, though Buonaparte confesses only to seven thousand men;[1] and their army, desperately fatigued by so many marches, such constant fighting, and the hardships of a campaign, where even the general for seven days never laid aside his clothes, or took any regular repose, required some time to recover their physical strength.

Mean time, Napoleon resumed his position before Mantua; but the want of battering cannon, and the commencement of the unhealthy heats of autumn, amid lakes and inundations, besides the great chance of a second attack on the part of Wurmser, induced him to limit his measures to a simple

[1] ["In the different engagements between the 29th July and the 12th August, the French army took 15,000 prisoners, 70 pieces of cannon, and nine stand of colours, and killed or wounded 25,000 men; the loss of the French army was 7000 men."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 251.]

blockade, which, however, was so strict as to retain the garrison within the walls of the place, and cut them off even from the islet called the Seraglio.

The events of this hurried campaign threw light on the feelings of the different states of Italy. Lombardy in general remained quiet, and the citizens of Milan seemed so well affected to the French, that Buonaparte, after the victory of Castiglione, returned them his thanks in name of the Republic.[1] But at Pavia, and elsewhere, a very opposite disposition was evinced; and at Ferrara, the Cardinal Mattei, archbishop of that town, made some progress in exciting an insurrection. His apology, when introduced to Buonaparte's presence to answer for his conduct, consisted in uttering the single word *Peccavi!* and Napoleon, soothed by his submission, imposed no punishment on him for his offence,[2] but, on the contrary, used his mediation in some negotiations with the court of Rome. Yet though the Bishop of Ferrara, overawed and despised, was permitted to escape, the conduct of his superior, the Pope, who had shown vacillation in his purposes of submission,

[1] [" Your people render themselves daily more worthy of liberty, and they will, no doubt, one day appear with glory on the stage of the world."—*Moniteur*, No. 331, Aug. 9.]

[2] [" When brought before the commander-in-chief, he answered only by the word *peccavi*, which disarmed the victor, who merely confined him three months in a religious house."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 254.

Mattei was born at Rome in 1744. Compelled, in 1810, to repair to France with his colleagues, he was banished by Napoleon to Rhetel, for refusing to be present at his marriage with Maria Louisa. The cardinal died in 1820.]

when he heard of the temporary raising of the siege of Mantua, was carefully noted and remembered for animadversion, when a suitable moment should occur.

Nothing is more remarkable, during these campaigns, than the inflexibility of Austria, which, reduced to the extremity of distress by the advance of Moreau and Jourdan into her territories, stood nevertheless on the defensive at every point, and by extraordinary exertions again recruited Wurmser with fresh troops, to the amount of twenty thousand men; which reinforcement enabled that general, though under no more propitious star, again to resume the offensive, by advancing from the Tyrol. Wurmser, with less confidence than before, hoped now to relieve the siege of Mantua a second time, and at a less desperate cost, by moving from Trent towards Mantua, through the defiles formed by the river Brenta. This manœuvre he proposed to execute with thirty thousand men, while he left twenty thousand, under General Davidowich, in a strong position at or near Roveredo, for the purpose of covering the Tyrol; an invasion of which district, on the part of the French, must have added much to the general panic which already astounded Germany, from the apprehended advance of Moreau and Jourdan from the banks of the Rhine.

Buonaparte penetrated the design of the veteran general, and suffered him without disturbance to march towards Bassano upon the Brenta, in order to occupy the line of operations on which he intended to manœuvre, with the secret intention

that he would himself assume the offensive, and overwhelm Davidowich as soon as the distance betwixt them precluded a communication betwixt that general and Wurmser. He left General Kilmaine, an officer of Irish extraction[1] in whom he reposed confidence, with about three thousand men, to cover the siege of Mantua, by posting himself under the walls of Verona, while, concentrating a strong body of forces, Napoleon marched upon the town of Roveredo, situated in the valley of the Adige, and having in its rear the strong position of Calliano. The town is situated on the high-road to Trent, and Davidowich lay there with twenty-five thousand Austrians, intended to protect the Tyrol, while Wurmser moved down the Brenta, which runs in the same direction with the Adige, but at about thirty miles' distance, so that no communication for mutual support could take place betwixt Wurmser and his lieutenant-general. It was upon Davidowich that Buonaparte first meant to pour his thunder.

The battle of Roveredo, fought upon the 4th of September, was one of that great general's splendid days. Before he could approach the town, one of his divisions had to force the strongly intrenched camp of Mori, where the enemy made a desperate defence. Another attacked the Austrians on the opposite bank of the Adige, (for the action took place on both sides of the river,) until the

Sept. 4.

[1] [Kilmaine was born at Dublin, in 1754. He distinguished himself at Jemappes and in La Vendée, and was selected to command the "*Army of England*," but died at Paris, in 1799.]

enemy at length retreated, still fighting desperately. Napoleon sent his orders to General Dubois, to charge with the first regiment of hussars :—he did so, and broke the enemy, but fell mortally wounded with three balls. "I die," he said, "for the Republic—bring me but tidings that the victory is certain."[1]

The retreating enemy were driven through the town of Roveredo, without having it in their power to make a stand. The extreme strength of the position of Calliano seemed to afford them rallying ground. The Adige is there bordered by precipitous mountains, approaching so near its course, as only to leave a pass of forty toises' breadth between the river and the precipice, which opening was defended by a village, a castle, and a strong defensive wall resting upon the rock, all well garnished with artillery. The French, in their enthusiasm of victory, could not be stopped even by these obstacles. Eight pieces of light artillery were brought forward, under cover of which the infantry charged and carried this strong position; so little do natural advantages avail when the minds of the assailants are influenced with an opinion that they are irresistible, and those of the defenders are depressed by a uniform and uninterrupted course of defeat. Six or seven thousand prisoners, and fifteen pieces of cannon captured, were the fruits of this splendid victory; and Massena the next morning took possession of Trent in

[1] [Buonaparte to the Directory, 6th September.]

the Tyrol, so long the stronghold where Wurmser had maintained his headquarters.[1]

The wrecks of Davidowich's army fled deeper into the Tyrol, and took up their position at Lavisa, a small village on a river of a similar name, about three leagues to the northward of Trent, and situated in the principal road which communicates with Brixen and Inspruck. Buonaparte instantly pursued them with a division of his army, commanded by Vaubois, and passed the Lavisa with his cavalry, while the enemy were amused with an assault upon the bridge. Thus he drove them from their position, which, being the entrance of one of the chief defiles of the Tyrol, it was of importance to secure, and it was occupied accordingly by Vaubois with his victorious division.

Buonaparte, in consequence of his present condition, became desirous to conciliate the martial inhabitants of the Tyrol, and published a proclamation, in which he exhorted them to lay down their arms, and return to their homes; assuring them of protection against military violence, and labouring to convince them, that they had themselves no interest in the war which he waged against the Emperor and his government, but not against his subjects.[2] That his conduct might appear to be of a piece with his reasoning, Napoleon issued an edict, disuniting the principality of Trent from the German empire, and annexing it in point of sovereignty

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 107; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 5; Montholon, t. iii. p. 259.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 263.]

to the French Republic, while he intrusted, or seemed to intrust, the inhabitants themselves with the power of administering their own laws and government.

Bounties which depended on the gift of an armed enemy, appeared very suspicious to the Tyrolese, who were aware that, in fact, the order of a French officer would be more effectual law, whenever that nation had the power, than that of any administrator of civil affairs whom they might themselves be permitted to choose. As for the proclamation, the French general might as well have wasted his eloquence on the rocks of the country. The Tyrol, one of the earliest possessions of the House of Austria, had been uniformly governed by those princes with strict respect to the privileges of the inhabitants, who were possessed already of complete personal freedom. Secured in all the immunities which were necessary for their comfort, these sagacious peasants saw nothing to expect from the hand of a stranger general, excepting what Buonaparte himself has termed, those vexations necessarily annexed to a country which becomes the seat of war, and which, in more full detail, include whatever the avarice of the general, the necessities of the soldiers, not to mention the more violent outrage of marauders and plunderers, may choose to exact from the inhabitants. But, besides this prudent calculation of consequences, the Tyrolese felt the generous spirit of national independence, and resolved that their mountains should not be dishonoured by the march of an armed enemy, if the unerring rifle-guns of their children were able

to protect their native soil from such indignity. Every mode of resistance was prepared; and it was then that those piles of rocks, stones, and trunks of trees, were collected on the verge of the precipices which line the valley of the Inn, and other passes of the Tyrol, but which remained in grim repose till rolled down, to the utter annihilation of the French and Bavarian invaders in 1809, under the direction of the valiant Hoffer and his companions in arms.

More successful with the sword than the pen, Buonaparte had no sooner disposed of Davidowich and his army, than he began his operations against Wurmser himself, who had by this time learned the total defeat of his subordinate division, and that the French were possessed of Trent. The Austrian field-marshal immediately conceived that the French general, in consequence of his successes, would be disposed to leave Italy behind, and advance to Inspruck, in order to communicate with the armies of Moreau and Jourdan, which were now on the full advance into Germany. Instead, therefore, of renouncing his own scheme of relieving Mantua, Wurmser thought the time favourable for carrying it into execution; and in place of falling back with his army on Friuli, and thus keeping open his communication with Vienna, he committed the great error of involving himself still deeper in the Italian passes to the southward, by an attempt, with a diminished force, to execute a purpose, which he had been unable to accomplish when his army was double the strength of the French. With this ill-chosen plan, he detached Mezaros with a divi-

sion of his forces, to manœuvre on Verona, where, as we have seen, Buonaparte had stationed Kilmaine to cover the siege, or rather the blockade, of Mantua. Mezaros departed accordingly, and leaving Wurmser at Bassano on the Brenta, marched south-westward towards the collateral valley of the Adige, and attacked Kilmaine, who, by drawing his men under cover of the fortifications of Verona, made a resolute defence. The Austrian general, finding it impossible to carry the place by a coup-de-main, was meditating to cross the Adige, when he was recalled by the most urgent commands to rejoin Wurmser with all possible despatch.

As soon as Buonaparte learned this new separation of Wurmser from a large division of his army, he anticipated the possibility of defeating the field-marshal himself, driving him from his position at Bassano, and of consequence, cutting off at his leisure the division of Mezaros, which had advanced so far to the southward as effectually to compromise its safety.

To execute this plan required the utmost rapidity of movement; for, should Wurmser learn that Buonaparte was advancing towards Bassano, in time to recall Mezaros, he might present a front too numerous to be attacked with hope of success. There are twenty leagues' distance betwixt Trent and Bassano, and that ground was to be traversed by means of very difficult roads, in the space of two days at farthest. But it was in such circumstances that the genius of Napoleon triumphed, through the enthusiastic power which he possessed over the soldiery, and by which he could urge them to the

most incredible exertions. He left Trent on the 6th September, at break of day, and reached, in the course of the evening, Borgo di Val Lugano, a march of ten French leagues. A similar forced march of five leagues and upwards, brought him up with Wurmser's advanced-guard, which was strongly posted at Primolano.

The effect of the surprise, and the impetuosity of the French attack, surmounted all the advantages of position. The Austrian double lines were penetrated by a charge of three French columns—the cavalry occupied the high-road, and cut off the enemy's retreat on Bassano—in a word, Wurmser's vanguard was totally destroyed, and more than four thousand men laid down their arms.[1] From Primolano the French, dislodging whatever enemies they encountered, advanced to Cismone, a village, where a river of the same name unites with the Brenta. There they halted, exhausted with fatigue; and on that evening no sentinel in the army endured more privations than Napoleon himself, who took up his quarters for the night without either staff-officers or baggage, and was glad to accept a share of a private soldier's ration of bread, of which the poor fellow lived to remind his general when he was become Emperor.[2]

Cismone is only about four leagues from Bassano, and Wurmser heard with alarm, that the French leader, whom he conceived to be already deeply

[1] [Buonaparte to the Directory, 8th September; Montholon, t. iii. p. 265. Jomini, t. ix. p. 114, estimates the prisoners at fully from twelve to fifteen hundred.]

[2] [At the camp of Boulogne, in 1805.]

engaged in the Tyrolese passes, had destroyed his vanguard, and was menacing his own position. It was under this alarm that he despatched expresses, as already mentioned, to recall Mezaros and his division. But it was too late; for that general was under the walls of Verona, nigh fifteen leagues from Wurmser's position, on the night of the 7th September, when the French army was at Cismone, within a third part of that distance. The utmost exertions of Mezaros could only bring his division as far as Montebello, upon the 8th September, when the battle of Bassano seemed to decide the fate of his unfortunate commander-in-chief.

This victory was as decisive as any which Buonaparte had hitherto obtained. The village of Salagna was first carried by main force, and then the French army, continuing to descend the defiles of the Brenta, attacked Wurmser's main body, which still lay under his own command in the town of Bassano. Augereau penetrated into the town upon the right, Massena upon the left. They bore down all opposition, and seized the cannon by which the bridge was defended, in spite of the efforts of the Austrian grenadiers, charged with the duty of protecting Wurmser and his staff, who were now in absolute flight. Sept. 8.

The field-marshal himself, with the military chest of his army, nearly fell into the hands of the French; and though he escaped for the time, it was after an almost general dispersion of his troops.[1]

[1] [Napoleon the same night visited the field of battle, and he told this anecdote of it at St Helena—"In the deep silence of a beautiful moonlight night," said the Emperor, "a dog leaping

Six thousand Austrians surrendered to Buonaparte;[1] Quasdonowich, with three or four thousand men, effected a retreat to the north-east, and gained Friuli; while Wurmser himself, finding it impossible to escape otherwise, fled to Vicenza in the opposite direction, and there united the scattered forces which still followed him, with the division of Mezaros. When this junction was accomplished, the aged marshal had still the command of about sixteen thousand men, out of sixty thousand, with whom he had, scarce a week before, commenced the campaign. The material part of his army, guns, waggons, and baggage, was all lost—his retreat upon the hereditary states of Austria was entirely

suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's face, and again flew at us; thus at once soliciting aid and threatening revenge. Whether owing to my own particular mood of mind at the moment, the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades friends; and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a strange being is man! and how mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld with tearless eyes, the execution of those operations, in the course of which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howling of a dog. Certainly at that moment I should have been easily moved by a suppliant enemy; I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."—Las Cases, t. ii. p. 403. See also Arnault, Hist. de Napoleon; and Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 11.]

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 266; Buonaparte, in his letter to the Directory, says 5000; Jomini, t. ix. p. 116, reduces them to 2000.]

cut off—the flower of his army was destroyed—courage and confidence were gone—there seemed no remedy but that he should lay down his arms to the youthful conqueror by whose forces he was now surrounded on all sides, without, as it appeared, any possibility of extricating himself. But Fate itself seemed to take some tardy compassion on this venerable and gallant veteran, and not only adjourned his final fall, but even granted him leave to gather some brief-dated laurels, as the priests of old were wont to garland their victims before the final sacrifice.

Surrounded by dangers, and cut off from any other retreat, Wurmser formed the gallant determination to throw himself and his remaining forces into Mantua, and share the fate of the beleaguered fortress which he had vainly striven to relieve. But to execute this purpose it was necessary to cross the Adige, nor was it easy to say how this was to be accomplished. Verona, one point of passage, was defended by Kilmaine, who had already repulsed Mezaros. Legnago, where there was a bridge, was also garrisoned by the French; and Wurmser had lost his bridge of pontoons at the battle of Bassano. At the village of Albarado, however, there was an established ferry, totally insufficient for passing over so considerable a force with the necessary despatch, but which Wurmser used for the purpose of sending across two squadrons of cavalry, in order to reconnoitre the blockade of Mantua, and the facilities which might present themselves for accomplishing a retreat on that fortress. This precaution proved for the time the salvation of Wurmser, and what remained of his army.

Fortune, which has such influence in warlike affairs, had so ordered it, that Kilmaine, apprehending that Wurmser would attempt to force a passage at Verona, and desirous to improve his means of resistance against so great a force, had sent orders that the garrison of four hundred men who guarded the bridge at Legnago should join him at Verona, and that an equal number should be detached from the blockade of Mantua, to supply their place on the Lower Adige. The former part of his command had been obeyed, and the garrison of Legnago were on their march for Verona. But the relief which was designed to occupy their post, though on their way to Legnago, had not yet arrived. The Austrian cavalry, who had passed over at Albarado, encountering this body on its march from the vicinity of Mantua, attacked them with spirit, and sabred a good many. The commander of the French battalion, confounded at this appearance, concluded that the whole Austrian army had gained the right bank of the Adige, and that he should necessarily be cut off if he prosecuted his march to Legnago. Thus the passage at that place was left altogether undefended; and Wurmser, apprised of this unhoped-for chance of escape, occupied the village, and took possession of the bridge.[1]

Buonaparte, in the mean time, having moved from Bassano to Arcola in pursuit of the defeated enemy, learned, at the latter place, that Wurmser still lingered at Legnago, perhaps to grant his troops

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 116; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 54; Montholon, t. iii. p. 267.]

some indispensable repose, perhaps to watch whether it might be even yet possible to give the slip to the French divisions by which he was surrounded, and, by a rapid march back upon Padua, to regain his communication with the Austrian territories, instead of enclosing himself in Mantua. Buonaparte hastened to avail himself of these moments of indecision. Augereau was ordered to march upon Legnago by the road from Padua, so as to cut off any possibility of Wurmser's retreat in that direction; while Massena's division was thrown across the Adige by a ferry at Ronco, to strengthen General Kilmaine, who had already occupied the line of a small river called the Molinella, which intersects the country between Legnago and Mantua. If this position could be made good, it was concluded that the Austrian general, unable to reach Mantua, or to maintain himself at Legnago, must even yet surrender himself and his army.

On the 12th September, Wurmser began his march. He was first opposed at Cerea, where Murat and Pigeon had united their forces. But Wurmser made his dispositions, and attacked with a fury which swept out of the way both the cavalry and infantry of the enemy, and obtained possession of the village. In the heat of the skirmish, and just when the French were giving way, Buonaparte himself entered Cerea, with the purpose of personally superintending the dispositions made for intercepting the retreat of Wurmser, when, but for the speed of his horse, he had nearly fallen as a prisoner into the hands of the general whose destruction he was labouring to ensure. Wurmser arrived

on the spot a few minutes afterwards, and gave orders for a pursuit in every direction; commanding, however, that the French general should, if possible, be taken alive—a conjunction of circumstances worthy of remark, since it authorized the Austrian general for the moment to pronounce on the fate of him, who, before and after was the master of his destiny.

Having again missed this great prize, Wurmser continued his march all night, and turning aside from the great road, where the blockading army had taken measures to intercept him, he surprised a small bridge over the Molinella, at a village called Villa Impenta, by which he eluded encountering the forces of Kilmaine. A body of French horse, sent to impede his progress, was cut to pieces by the Austrian cavalry. On the 14th Wurmser obtained a similar success at Due Castelli, where his cuirassiers destroyed a body of French infantry; and having now forced himself into a communication with Mantua, he encamped between the suburb of Saint George and the citadel, and endeavoured to keep open the communication with the country, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of forage and provisions.

But it was not Buonaparte's intention to leave him undisturbed in so commodious a position. Having received the surrender of an Austrian corps which was left in Porto Legnago, and gleaned up such other remnants of Wurmser's army as could not accompany their general in his rapid march to Mantua, he resolved once more to force his way into the islet of the Seraglio. upon which Mantua is built,

and confine the besieged within the walls of their garrison. On the 19th, after a very severe and bloody action, the French obtained Sept. 19 possession of the suburb of Saint George, and the citadel termed La Favorita, and a long series of severe sallies and attacks took place, which, although gallantly fought by the Austrians, generally tended to their disadvantage, so that they were finally again blockaded within the walls of the city and castle.[1]

The woes of war now appeared among them in a different and even more hideous form than when inflicted with the sword alone. When Wurmser threw himself into Mantua, the garrison might amount to twenty-six thousand men; yet, ere October was far advanced, there were little above the half of the number fit for service. There were nearly nine thousand sick in the hospitals,—infectious diseases, privations of every kind, and the unhealthy air of the lakes and marshes with which they were surrounded, had cut off the remainder. The French also had lost great numbers; but the conquerors could reckon up their victories, and forget the price at which they had been purchased.

It was a proud vaunt, and a cure in itself for many losses, that the minister of war had a right to make the following speech to the Directory, at the formal introduction of Marmont, then aide-de-camp of Buonaparte, and commissioned to present on his part the colours and standards taken from the enemy:—"In the course of a single campaign," he truly said, "Italy had been entirely conquered

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 271; Jomini, t. ix. p. 126.]

—three large armies had been entirely destroyed—more than fifty stand of colours had been taken by the victors—forty thousand Austrians had laid down their arms—and, what was not the least surprising part of the whole, these deeds had been accomplished by an army of only thirty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by a general scarce twenty-six years old."[1]

[1] [Moniteur, No. 13, October 4.]

CHAPTER VII.

Corsica reunited with France.—Critical situation of Buonaparte in Italy at this period.—The Austrian General Alvinzi placed at the head of a new Army.—Various Contests, attended with no decisive result.—Want of Concert among the Austrian Generals.—French Army begin to murmur.—First Battle of Arcola.—Napoleon in personal danger.—No decisive result.—Second Battle of Arcola—The French victorious.—Fresh want of concert among the Austrian Generals.—General Views of Military and Political Affairs, after the conclusion of the fourth Italian Campaign.—Austria commences a fifth Campaign—but has not profited by experience.—Battle of Rivoli, and Victory of the French.—Further successful at La Favorita.—French regain their lost ground in Italy.—Surrender of Mantua.—Instances of Napoleon's Generosity.

About this period the reunion of Corsica with France took place. Buonaparte contributed to this change in the political relations of his native country indirectly, in part by the high pride which his countrymen must have originally taken in his splendid career; and he did so more immediately, by seizing the town and port of Leghorn, and assisting those Corsicans, who had been exiled by the English party, to return to their native island.[1] He

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 153; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 32; Montgaillard, t. iv. p. 468.]

intimated the event to the Directory, and stated that he had appointed Gentili, the principal partisan of the French, to govern the island provisionally; and that the Commissioner Salicetti was to set sail for the purpose of making other necessary arrangements.[1] The communication is coldly made, nor does Buonaparte's love of his birth-place induce him to expatiate upon its importance, although the Directory afterwards made the acquisition of that island a great theme of exultation. But his destinies had called him to too high an elevation to permit his distinguishing the obscure islet which he had arisen from originally. He was like the young lion, who, while he is scattering the herds and destroying the hunters, thinks little of the forest-cave in which he first saw the light.[2]

Indeed, Buonaparte's situation, however brilliant, was at the same time critical, and required his un-

[1] ["Gentili and all the refugees landed, in October, 1796, in spite of the English cruisers. The republicans took possession of Bastia and of all the fortresses. The English hastily embarked. The King of England wore the Corsican crown only two years. This whim cost the British treasury five millions sterling. John Bull's riches could not have been worse employed."—NAPOLEON, *Montholon*, t. iii. p. 58.]

[2] It is fair to add, however, that Buonaparte in his Memoirs, while at St Helena, gives a sketch of the geographical description and history of Corsica, and suggests several plans for the civilisation of his countrymen,—one of which, the depriving them of the arms which they constantly wear, might be prudent were it practicable, but certainly would be highly unpalatable. There occurs an odd observation, "that the Crown of Corsica must, on the temporary annexation of the island to Great Britain, have been surprised at finding itself appertaining to the successor of Fingal." Not more, we should think, than the diadem of France, and the iron crown of Italy, may have marvelled at meeting on the brow of a Corsican soldier of fortune.

divided thoughts. Mantua still held out, and was likely to do so. Wurmser had caused about three-fourths of the horses belonging to his cavalry to be killed and salted for the use of the garrison, and thus made a large addition, such as it was, to the provisions of the place. His character for courage and determination was completely established; and being now engaged in defending a fortress by ordinary rules of art, which he perfectly understood, he was in no danger of being over-reached and outmanœuvred by the new system of tactics, which occasioned his misfortunes in the open field.

While, therefore, the last pledge of Austria's dominions in Italy was confided to such safe custody, the Emperor and his ministers were eagerly engaged in making a new effort to recover their Italian territories. The defeat of Jourdan, and the retreat of Moreau before the Archduke Charles, had given the Imperialists some breathing time, and enabled them, by extensive levies in the warlike province of Illyria, as well as draughts from the army of the Rhine, to take the field with a new army, for the recovery of the Italian provinces, and the relief of Mantua. By orders of the Aulic Council, two armies were assembled on the Italian frontier; one at Friuli, which was partly composed of that portion of the army of Wurmser, which, cut off from their main body at the battle of Bassano, had effected, under Quasdonowich, a retreat in that direction; the other was to be formed on the Tyrol. They were to operate in conjunction, and both were placed under the command of Marshal

Alvinzi,[1] an officer of high reputation, which was then thought merited.

Thus, for the fourth time, Buonaparte was to contest the same objects on the same ground, with new forces belonging to the same enemy. He had, indeed, himself, received from France, reinforcements to the number of twelve battalions, from those troops which had been formerly employed in La Vendée. The army, in general, since victory had placed the resources of the rich country which they occupied at the command of their leader, had been well supplied with clothes, food, and provisions, and were devotedly attached to the chief who had conducted them from starving on the barren Alps into this land of plenty, and had directed their military efforts with such skill, that they could scarce ever be said to have failed of success in whatever they undertook under his direction.

Napoleon had also on his side the good wishes, if not of the Italians in general, of a considerable party, especially in Lombardy, and friends and enemies were alike impressed with belief in his predestined success. During the former attempts of Wurmser, a contrary opinion had prevailed, and the news that the Austrians were in motion, had given birth to insurrections against the French in many places, and to the publication of sentiments unfavourable to them almost every where. But now, when all predicted the certain success of Napoleon, the friends of Austria remained quiet, and

[1] [Alvinzi was, at this time, seventy years of age. He died in 1810.]

the numerous party who desire in such cases to keep on the winning side, added weight to the actual friends of France, by expressing their opinions in her favour. It seems, however, that Victory, as if displeased that mortals should presume to calculate the motives of so fickle a deity, was, on this occasion, disposed to be more coy than formerly even to her greatest favourite, and to oblige him to toil harder than he had done even when the odds were more against him.[1]

Davidowich commanded the body of the Austrians which was in the Tyrol, and which included the fine militia of that martial province. There was little difficulty in prevailing on them to advance into Italy, convinced as they were that there was small security for their national independence while the French remained in possession of Lombardy. Buonaparte, on the other hand, had placed Vaubois in the passes upon the river Lavisa, above Trent, to cover that new possession of the French Republic, and check the advance of Davidowich. It was the plan of Alvinzi to descend from Friuli, and approach Vicenza, to which place he expected Davidowich might penetrate by a corresponding movement down the Adige. Having thus brought his united army into activity, his design was to advance on Mantua, the constant object of bloody contention. He commenced his march in the beginning of October, 1796.

As soon as Buonaparte heard that Alvinzi was in motion, he sent orders to Vaubois to attack Davidowich, and to Massena to advance to Bassano upon

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 345; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 82.]

the Brenta, and make head against the Austrian commander-in-chief. Both measures failed in effect.

Vaubois indeed made his attack, but so unsuccessfully, that after two days' fighting he was compelled to retreat before the Austrians, to evacuate the city of Trent, and to retreat upon Calliano, already mentioned as a very strong position, in the previous account of the battle of Roveredo. A great part of his opponents being Tyrolese, and admirably calculated for mountain warfare, they forced Vaubois from a situation which was almost impregnable; and their army, descending the Adige upon the right bank, appeared to manœuvre with the purpose of marching on Montebaldo and Rivoli, and thus opening the communication with Alvinzi.

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On the other hand, though Massena had sustained no loss, for he avoided an engagement, the approach of Alvinzi, with a superior army, compelled him to evacuate Bassano, and to leave the enemy in undisputed possession of the valley of the Brenta. Buonaparte, therefore, himself saw the necessity of advancing with Augereau's division, determined to give battle to Alvinzi, and force him back on the Piave before the arrival of Davidowich. But he experienced unusual resistance; and it is amid complaints of the weather, of misadventures and miscarriages of different sorts, that he faintly claims the name of a victory for his first encounter with Alvinzi. It is clear that he had made a desperate attempt to drive the Austrian general from Bassano—that he had not succeeded;

but, on the contrary, was under the necessity of retreating to Vicenza. It is further manifest, that Buonaparte was sensible this retreat did not accord well with his claim of victory; and he says, with a consciousness which is amusing, that the inhabitants of Vicenza were surprised to see the French army retire through their town, as they had been witnesses of their victory on the preceding day.[1] No doubt there was room for astonishment if the Vicenzans had been as completely convinced of the fact as Buonaparte represents them. The truth was, Buonaparte was sensible that Vaubois, being in complete retreat, was exposed to be cut off unless he was supported, and he hasted to prevent so great a loss, by meeting and reinforcing him. His own retrograde movement, however, which extended as far as Verona, left the whole country betwixt the Brenta and Adige open to the Austrians; nor does there occur, to those who read the account of the campaign, any good reason why Davidowich and Alvinzi, having no body of French to interrupt their communication, should not instantly have adjusted their operations on a common basis.[2] But it was the bane of the Austrian tactics, through the whole war, to neglect that connexion and cooperation betwixt their separate divisions, which is essential to secure the general result of a campaign. Above all, as Buonaparte himself remarked of them, their leaders were not sufficiently acquainted with the value of time in military movements.

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 345; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 109.]
[2] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 165.]

Napoleon having retreated to Verona, where he could at pleasure assume the offensive by means of the bridge, or place the Adige between himself and the enemy, visited, in the first place, the positions of Rivoli and Corona, where were stationed the troops which had been defeated by Davidowich.

They appeared before him with dejected countenances, and Napoleon upbraided them with their indifferent behaviour. "You have displeased me," he said;—"You have shown neither discipline, nor constancy, nor bravery. You have suffered yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of brave men might have arrested the progress of a large army. You are no longer French soldiers.—Let it be written on their colours—'They are not of the Army of Italy.'" Tears, and groans of sorrow and shame, answered this harangue—the rules of discipline could not stifle their sense of mortification, and several of the grenadiers, who had deserved and wore marks of distinction, called out from the ranks—"General, we have been misrepresented—Place us in the advance, and you may then judge whether we do not belong to the army of Italy." Buonaparte having produced the necessary effect, spoke to them in a more conciliatory tone; and the regiments who had undergone so severe a rebuke, redeemed their character in the subsequent part of the campaign.[1]

While Napoleon was indefatigable in concentrating his troops on the right bank of the Adige, and inspiring them with his own spirit of enterprise, Alvinzi had taken his position on the left bank,

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 349.]

nearly opposite to Verona. His army occupied a range of heights called Caldiero, on the left of which, and somewhat in the rear, is the little village of Arcola, situated among marshes, which extend around the foot of that eminence. Here the Austrian general had stationed himself, with a view, it may be supposed, to wait until Davidowich and his division should descend the right bank of the Adige, disquiet the French leader's position on that river, and give Alvinzi himself the opportunity of forcing a passage.

Buonaparte, with his usual rapidity of resolution, resolved to drive the Austrian from his position on Caldiero, before the arrival of Davidowich. But neither on this occasion was fortune propitious to him.[1] A strong French division, under Massena, attacked the heights amid a storm of rain; but their most strenuous exertions proved completely unsuccessful, and left to the general only his usual mode of concealing a check, by railing at the elements.[2]

The situation of the French became critical, and, what was worse, the soldiers perceived it; and complained that they had to sustain the whole burden of the war, had to encounter army after army, and must succumb at last under the renewed and unwearied efforts of Austria. Buonaparte parried these natural feelings as well as he could,[3] promi-

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 170; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 112.]

[2] [" The rain fell in torrents; the ground was so completely soaked, that the French artillery could make no movement, whilst that of the Austrians, being in position, and advantageously placed, produced its full effect."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 352.]

[3] [" We have but one more effort to make, and Italy is our

sing that their conquest of Italy should be speedily sealed by the defeat of this Alvinzi; and he applied his whole genius to discover the means of bringing the war to an effective struggle, in which he confided that, in spite of numbers, his own talents, and the enterprising character of an army so often victorious, might assure him a favourable result. But it was no easy way to discover a mode of attacking, with even plausible hopes of success. If he advanced northward on the right bank to seek out and destroy Davidowich, he must weaken his line on the Adige, by the troops withdrawn to effect that purpose; and during his absence, Alvinzi would probably force the passage of the river at some point, and thus have it in his power to relieve Mantua. The heights of Caldiero, occupied by the Austrian main body, and lying in his front, had, by dire experiment, been proved impregnable.

In these doubtful circumstances the bold scheme occurred to the French general, that the position of Caldiero, though it could not be stormed, might be turned, and that by possessing himself of the village of Arcola, which lies to the left, and in the rear of Caldiero, the Austrians might be compelled to fight to disadvantage. But the idea of attacking Arcola was one which would scarce have occurred to any general save Buonaparte.

own. The enemy is, no doubt, more numerous than we are, but half his troops are recruits; when he is beaten, Mantua must fall, and we shall remain masters of all. From the smiling flowery bivouacs of Italy, you cannot return to the Alpine snows. Succours are on the road; only beat Alvinzi, and I will answer for your future welfare."—MONTHOLON, t. iii. p. 355.]

Arcola is situated upon a small stream called the Alpon, which, as already hinted, finds its way into the Adige, through a wilderness of marshes, intersected with ditches, and traversed by dikes in various directions. In case of an unsuccessful attack, the assailants were like to be totally cut off in the swamps. Then to debouche from Verona, and move in the direction of Arcola, would have put Alvinzi and his whole army on their guard. Secrecy and celerity are the soul of enterprise. All these difficulties gave way before Napoleon's genius.

Verona, it must be remembered, is on the left bank of the Adige—on the same with the point which was the object of Buonaparte's attack. At nightfall, the whole forces at Verona were under arms; and leaving fifteen hundred men under Kilmaine to defend the place from any assault, with strict orders to secure the gates, and prevent all communication of his nocturnal expedition to the enemy, Buonaparte commenced his march at first to the rear, in the direction of Peschiera; which seemed to imply that his resolution was at length taken to resign the hopes of gaining Mantua, and perhaps to abandon Italy. The silence with which the march was conducted, the absence of all the usual rumours which used in the French army to precede a battle, and the discouraging situation of affairs, appeared to presage the same issue. But after the troops had marched a little way in this direction, the heads of columns were wheeled to the left, out of the line of retreat, and descended the Adige as far as Ronco,

which they reached before day. Here a bridge had been prepared, by which they passed over the river, and were placed on the same bank with Arcola, the object of their attack, and lower than the heights of Caldiero.

There were three causeways by which the marsh of Arcola is traversed—each was occupied by a French column. The central column moved on the causeway which led to the village so named. The dikes and causeways were not defended, but Arcola and its bridge were protected by two battalions of Croats with two pieces of cannon, which were placed in a position to enfilade the causeway. These received the French column with so heavy a fire on its flank, that it fell back in disorder. Augereau rushed forward upon the bridge with his chosen grenadiers; but enveloped as they were in a destructive fire, they were driven back on the main body.

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Alvinzi, who conceived it only an affair of light troops, sent, however, forces into the marsh by means of the dikes which traversed them, to drive out the French. These were checked by finding that they were to oppose strong columns of infantry, yet the battle continued with unabated vigour. It was essential to Buonaparte's plan that Arcola should be carried; but the fire continued tremendous. At length, to animate his soldiers to a final exertion, he caught a stand of colours, rushed on the bridge, and planted them there with his own hand. A fresh body of Austrians arrived at that moment, and the fire on flank blazed more de-

structively than ever The rear of the French column fell back; the leading files, finding themselves unsupported, gave way; but, still careful of their general, bore him back in their arms through the dead and dying, the fire and the smoke. In the confusion he was at length pushed into the marsh. The Austrians were already betwixt him and his own troops, and he must have perished or been taken, had not the grenadiers perceived his danger. The cry instantly arose,—"Forward—forward—save the general!" Their love to Buonaparte's person did more than even his commands and example had been able to accomplish.[1] They returned to the charge, and at length pushed the Austrians out of the village; but not till the appearance of a French corps under General Guieux had turned the position, and he had thrown himself in the rear of it. These succours had passed at the ferry of Alborado, and the French remained in possession of the long-contested village. It was at the moment a place of the greatest importance; for the possession of it would have enabled Buonaparte, had the Austrians remained in their position, to operate on their communications with the Brenta, interpose between Alvinzi and his reserves, and destroy his park of artillery. But the risk was

[1] ["This was the day of military devotedness. Lannes, who had been wounded at Governolo, had hastened from Milan; he was still suffering; he threw himself between the enemy and Napoleon, and received three wounds. Muiron, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, was killed in covering his general with his own body. Heroic and affecting death!"—NAPOLEON, *Memoirs*, t. iii. p. 362.]

avoided by the timely caution of the Austrian field-marshal.[1]

Alvinzi was no sooner aware that a great division of the French army was in his rear than, without allowing them time for farther operations, he instantly broke up his position on Caldiero, and evacuated these heights by a steady and orderly retreat. Buonaparte had the mortification to see the Austrians effect this manœuvre by crossing a bridge in their rear over the Alpon, and which could he have occupied, as was his purpose, he might have rendered their retreat impossible, or at least disastrous. As matters stood, however, the village of Arcola came to lose its consequence as a position, since, after Alvinzi's retreat, it was no longer in the rear, but in the front of the enemy.

Buonaparte remembered he had enemies on the right as well as the left of the Adige ; and that Davidowich might be once more routing Vaubois, while he was too far advanced to afford him assistance. He therefore evacuated Arcola, and the village of Porcil, situated near it, and retreating to Ronco, recrossed the river, leaving only two demi-brigades in advance upon the left bank.

The first battle of Arcola, famous for the obstinacy with which it was disputed, and the number of brave officers and men who fell, was thus attended with no decisive result. But it had checked the inclination of Alvinzi to advance on Verona—it had delayed all communication betwixt his army

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 180 ; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 117.]

and that of the Tyrol—above all, it had renewed the Austrians' apprehensions of the skill of Buonaparte and the bravery of his troops, and restored to the French soldiery the usual confidence of their national character.

Buonaparte remained stationary at Ronco until next morning at five o'clock, by which time he received intelligence that Davidowich had lain quiet in his former position; that he had no cause to be alarmed for Vaubois' safety, and might therefore operate in security against Alvinzi. This was rendered the more easy, (16th November,) as the Austrian general, not aware of Buonaparte's having halted his army at Ronco, imagined he was on his march to concentrate his forces nearer Mantua, and hastened therefore to overwhelm the rearguard, whom he expected to find at the ferry. Buonaparte spared them the trouble of a close advance to the Adige. He again crossed to the left side, and again advanced his columns upon the dikes and causeways which traversed the marshes of Arcola. On such ground, where it was impossible to assign to the columns more breadth than the causeways could accommodate, the victorious soldiers of France had great advantage over the recent levies of Austria; for though the latter might be superior in number on the whole, success must in such a case depend on the personal superiority of the front or leading files only. The French, therefore, had the first advantage, and drove back the Austrians upon the village of Arcola; but here, as on the former day, Alvinzi constituted

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his principal point of defence, and maintained it with the utmost obstinacy.

After having repeatedly failed when attacking in front a post so difficult of approach, Napoleon endeavoured to turn the position by crossing the little river Alpon, near its union with the Adige. He attempted to effect a passage by means of fascines, but unsuccessfully; and the night approached without any thing effectual being decided. Both parties drew off, the French to Ronco, where they recrossed the Adige; the Austrians to a position behind the well-contested village of Arcola.

The battle of the 16th November was thus far favourable to the French, that they had driven back the Austrians, and made many prisoners in the commencement of the day; but they had also lost many men; and Napoleon, if he had gained ground in the day, was fain to return to his position at night, lest Davidowich, by the defeat of Vaubois, might either relieve Mantua, or move on Verona. The 17th was to be a day more decisive.

The field of battle, and the preliminary manœuvres, were much the same as on the preceding day;

Nov. 17. but those of the French were nearly disconcerted by the sinking of one of the boats which constituted their bridge over the Adige. The Austrians instantly advanced on the demi-brigade which had been stationed on the left bank to defend the bridge. But the French having repaired the damage, advanced in their turn, and compelled the Austrians to retreat upon the marsh. Massena directed his attack on Porcil—General Robert

pressed forward on Arcola. But it was at the point where he wished to cross the Alpon that Buonaparte chiefly desired to attain a decided superiority; and in order to win it, he added stratagem to audacity. Observing one of his columns repulsed, and retreating along the causeway, he placed the 32d regiment in ambuscade in a thicket of willows which bordered the rivulet, and saluting the pursuing enemy with a close, heavy, and unexpected fire, instantly rushed to close with the bayonet, and attacking the flank of a column of nearly three thousand Croats, forced them into the marsh, where most of them perished.

It was now that, after a calculation of the losses sustained by the enemy, Napoleon conceived their numerical superiority so far diminished, and their spirit so much broken, that he need no longer confine his operations to the dikes, but meet his enemy on the firm plain which extended beyond the Alpon. He passed the brook by means of a temporary bridge which had been prepared during night, and the battle raged as fiercely on the dry level, as it had done on the dikes and amongst the marshes.

The Austrians fought with resolution, the rather that their left, though stationed on dry ground, was secured by a marsh which Buonaparte had no means of turning. But though this was the case, Napoleon contrived to gain his point by impressing on the enemy an idea that he had actually accomplished that which he had no means of doing. This he effected by sending a daring officer, with about thirty of the guides, (his own body-guards they may be called,) with four trumpets; and directing these determined cavaliers to charge, and the trum-

pets to sound, as if a large body of horse had crossed the marsh. Augereau attacked the Austrian left at the same moment; and a fresh body of troops advancing from Legnago, compelled them to retreat, but not to fly.

Alvinzi was now compelled to give way, and commence his retreat on Montebello. He disposed seven thousand men in echelon to cover this movement, which was accomplished without very much loss; but his ranks had been much thinned by the slaughter of the three battles of Arcola. Eight thousand men has been stated as the amount of his losses.[1] The French who made so many and so sanguinary assaults upon the villages, must also have suffered a great deal. Buonaparte acknowledges this in energetic terms. "Never," he writes to Carnot, "was field of battle so disputed. I have almost no generals remaining—I can assure you that the victory could not have been gained at a cheaper expense. The enemy were numerous, and desperately resolute."[2] The truth is, that Buonaparte's mode of striking terror by these bloody and desperate charges in front upon strong positions, was a blemish in his system. They cost many men, and were not uniformly successful. That of Arcola was found a vain waste of blood, till science was employed instead of main force, when the position was turned by Guieux on the first day; and on the third, by the troops who crossed the Alpon.

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 191. Napoleon estimates the loss of Alvinzi, in the three days' engagements, at 18,000 men including 6000 prisoners. Montholon, t. iii. p. 370.]

[2] [Letter to the Directory, 19th November.]

The tardy conduct of Davidowich, during these three undecided days of slaughterous struggle, is worthy of notice and censure. It would appear that from the 10th November that general had it in his power to attack the division which he had hitherto driven before him, and that he had delayed doing so till the 16th; and on the 18th, just the day after Alvinzi had made his retreat, he approached Verona on the right bank. Had these movements taken place before Alvinzi's defeat, or even during any of the three days preceding, when the French were engaged before Arcola, the consequences must have been very serious. Finding, however, that Alvinzi had retreated, Davidowich followed the same course, and withdrew into the mountains, not much annoyed by the French, who respected the character of his army, which had been repeatedly victorious, and felt the weakness incident to their own late losses.[1]

Another incidental circumstance tends equally strongly to mark the want of concert and communication among the Austrian generals. Wurmser, who had remained quiet in Mantua during all the time when Alvinzi and Davidowich were in the neighbourhood, made a vigorous sally on the 23d November; when his doing so was of little consequence, since he could not be supported.

Thus ended the fourth campaign undertaken for

[1] ["The French army re-entered Verona in triumph by the Venice gate, three days after having quitted that city almost clandestinely by the Milan gate. It would be difficult to conceive the astonishment and enthusiasm of the inhabitants."—MONTHOLON, t. iii. p. 370.]

the Austrian possessions in Italy. The consequences were not so decidedly in Buonaparte's favour as those of the three former. Mantua, it is true, had received no relief; and so far the principal object of the Austrians had miscarried. But Wurmser was of a temper to continue the defence till the last moment, and had already provided for a longer defence than the French counted upon, by curtailing the rations of the garrison. The armies of Friuli and the Tyrol had also, since the last campaign, retained possession of Bassano and Trent, and removed the French from the mountains through which access is gained to the Austrian hereditary dominions. Neither had Alvinzi suffered any such heavy defeat as his predecessors Beaulieu or Wurmser; while Davidowich, on the contrary, was uniformly successful, had he known how to avail himself of his victories. Still the Austrians were not likely, till reinforced again, to interrupt Buonaparte's quiet possession of Lombardy.

During two months following the battle of Arcola and the retreat of the Austrians, the war which had been so vigorously maintained in Italy experienced a short suspension, and the attention of Buonaparte was turned towards civil matters—the arrangement of the French interests with the various powers of Italy, and with the congress of Lombardy, as well as the erection of the districts of Bologna, Ferrara, Reggio, and Modena, into what was called the Transpadane Republic. These we shall notice elsewhere, as it is not advisable to interrupt the course of our military annals, until we

have recounted the last struggle of the Austrians for the relief of Mantua.

It must be in the first place observed, that whether from jealousy or from want of means, supplies and recruits were very slowly transmitted from France to their Italian army. About seven thousand men, who were actually sent to join Buonaparte, scarcely repaired the losses which he had sustained in the late bloody campaigns.[1] At the same time the treaty with the Pope being broken off, the supreme pontiff threatened to march a considerable army towards Lombardy. Buonaparte endeavoured to supply the want of reinforcements by raising a defensive legion among the Lombards, to which he united many Poles. This body was not fit to be brought into line against the Austrians, but was more than sufficient to hold at bay the troops of the papal see, who have never enjoyed of late years a high degree of military reputation.

Mean time Austria, who seemed to cling to Italy with the tenacity of a dying grasp, again, and now for the fifth time, recruited her armies on the frontier, and placing Alvinzi once more at the head of sixty thousand men, commanded him to resume the offensive against the French in Italy.[2] The spirit

[1] ["You announce the arrival of 10,000 men from the Army of the Ocean, and a like number from that of the Rhine; but they have not arrived, and should they not come speedily, you will sacrifice an army ardently devoted to the Constitution."—BUONAPARTE to the Directory, 28th December.]

[2] ["The Austrian army amounted to from 65,000 to 70,000 fighting men, and 6000 Tyrolese, besides 24,000 men of the garrison of Mantua."—MONTHOLON, t. iii. p. 404.

"After the battle of Arcola, the active French army amount-

of the country had been roused instead of discouraged by the late defeats. The volunteer corps, consisting of persons of respectability and consideration, took the field, for the redemption, if their blood could purchase it, of the national honour. Vienna furnished four battalions, which were presented by the Empress with a banner, that she had wrought for them with her own hands. The Tyrolese also thronged once more to their sovereign's standard, undismayed by a proclamation made by Buonaparte after the retreat from Arcola, and which paid homage, though a painful one, to these brave marksmen. "Whatever Tyrolese," said this atrocious document, "is taken with arms in his hand, shall be put to instant death." Alvinzi sent abroad a counter proclamation, "that for every Tyrolese put to death as threatened, he would hang up a French officer." Buonaparte again replied, "that if the Austrian general should use the retaliation he threatened, he would execute in his turn officer for officer out of his prisoners, commencing with Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his power." A little calmness on either side brought them to reflect on the cruelty of aggravating the laws of war, which are already too severe; so that the system of military execution was renounced on both sides.

But notwithstanding this display of zeal and loyalty on the part of the Austrian nation, its councils do not appear to have derived wisdom from experience. The losses sustained by Wurmser and

ed to 36,380; while 10,230 formed the blockade of Mantua." —JOMINI, t. ix. p. 262.]

by Alvinzi, proceeded in a great measure from the radical error of having divided their forces, and commenced the campaign on a double line of operation, which could not, or at least were not made to, correspond and communicate with each other. Yet they commenced this campaign on the same unhappy principles. One army descending from the Tyrol upon Montebaldo, the other was to march down by the Brenta on the Paduan territory, and then to operate on the lower Adige, the line of which, of course, they were expected to force, for the purpose of relieving Mantua. The Aulic Council ordered that these two armies were to direct their course so as to meet, if possible, upon the beleagured fortress. Should they succeed in raising the siege, there was little doubt that the French must be driven out of Italy; but even were the scheme only partially successful, still it might allow Wurmser with his cavalry to escape from that besieged city, and retreat into the Romagna, where it was designed that he should, with the assistance of his staff and officers, organize and assume the command of the papal army. In the mean time, an intelligent agent was sent to communicate, if possible, with Wurmser.[1]

This man fell into the hands of the besiegers. It was in vain that he swallowed his despatches, which were inclosed in a ball of wax; means were found to make the stomach render up its trust, and the document which the wax enclosed was found to be a letter, signed by the Emperor's own hand, direct-

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 405; Jomini, t, ix. p. 263.]

ing Wurmser to enter into no capitulation, but to hold out as long as possible in expectation of relief, and if compelled to leave Mantua, to accept of no conditions, but to cut his way into the Romagna, and take upon himself the command of the papal army. Thus Buonaparte became acquainted with the storm which was approaching, and which was not long of breaking.[1]

Alvinzi, who commanded the principal army, advanced from Bassano to Roveredo upon the Adige. Provera, distinguished for his gallant defence of Cossaria, during the action of Millesimo,[2] commanded the divisions which were to act upon the lower Adige. He marched as far as Bevi l'Acqua, while his advanced guard, under Prince Hohenzollern, compelled a body of French to cross to the right bank of the Adige.

Buonaparte, uncertain which of these attacks he was to consider as the main one, concentrated his army at Verona, which had been so important a place during all these campaigns as a central point, from which he might at pleasure march either up the Adige against Alvinzi, or descend the river to resist the attempts of Provera. He trusted that Joubert, whom he had placed in defence of La Corona, a little town which had been strongly fortified for the purpose, might be able to make a good temporary defence. He despatched troops for Joubert's support to Castel Nuovo, but hesitated to direct his principal force in that direction until ten in the evening of 13th January, when he received

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 406.] [2] [See p. 20.]

information that Joubert had been attacked at La Corona by an immense body, which he had resisted with difficulty during the day, and was now about to retreat, in order to secure the important eminence at Rivoli, which was the key of his whole position.[1] Jan. 12.

Judging from this account, that the principal danger occurred on the upper part of the Adige, Buonaparte left only Augereau's division to dispute with Provera the passage of that river on the lower part of its course. He was especially desirous to secure the elevated and commanding position of Rivoli, before the enemy had time to receive his cavalry and cannon, as he hoped to bring on an engagement ere he was united with those important parts of his army. By forced marches Napoleon arrived at Rivoli at two in the morning of the 14th, and from that elevated situation, by the assistance of a clear moonlight, he was able to discover, that the bivouac of the enemy was divided into five distinct and separate bodies, from which he inferred that their attack the next day would be made in the same number of columns.[2]

The distance at which the bivouacs were stationed from the position of Joubert, made it evident to Napoleon that they did not mean to make their attack before ten in the morning, meaning probably to wait for their infantry and artillery. Joubert was at this time in the act of evacuating the position which he only occupied by a rear-guard.

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 268.]
[2] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 410.]

Buonaparte commanded him instantly to countermarch and resume possession of the important eminence of Rivoli.

A few Croats had already advanced so near the French line as to discover that Joubert's light troops had abandoned the chapel of Saint Marc, of which they took possession. It was retaken by the French, and the struggle to recover and maintain it brought on a severe action, first with the regiment to which the detachment of Croats belonged, and afterwards with the whole Austrian column which lay nearest to that point, and which was commanded by Ocskay. The latter was repulsed, but the column of Kobler pressed forward to support them, and having gained the summit, attacked two regiments of the French who were stationed there, each protected by a battery of cannon. Notwithstanding this advantage, one of the regiments gave way, and Buonaparte himself galloped to bring up reinforcements. The nearest French were those of Massena's division, which, tired with the preceding night's march, had lain down to take some rest. They started up, however, at the command of Napoleon, and suddenly arriving on the field, in half an hour the column of Kobler was beaten and driven back. That of Liptay advanced in turn; and Quasdonowich, observing that Joubert, in prosecuting his success over the division of Ocskay, had pushed forward and abandoned the chapel of Saint Marc, detached three battalions to ascend the hill, and occupy that post. While the Austrians scaled, on one side the hill on which the chapel is situated, three battalions of French infan-

Jan. 14.

try, who had been countermarched by Joubert to prevent Quasdonowich's purpose, struggled up the steep ascent on another point. The activity of the French brought them first to the summit, and having then the advantage of the ground, it was no difficult matter for them to force the advancing Austrians headlong down the hill which they were endeavouring to climb. Mean time, the French batteries thundered on the broken columns of the enemy—their cavalry made repeated charges, and the whole Austrians who had been engaged fell into inextricable disorder. The columns which had advanced were irretrievably defeated; those who remained were in such a condition, that to attack would have been madness.

Amid this confusion, the division of Lusignan, which was the most remote of the Austrian columns, being intrusted with the charge of the artillery and baggage of the army, had, after depositing these according to order, mounted the heights of Rivoli, and assumed a position in rear of the French. Had this column attained the same ground while the engagement continued in front, there can be no doubt that it would have been decisive against Napoleon. Even as it was, their appearance in the rear would have startled troops, however brave, who had less confidence in their general; but those of Buonaparte only exclaimed, "There arrive farther supplies to our market," in full reliance that their commander could not be out-manœuvred. The Austrian division, on the other hand, arriving after the battle was lost, being without artillery or cavalry, and having been obliged to leave a pro-

portion of their numbers to keep a check upon a French brigade, felt that, instead of being in a position to cut off the French, by attacking their rear while their front was engaged, they themselves were cut off by the intervention of the victorious French betwixt them and their defeated army. Lusignan's division was placed under a heavy fire of the artillery in reserve, and was soon obliged to lay down its arms. So critical are the events of war, that a military movement, which, executed at one particular period of time, would have ensured victory, is not unlikely, from the loss of a brief interval, to occasion only more general calamity.[1] The Austrians, on this, as on some other occasions, verified too much Napoleon's allegation, that they did not sufficiently consider the value of time in military affairs.

The field of Rivoli was one of the most desperate that Buonaparte ever won, and was gained entirely by superior military skill, and not by the overbearing system of mere force of numbers, to which he has been accused of being partial.[2] He himself had his horses repeatedly wounded in the course of the action, and exerted to the utmost his

[1] It is represented in some military accounts, that the division which appeared in the rear of the French belonged to the army of Provera, and had been detached by him on crossing the Adige, as mentioned below. But Napoleon's Saint Helena manuscripts prove the contrary. Provera only crossed on the 14th January, and it was on the morning of the same day that Napoleon had seen the five divisions of Alvinzi, that of Lusignan which afterwards appeared in the rear of his army being one, lying around Joubert's position of Rivoli. [See Montholon, t. iii p. 415, and Jomini, t. ix. p. 284.]

[2] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 275, 287; Montholon, t. iii. p. 408.]

personal influence to bring up the troops into action where their presence was most required.[1]

Alvinzi's error, which was a very gross one, consisted in supposing that no more than Joubert's inconsiderable force was stationed at Rivoli, and in preparing, therefore, to destroy him at his leisure; when his acquaintance with the French celerity of movement[2] ought to have prepared him for the possibility of Buonaparte's night march, by which, bringing up the chosen strength of his army into the position where the enemy only expected to find a feeble force, he was enabled to resist and defeat a much superior army, brought to the field upon different points, without any just calculation on the means of resistance which were to be opposed; without the necessary assistance of cavalry and artillery; and, above all, without a preconcerted plan of cooperation and mutual support. The excellence of Napoleon's manœuvres was well supported by the devotion of his generals, and the courage of his soldiers. Massena, in particular, so well seconded his general, that afterwards, when Napoleon as Emperor conferred on him the title of Duke, he assigned him his designation from the battle of Rivoli.[3]

[1] ["This day the general-in-chief was several times surrounded by the enemy; he had several horses killed."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 415.]

[2] ["The Roman legions are reported to have marched twenty-four miles a-day; but our brigades, though fighting at intervals, march thirty."—Buonaparte to the Directory.]

[3] ["It was after the battle of Rivoli, that Massena received from Buonaparte and the army the title of 'enfant chéri de la victoire,'" &c.—Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 195.]

Almost before this important and decisive victory was absolutely gained, news arrived[1] which required the presence of Buonaparte elsewhere. On the very same day of the battle, Provera, whom we left manœuvring on the Lower Adige, threw a bridge of pontoons over that river, where the French were not prepared to oppose his passage, and pushed forward to Mantua, the relief of which fortress he had by stratagem nearly achieved. A regiment of his cavalry, wearing white cloaks, and resembling in that particular the first regiment of French hussars, presented themselves before the suburb of Saint George, then only covered by a mere line of circumvallation. The barricades were about to be opened without suspicion, when it occurred to a sagacious old French sergeant, who was beyond the walls gathering wood, that the dress of this regiment of white-cloaks was fresher than that of the French corps, called Bertini's, for whom they were mistaken. He communicated his suspicions to a drummer who was near him; they gained the suburb, and cried to arms, and the guns of the defences were opened on the hostile cavalry, whom they were about to have admitted in the guise of friends.[2]

Jan. 16. About the time that this incident took place, Buonaparte himself arrived at Roverbella, within twelve miles of Mantua, to which he had marched with incredible despatch from the field of battle at Rivoli, leaving to Massena, Murat,

[1] ["At two o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of the battle of Rivoli."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 416.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 416.]

and Joubert, the task of completing his victory, by the close pursuit of Alvinzi and his scattered forces.

In the meanwhile, Provera communicated with the garrison of Mantua across the lake, and concerted the measures for its relief with Wurmser. On the 16th of January, being the morning after the battle of Rivoli, and the unsuccessful attempt to surprise the suburb of Saint George, the garrison of Mantua sallied from the place in strength, and took post at the causeway of La Favorita, being the only one which is defended by an enclosed citadel or independent fortress. Napoleon, returning at the head of his victorious forces, surrounded and attacked with fury the troops of Provera, while the blockading army compelled the garrison, at the bayonet's point, to re-enter the besieged city of Mantua. Provera, who had in vain, though with much decision and gallantry, attempted the relief of Mantua, which his Imperial master had so much at heart, was compelled to lay down his arms with a division of about five thousand men, whom he had still united under his person. The detached corps which he had left to protect his bridge, and other passes in his rear, sustained a similar fate. Thus one division of the army, which had commenced the campaign of January only on the 7th of that month, were the prisoners of the destined conqueror before ten days had elapsed. The larger army, commanded by Alvinzi, had no better fortune. They were closely pursued from the bloody field of Rivoli, and never were permitted to draw breath or to recover their disorder. Large bodies were intercepted and compelled to surrender,

a practice now so frequent among the Austrian troops, that it ceased to be shameful.[1]

Nevertheless one example is so peculiar as to deserve commemoration, as a striking instance of the utter consternation and dispersion of the Aus trians after this dreadful defeat, and of the confi dent and audacious promptitude which the French officers derived from their unvaried success. René, a young officer, was in possession of the village called Garda, on the lake of the same name, and, in visiting his advanced posts, he perceived some Austrians approaching, whom he caused his escort to surround and make prisoners. Advancing to the front to reconnoitre, he found himself close to the head of an imperial column of eighteen hundred men, which a turning in the road had concealed till he was within twenty yards of them. "Down with your arms!" said the Austrian commandant; to which René answered with the most ready boldness,—"Do *you* lay down your arms! I have destroyed your advanced guard, as witness these prisoners—ground your arms or no quarter." And the French soldiers, catching the hint of their leader, joined in the cry of "Ground your arms." The Austrian officer hesitated, and proposed to enter into capitulation; the Frenchman would admit of no terms but instant and immediate surrender. The dispirited imperialist yielded up his sword, and commanded his soldiers to imitate his example. But the Austrian soldiers began to suspect the truth; they became

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 417; Jomini, t. ix. p. 293.]

refractory, and refused to obey their leader, whom René addressed with the utmost apparent composure. "You are an officer, sir, and a man of honour—you know the rules of war—you have surrendered—you are therefore my prisoner, but I rely on your parole—Here, I return your sword—compel your men to submission, otherwise I direct against you the division of six thousand men who are under my command." The Austrian was utterly confounded, betwixt the appeal to his honour and the threat of a charge from six thousand men. He assured René he might rely on his punctilious compliance with the parole he had given him; and speaking in German to his soldiers, persuaded them to lay down their arms, a submission which he had soon afterwards the satisfaction to see had been made to one-twelfth part of their number.

Amid such extraordinary success, the ground which the French had lost in Italy was speedily resumed. Trent and Bassano were again occupied by the French. They regained all the positions and strongholds which they had possessed on the frontiers of Italy before Alvinzi's first descent, and might perhaps have penetrated deeper into the mountainous frontier of Germany, but for the snow which choked up the passes.[1]

One crowning consequence of the victories of

[1] ["The trophies acquired in the course of January were 25,000 prisoners, twenty-four colours and standards, and sixty pieces of cannon; on the whole, the enemy's loss was at least 35,000 men. Bessières carried the colours to Paris. The prisoners were so numerous that they created some difficulty."—Montholon, t. iii. p. 419]

Rivoli and of La Favorita, was the surrender of Mantua itself, that prize which had cost so much blood, and had been defended with such obstinacy.

For several days after the decisive actions which left him without a shadow of hope of relief, Wurmser continued the defence of the place in a sullen yet honourable despair, natural to the feelings of a gallant veteran, who, to the last, hesitated between the desire to resist, and the sense that, his means of subsistence being almost totally expended, resistance was absolutely hopeless.

Feb. 2. At length he sent his aide-de-camp, Klenau, (afterwards a name of celebrity,) to the headquarters of Serrurier, who commanded the blockade, to treat of a surrender. Klenau used the customary language on such occasions. He expatiated on the means which he said Mantua still possessed of holding out, but said, that as Wurmser doubted whether the place could be relieved in time, he would regulate his conduct as to immediate submission, or farther defence, according to the conditions of surrender to which the French generals were willing to admit him.

A French officer of distinction was present, muffled in his cloak, and remaining apart from the two officers, but within hearing of what had passed. When their discussion was finished, this unknown person stepped forward, and taking a pen wrote down the conditions of surrender to which Wurmser was to be admitted—conditions more honourable and favourable by far than what his extremity could have exacted. "These," said the unknown officer to Klenau, "are the terms which Wurmser

may accept at present, and which will be equally tendered to him at any period when he finds farther resistance impossible. We are aware he is too much a man of honour to give up the fortress and city, so long and honourably defended, while the means of resistance remain in his power. If he delays accepting the conditions for a week, for a month, for two months, they shall be equally his when he chooses to accept them. To-morrow I pass the Po, and march upon Rome." Klenau, perceiving that he spoke to the French commander-in-chief, frankly admitted that the garrison could not longer delay surrender, having scarce three days' provisions unconsumed.[1]

This trait of generosity towards a gallant but unfortunate enemy, was highly favourable to Buonaparte. The taste which dictated the stage-effect of the cloak may indeed be questioned; but the real current of his feeling towards the venerable object of his respect, and at the same time compassion, is ascertained otherwise. He wrote to the Directory on the subject, that he had afforded to Wurmser such conditions of surrender as became the generosity of the French nation towards an enemy, who, having lost his army by misfortune, was so little desirous to secure his personal safety, that he threw himself into Mantua, cutting his way through the blockading army; thus voluntarily undertaking the privations of a siege, which his gallantry protracted until almost the last morsel of provisions was exhausted.[2]

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 420.]

[2] [Buonaparte to the Directory, 15 Pluviose, 3d February.]

But the young victor paid still a more delicate and noble-minded compliment, in declining to be personally present when the veteran Wurmser had the mortification to surrender his sword, with his garrison of twenty thousand men, ten thousand of whom were fit for service. This self denial did Napoleon as much credit nearly as his victory, and must not be omitted in a narrative, which, often called to stigmatize his ambition and its consequences, should not be the less ready to observe marks of dignified and honourable feeling. The history of this remarkable man more frequently reminds us of the romantic and improbable victories imputed to the heroes of the romantic ages, than of the spirit of chivalry attributed to them ; but in this instance Napoleon's conduct towards Wurmser may be justly compared to that of the Black Prince to his royal prisoner, King John of France.

Serrurier, who had conducted the leaguer, had the honour to receive the surrender of Wurmser, after the siege of Mantua had continued for six months, during which the garrison is said by Napoleon to have lost twenty-seven thousand men by disease, and in the various numerous and bloody sallies which took place. This decisive event put an end to the war in Italy. The contest with Austria was hereafter to be waged on the hereditary dominions of that haughty power.

The French, possessed of this grand object of their wishes, were not long in displaying their national characteristics. Their military and prescient sagacity was evinced in employing one of the most celebrated of their engineers, to improve and bring

nearly to perfection the defence of a city which may be termed the citadel of Italy. They set afoot, besides, civic feasts and ceremonies, and among others, one in honour of Virgil, who, being the panegyrist of an emperor, was indifferently selected as the presiding genius of an infant republic. Their cupidity was evinced by their artists' exercising their ingenuity in devising means to cut from the wall and carry off the fresco paintings, by Titian, of the wars between the Gods and the Giants, at all risks of destroying what could never be replaced. Luckily, the attempt was found totally unadvisable.

CHAPTER VIII.

Situation and Views of Buonaparte at this period.—His politic Conduct towards the Italians—Popularity.—Severe terms of Peace proposed to the Pope—rejected—Napoleon differs from the Directory, and Negotiations are renewed—but again rejected.—The Pope raises his Army to 40,000 *Men—Napoleon invades the Papal Territories.—The Papal Troops defeated near Imola—and at Ancona—which is captured—Loretto taken.—Clemency of Buonaparte to the French recusant Clergy.—Peace of Tolentino.—Napoleon's Letter to the Pope.—San Marino.—View of the Situation of the different Italian States—Rome—Naples—Tuscany—Venice.*

The eyes of all Europe were now riveted on Napoleon Buonaparte, whose rise had been so sudden, that he was become the terror of empires and the founder of states—the conqueror of the best generals and most disciplined troops in Europe; within a few months after he had been a mere soldier of fortune, rather seeking for subsistence than expecting honourable distinction. Such sudden elevations have occasionally happened amid semi-barbarous nations, where great popular insurrections, desolating and decisive revolutions, are common occurrences, but were hitherto unheard of in civilized Europe. The preeminence which he had suddenly obtained had, besides, been subjected to so many trials, as to afford every proof of its permanence. Napoleon stood aloft, like a cliff on

which successive tempests had expended their rage in vain. The means which raised him were equally competent to make good his greatness. He had infused into the armies which he commanded the firmest reliance on his genius, and the greatest love for his person; so that he could always find agents ready to execute his most difficult commands. He had even inspired them with a portion of his own indefatigable exertion and his commanding intelligence. The maxim which he inculcated upon them when practising those long and severe marches which formed one essential part of his system, was, "I would rather gain victory at the expense of your legs than at the price of your blood."[1] The French, under his training, seemed to become the very men he wanted, and to forget in the excitation of war and the hope of victory, even the feelings of weariness and exhaustion. The following description of the French soldier by Napoleon himself occurs in his despatches to the Directory during his first campaign in Italy:—

"Were I to name all those who have been distinguished by acts of personal bravery, I must send the muster-roll of all the grenadiers and carabineers of the advanced-guard. They jest with danger, and laugh at death; and if any thing can equal their intrepidity, it is the gaiety with which, singing alternately songs of love and patriotism, they accomplish the most severe forced marches. When they arrive at their bivouac, it is not to take their repose, as might be expected, but to tell each his story of the battle of the day, and produce his plan

[1] [Louis Buonaparte, t. ii. p. 60.]

for that of to-morrow; and many of them think with great correctness on military subjects. The other day I was inspecting a demi-brigade, and as it filed past me, a common chasseur approached my horse, and said, 'General, you ought to do so and so.'—'Hold your peace, you rogue!' I replied. He disappeared immediately, nor have I since been able to find him out. But the manœuvre which he recommended was the very same which I had privately resolved to carry into execution."[1]

To command this active, intelligent, and intrepid soldiery, Buonaparte possessed officers entirely worthy of the charge; men young, or at least not advanced in years, to whose ambition the Revolution, and the wars which it had brought on, had opened an unlimited career, and whose genius was inspired by the plans of their leader, and the success which attended them. Buonaparte, who had his eye on every man, never neglected to distribute rewards and punishments, praise and censure, with a liberal hand, or omitted to press for what latterly was rarely if ever denied to him—the promotion of such officers as particularly distinguished themselves. He willingly assumed the task of soothing the feelings of those whose relations had fallen under his banners. His letter of consolation to General Clarke upon the death of young Clarke his nephew, who fell at Arcola, is affecting, as showing that amid all his victories he felt himself the object of reproach and criticism.[2]

[1] [Letter to the Directory, June 1; Moniteur, No. 264.]

[2] Letter from Napoleon to General Clarke, 25 Brumaire, 15th Nov. 1796.—"Your nephew has been slain on the field of battle at Arcola. The young man had been familiar with arms

His keen sensitiveness to the attacks of the public press attended him through life, and, like the slave in the triumphal car, seemed to remind him, that he was still a mortal man.

It should farther be remarked, that Napoleon withstood, instantly and boldly, all the numerous attempts made by commissaries, and that description of persons, to encroach upon the fund destined for the use of the army. Much of his public, and more of his private correspondence, is filled with complaints against these agents, although he must have known that, in attacking them, he disobliged men of the highest influence, who had frequently some secret interest in their wealth. But his military fame made his services indispensable, and permitted him to set at defiance the enmity of such persons, who are generally as timid as they are sordid.

Towards the general officers there took place a gradual change of deportment, as the commander-in-chief began to feel gradually, more and more, the increasing sense of his own personal importance. We have been informed by an officer of the highest

—had led on columns, and would have been one day an excellent officer. He has died with glory in the face of the enemy. He did not suffer for an instant. What man would not envy such a death? Who is he that would not accept as a favourable condition the choice of thus escaping from the vicissitudes of a contemptible world? Who is there among us who has not a hundred times regretted that he has not been thus withdrawn from the powerful effects of calumny, of envy, and of all the odious passions which seem the almost exclusive directors of the conduct of mankind?"—This letter, remarkable in many respects, will remind the English reader of Cato's exclamation over the body of his son—"Who would not be this youth!"

rank, that, during the earlier campaigns, Napoleon used to rejoice with, and embrace them as associates, nearly on the same footing, engaged in the same tasks. After a period, his language and carriage became those of a frank soldier, who, sensible of the merit of his subordinate assistants, yet makes them sensible, by his manner, that he is their commander-in-chief. When his infant fortunes began to come of age, his deportment to his generals was tinctured with that lofty courtesy which princes use towards their subjects, and which plainly intimated, that he held them as subjects in the war, not as brethren.[1]

Napoleon's conduct towards the Italians individually was, in most instances, in the highest degree prudent and political; while, at the same time, it coincided, as true policy usually does, with the rules of justice and moderation, and served, in a great measure, to counterbalance the odium which he incurred by despoiling Italy of the works of art, and even by his infringements on the religious system of the Catholics.

[1] [" Decrès has often told me, that he was at Toulon when he first heard of Napoleon's appointment to the command of the army of Italy. He had known him well at Paris, and thought himself on terms of perfect familiarity with him. ' Thus,' said he, ' when we learned that the new general was about to pass through the city, I hastened to him full of eagerness and joy; the door of the apartment was thrown open, and I was on the point of rushing towards him with my wonted familiarity, but his attitude, his look, the tone of his voice, suddenly deterred me. Not that there was any thing offensive either in his appearance or manner; but the impression he produced was sufficient to prevent me from ever again attempting to encroach upon the distance that separated us.' "—Las Cases, t. i. p. 164.]

On the latter subject, the general became particularly cautious, and his dislike or contempt of the Church of Rome was no longer shown in that gross species of satire which he had at first given loose to. On the contrary, it was veiled under philosophical indifference; and, while relieving the clergy of their worldly possessions, Napoleon took care to avoid the error of the Jacobins; never proposing their tenets as an object of persecution, but protecting their persons, and declaring himself a decided friend to general toleration on all points of conscience.

In point of politics, as well as religion, the opinions of Buonaparte appear to have experienced a great change. It may be doubted, indeed, if he ever in his heart adopted those of the outrageous Jacobins.[1] At all events, his clear and sound good sense speedily made him aware, that such a violence on the established rules of reason and morality, as an attempt to make the brutal strength of the multitude the forcible controller of those possessed of the wisdom, property, and education of a country, is too unnatural to remain long, or to become the basis of a well-regulated state. Being at present a Republican of the Thermidorien party,

[1] Even when before Toulon, he was not held by clearsighted persons to be a very orthodox Jacobin. General Cartaux, the stupid Sans-Culotte under whom he first served, was talking of the young commandant of artillery with applause, when his wife, who was somewhat first in command at home, advised him not to reckon too much on that young man, "who had too much sense to be long a Sans-Culotte."—"Sense? Female-citizen Cartaux," said her offended husband, "do you take us for fools?"—"By no means," answered the lady: "but his sense is not of the same kind with yours."—Las Cases, v. i. p. 144.]

Buonaparte, even though he made use of the established phrases, Liberty and Equality, acknowledged no dignity superior to citizen, and *thee'd* and *thou'd* whomsoever he addressed, was permitted to mix many grains of liberality with those democratic forms. Indeed, the republican creed of the day began to resemble the leathern apron of the brazier, who founded a dynasty in the East—his descendants continued to display it as their banner, but enriched it so much with gems and embroidery, that there was little of the original stuff to be discovered.

Jacobinism, for example, being founded on the principle of assimilating the national character to the gross ignorance of the lower classes, was the natural enemy of the fine arts and of literature, whose productions the Sans-Culottes could not comprehend, and which they destroyed for the same enlightened reasons that Jack Cade's followers hanged the clerk of Chatham, with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.[1] Buonaparte, on the contrary, saw that knowledge, of whatever kind, was power; and therefore he distinguished himself honourably amidst his victories, by seeking the conversation of men distinguished for literary attainments, and displaying an interest in the antiquities and curiosities of the towns which he visited, that could not but seem flattering to the inhabitants. In a letter addressed publicly to Oriani,[2] a celebrated

[1] [*Second Part of King Henry VI., Act* 4. *Scene* 2.]

[2] ["At St Helena Napoleon had preserved a distinct recollection of this celebrated man. He described his timidity and embarrassment at the sight of the stately retinue of the staff, which quite dazzled him: 'You are here with your friends; we honour

astronomer, he assures him, that all men of genius, all who had distinguished themselves in the republic of letters, were to be accounted natives of France, whatever might be the actual place of their birth. " Hitherto," he said, " the learned in Italy did not enjoy the consideration to which they were entitled —they lived retired in their laboratories and libraries, too happy if they could escape the notice, and consequently the persecution, of kings and priests. It is now no longer thus—there is no longer religious inquisition, nor despotic power. Thought is free in Italy. I invite the literary and scientific persons to consult together, and propose to me their ideas on the subject of giving new vigour and life to the fine arts and sciences. All who desire to visit France will be received with distinction by the government. The people of France have more pride in enrolling among their citizens a skilful mathematician, a painter of reputation, a distinguished man in any class of literature, than in adding to their territories a large and wealthy city. I request, citizen, that you will make my sentiments known to the most distinguished literary persons in the state of Milan."[1] To the municipality of Pavia he wrote, desiring that the

learning, and only wish to show the respect we entertain for it!' —'Ah! general, excuse me, but this splendour quite overpowers me!' He, however, recovered his self-possession, and held with Napoleon a long conversation, which produced in his mind a feeling of surprise, such as he could not for a long time overcome. He was unable to conceive how it was possible to have acquired, at the age of twenty-six, so much glory and science."—ANTOMMARCHI, t. i. p. 368.]

[1] [Antommarchi, t. i p. 367.]

professors of their celebrated university should resume their course of instruction under the security of his protection, and inviting them to point out to him such measures as might occur, for giving a more brilliant existence to their ancient seminaries.

The interest which he thus took in the literature and literary institutions of Italy, was shown by admitting men of science or letters freely to his person. Their communication was the more flattering, that being himself of Italian descent, and familiar with the beautiful language of the country from his infancy, his conversation with men of literary eminence was easily conducted. It may be mentioned episodically, that Napoleon found a remnant of his family in Italy, in the person of the Abbate Gregorio Buonaparte, the only remaining branch of that Florentine family, of whom the Corsican line were cadets. He resided at San Miniato, of which he was canon, and was an old man, and said to be wealthy. The relationship was eagerly acknowledged, and the general, with his whole staff, dined with the Canon Gregorio. The whole mind of the old priest was wrapt up in a project of obtaining the honours of regular canonization for one of the family called Bonaventura, who had been a capuchin in the seventeenth century, and was said to have died in the odour of sanctity, though his right to divine honours had never been acknowledged.[1] It must have been ludicrous enough to have heard the old man insist upon a topic so uninteresting to Napoleon, and

[1] [Antommarchi, t. i. p. 135.]

press the French republican general to use his interest with the Pope. There can be little doubt that the holy father, to have escaped other demands, would have canonized a whole French regiment of Carmagnols, and ranked them with the old militia of the calendar, the Theban Legion. But Napoleon was sensible that any request on such a subject coming from him, would be only ludicrous.[1]

The progress which Buonaparte made personally in the favour of the Italians, was, doubtless, a great assistance to the propagation of the new doctrines which were connected with the French Revolution, and was much aided by the trust which he seemed desirous to repose in the natives of the country. He retained, no doubt, in his own hands, the ultimate decision of every thing of consequence; but in matters of ordinary importance, he permitted and encouraged the Italians to act for themselves, in a manner they had not been accustomed to under their German masters. The internal government of their towns was intrusted to provisional governors, chosen without respect to rank, and the maintenance of police was committed to the armed burghers, or national guards. Conscious of the importance annexed to these privileges, they already became

[1] Las Cases says, that afterwards the Pope himself touched on the same topic, and was disposed to see the immediate guidance and protection afforded by the consanguinean Saint Bonaventura in the great deeds wrought by his relation. It was said of the church-endowing saint, David King of Scotland, that he was a sore saint for the Crown; certainly, Saint Bonaventura must have been a sore saint for the Papal See. The old abbé left Napoleon his fortune, which he conferred on some public institution.

impatient for national liberty. Napoleon could hardly rein back the intense ardour of the large party among the Lombards who desired an immediate declaration of independence, and he had no other expedient left than to amuse them with procrastinating excuses, which enhanced their desire of such an event, while they delayed its gratification. Other towns of Italy,—for it was among the citizens of the towns that these sentiments were chiefly cultivated,—began to evince the same wish to new-model their governments on the revolutionary system ; and this ardour was chiefly shown on the southern side of the Po.

It must be remembered, that Napoleon had engaged in treaty with the Duke of Modena, and had agreed to guarantee his principality, on payment of immense contributions in money and stores, besides the surrender of the most valuable treasures of his museum. In consequence, the Duke of Modena was permitted to govern his states by a regency, he himself fixing his residence in Venice. But his two principal towns, Reggio and Modena, especially the former, became desirous of shaking off his government. Anticipating in doing so the approbation of the French general and government, the citizens of Reggio rose in insurrection, expelled from their town a body of the ducal troops, and planted the tree of liberty, resolved, as they said, to constitute themselves a free state, under the protection of the French Republic. The ducal regency, with a view of protecting Modena from a similar attempt, mounted cannon on their ramparts, and took other defensive measures.

Buonaparte affected to consider these preparations as designed against the French; and marching a body of troops, took possession of the city without resistance, deprived the duke of all the advantages which he had purchased by the mediation of the celebrated Saint Jerome, and declared the town under protection of France. Bologna and Ferrara, legations appertaining to the Papal See, had been already occupied by French troops, and placed under the management of a committee of their citizens. They were now encouraged to coalesce with Reggio and Modena. A congress of a hundred delegates from the four districts was summoned, to effect the formation of a government which should extend over them all. The congress met accordingly, engaged their constituents in a perpetual union, under title of the Cispadane Republic, from their situation on the right of the river Po; thus assuming the character of independence, while in fact they remained under the authority of Buonaparte, like clay in the hands of the potter, who may ultimately model it into any shape he has a mind. In the mean time, he was careful to remind them, that the liberty which it was desirable to establish, ought to be consistent with due subjection to the laws. "Never forget," he said, in reply to their address announcing their new form of government, "that laws are mere nullities without the force necessary to support them. Attend to your military organization, which you have the means of placing on a respectable footing—you will be more fortunate than the

people of France, for you will arrive at liberty without passing through the ordeal of revolution."[1]

This was not the language of a Jacobin; and it fortifies the belief, that even now, while adhering ostensibly to the Republican system, Buonaparte anticipated considerable changes in that of France.

Meanwhile the Lombards betrayed much uneasiness at seeing their neighbours outstrip them in the path of revolution, and of nominal independence. The municipality of Milan proceeded to destroy all titles of honour, as a badge of feudal dependence, and became so impatient, that Buonaparte was obliged to pacify them by a solemn assurance that they should speedily enjoy the benefits of a Republican constitution; and to tranquillize their irritation, placed them under the government of a provisional council, selected from all classes, labourers included.

This measure made it manifest, that the motives which had induced the delay of the French Government to recognise the independence (as they termed it) of Lombardy, were now of less force; and in a short time, the provisional council of Milan, after some modest doubts on their own powers, revolutionized their country, and assumed the title of the Transpadane Republic, which they afterwards laid aside, when, on their union with the Cispadane, both were united under the name of the Cisalpine Commonwealth. This decisive step was adopted 3d January, 1797. Decrees of a popular character had preceded the declaration of independence, but

Jan. 3.

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 382; t. iv. p. 179.]

an air of moderation was observed in the revolution itself. The nobles, deprived of their feudal rights and titular dignities, were subjected to no incapacities; the reformation of the church was touched upon gently, and without indicating any design of its destruction. In these particulars, the Italian commonwealths stopped short of their Gallic prototype.[1]

If Buonaparte may be justly charged with want of faith, in destroying the authority of the Duke of Modena, after having accepted of a price for granting him peace and protection, we cannot object to him the same charge for acceding to the Transpadane Republic, in so far as it detached the legations of Ferrara and Bologna from the Roman See. These had been in a great measure reserved for the disposal of the French, as circumstances should dictate, when a final treaty should take place betwixt the Republic and the Sovereign Pontiff. But many circumstances had retarded this pacification, and seemed at length likely to break it off without hope of renewal.

If Buonaparte is correct in his statement, which we see no reason to doubt, the delay of a pacification with the Roman See was chiefly the fault of the Directory, whose avaricious and engrossing spirit was at this period its most distinguishing characteristic. An armistice, purchased by treasure, by contributions, by pictures and statues, and by the cession of the two legations of Bologna and

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 179.]

Ferrara, having been mediated for his Holiness by the Spanish ambassador Azara, the Pope sent two plenipotentiaries to Paris to treat of a definitive peace. But the conditions proposed were so severe, that however desperate his condition, the Pope found them totally inadmissible. His Holiness was required to pay a large contribution in grain for ten years, a regular tribute of six millions of Roman crowns for six years, to cede to France in perpetuity the ports of Ancona and Civita Vecchia, and to declare the independence of Ferrara, Bologna, and Ravenna. To add insult to oppression, the total cession of the Clementine Museum was required, and it was stipulated that France should have under management of her minister at Rome, a separate tribunal for judging her subjects, and a separate theatre for their amusement. Lastly, the secular sovereignty of the dominions of the church was to be executed by a senate and a popular body.[1]

These demands might have been complied with, although they went the length of entirely stripping his Holiness of the character of a secular prince. But there were others made on him, in his capacity of head of the church, which he could not grant, if he meant in future to lay claim to any authority under that once venerable title. The Sovereign Pontiff was required to recall all the briefs which he had issued against France since 1789, to sanction the constitutional oath which released the

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 384]

French clergy from the dominion of the Holy See, and to ratify the confiscation of the church-lands. Treasures might be expended, secular dignities resigned, and provinces ceded; but it was clear that the Sovereign Pontiff could not do what was expressly contrary to the doctrines of the church which he represented. There were but few clergymen in France who had hesitated to prove their devotion to the Church of Rome, by submitting to expulsion, rather than take the constitutional oath. It was now for the Head of the Church to show in his own person a similar disinterested devotion to her interests.

Accordingly, the College of Cardinals having rejected the proposals of France, as containing articles contrary to conscience, the Pope declared his determination to abide by the utmost extremity, rather than accede to conditions destructive, degrading, and, in his opinion, impious. The Directory instantly determined on the total ruin of the Pope, and of his power, both spiritual and temporal.

Napoleon dissented from the opinion of the Government. In point of moral effect, a reconciliation with the Pope would have been of great advantage to France, and have tended to reunite her with other Catholic nations, and diminish the horror with which she was regarded as sacrilegious and atheistical. Even the army of the Holy See was not altogether to be despised, in case of any reverse taking place in the war with the Austrians. Under these considerations, he prevailed on the Directory to renew the negotiations at Flo-

rence.[1] But the French commissioners, having presented as preliminaries sixty indispensable conditions, containing the same articles which had been already rejected, as contrary to the conscience of the Pontiff, the conferences broke up; and the Pope, in despair, resolved to make common cause with the House of Austria, and have recourse to the secular force, which the Roman See had disused for so many years.[2]

It was a case of dire necessity; but the arming of the Pope's government, whose military force had been long the subject of ridicule,[3] against the victorious conqueror of five Austrian armies, reminds us of Priam, when, in extremity of years and despair, he buckled on his rusty armour, to oppose age and decrepitude to the youthful strength of Pyrrhus.[4] Yet the measures of Sextus indicated considerable energy. He brought back to Rome an instalment of sixteen millions of stipulated tribute, which was on the road to Buonaparte's

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 386.]

[2] [Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 55; Lettre de Cacault à Buonaparte, Correspondence Inédite, t. ii. p. 114–125; Montholon, t. iii. p. 387.]

[3] Voltaire, in one of his romances, terms the Pope an old gentleman, having a guard of one hundred men, who mount guard with umbrellas, and who make war on nobody.

[4] "Arma diu senior desueta trementibus ævo
Circumdat nequicquam humeris, et inutile ferrum
Cingitur"———

ENEID. Lib. II.

["He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes;
In arms disus'd, invests his limbs decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid."

DRYDEN.]

military chest—took every measure to increase his army, and by the voluntary exertions of the noble families of Rome, he actually raised it to forty thousand men, and placed at its head the same General Colli, who had commanded with credit the troops of Sardinia during the campaign on the Alps. The utmost pains were taken by the clergy, both regular and secular, to give the expected war the character of a crusade, and to excite the fierce spirit of those peasantry who inhabit the Apennines, and were doubly disposed to be hostile to the French, as foreigners and as heretics. The Pope endeavoured also to form a close alliance with the King of the Two Sicilies, who promised in secret to cover Rome with an army of thirty thousand men. Little reliance was indeed to be placed in the good faith of the Court of Naples; but the Pope was compared, by the French envoy, Cacault,[1] to a man who, in the act of falling, would grasp for support at a hook of red-hot iron.[2]

While the Court of Rome showed this hostile disposition, Napoleon reproached the French Government for having broken off the negotiation, which they ought to have protracted till the event of Alvinzi's march into Italy was known; at all events, until their general had obtained possession of the sixteen millions, so much wanted to pay his

[1] [Cacault was born at Nantes, in 1742. During the Consulate, he was chosen a member of the Senate. He published a translation of Lessing's Historical Sketch of the Drama. He died in 1805.]

[2] ["La cour de Rome, au desespoir, saisirait un fer rouge: elle s'abandonne à l'impulsion bruyante des Napolitains."—*Correspondence Inédite*, t. ii. p. 119.]

forces. In reply to his remonstrances, he received permission to renew the negotiations upon modified terms. But the Pope had gone too far to recede. Even the French victory of Arcola, and the instant threats of Buonaparte to march against him at the head of a flying column, were unable to move his resolution. "Let the French general march upon Rome," said the Papal minister; "the Pope, it necessary, will quit his capital. The farther the French are drawn from the Adige, the nearer they are to their ultimate destruction."[1] Napoleon was sensible, on receiving a hostile answer, that the Pope still relied on the last preparations which were made for the relief of Mantua, and it was not safe to attempt his chastisement until Alvinzi and Provera should be disposed of. But the decisive battles of Rivoli and La Favorita having ruined these armies, Napoleon was at leisure to execute his purpose of crushing the power, such as it was, of the Holy See. For this purpose he despatched Victor with a French division of four thousand men, and an Italian army of nearly the same force, supplied by Lombardy and by the Transpadane republic, to invade the Territories of the Church on the eastern side of Italy, by the route of Imola.

Mean time, the utmost exertions had been made by the clergy of Romagna, to raise the peasants in a mass, and a great many obeyed the sound of the tocsin. But an insurrectionary force is more calculated to embarrass the movements of a regular army, by alarms on their flanks and rear, by cutting

[1] [Montholon, t. iii. p. 387.]

off their communications, and destroying their supplies defending passes, and skirmishing in advantageous positions, than by opposing them in the open field. The Papal army, consisting of about seven or eight thousand men, were encamped on the river Senio, which runs on the southward of the town of Imola, to dispute the passage. The banks were defended with cannon; but the river being unusually low, the French crossed about a league and a half higher up than the position of the Roman army, which, taken in the rear, fled in every direction, after a short resistance. A few hundreds were killed, among whom were several monks, who, holding the crucifix in their hand, had placed themselves in the ranks to encourage the soldiers. Faenza stood out and was taken by storm; but the soldiers were withheld from pillage by the generosity, or prudence of Napoleon,[1] and he dismissed the prisoners of war[2] to carry into the interior of the country the news of their own defeat, of the irresistible superiority of the French army, and of the clemency of their general.[3] Feb. 3.

[1] ["This is the same thing as happened at Pavia," said the soldiers, by way of demanding the pillage of the place. "No," answered Napoleon; "at Pavia they had revolted after taking an oath, and they wanted to massacre our soldiers who were their guests. These are only senseless people, who must be conquered by clemency."—MONTHOLON, t. iv. p. 18.]

[2] [Napoleon addressed them thus in Italian—"I am the friend of all the nations of Italy, and particularly of the people of Rome. You are free; return to your families, and tell them that the French are the friends of religion, order, and the poor."—MONTHOLON, t. iv. p. 19.]

[3] [Jomini, t. ix, p. 307; Montholon, t. iv. p. 7 Thibaudeau, t. i. p. 220.]

Next day, three thousand of the Papal troops, occupying an advantageous position in front of Ancona, and commanded by Colli, were made prisoners without firing a shot; and Ancona was taken after slight resistance, though a place of some strength. A curious piece of priest-craft had been played off in this town, to encourage the people to resistance. A miraculous image was seen to shed tears, and the French artists could not discover the mode in which the trick was managed until the image was brought to headquarters, when a glass shrine, by which the illusion was managed, was removed. The Madonna was sent back to the church which owned her, but apparently had become reconciled to the foreign visitors, and dried her tears in consequence of her interview with Buonaparte.[1]

Feb. 4.

On the 10th of February, the French, moving with great celerity, entered Loretto, where the celebrated Santa Casa is the subject of the Catholic's devotional triumph, or secret scorn, according as his faith or his doubts predominate. The wealth which this celebrated shrine is once supposed to have possessed by gifts of the faithful, had been removed by Colli—if, indeed, it had not been transported to Rome long before the period of which we treat; yet, precious metal and gems to the amount of a million of livres, fell into the possession of the French, whose capture was also enriched by

[1] [" Monge was sent to the spot. He reported that the Madonna actually wept. The chapter received orders to bring her to headquarters. It was an optical illusion, ingeniously managed by means of a glass."—Montholon, t. iv. p. 12.]

the holy image of our Lady of Loretto, with the sacred porringer, and a bedgown of dark-coloured camlet, warranted to have belonged to the Blessed Virgin.[1] This image, said to have been of celestial workmanship, was sent to Paris, but was restored to the Pope in 1802. We are not informed that any of the treasures were given back along with the Madonna, to whom they had been devoted.

As the French army advanced upon the Roman territory, there was a menace of the interference of the King of Naples, worthy to be mentioned, both as expressing the character of that court, and showing Napoleon's readiness in anticipating and defeating the arts of indirect diplomacy.

The Prince of Belmonte-Pignatelli, who attended Buonaparte's headquarters, in the capacity perhaps of an observer, as much as of ambassador for Naples, came to the French general in secrecy, to show him, under strict confidence, a letter of the Queen of the Two Sicilies, proposing to march an army of thirty thousand men towards Rome. "Your confidence shall be repaid," said Buonaparte, who at once saw through the spirit of the communication—"You shall know what I have long since settled to do in case of such an event taking place." He called for the port-folio containing the papers respecting Naples, and presented to the disconcerted Prince the copy of a despatch written in November preceding, which contained this passage: —"The approach of Alvinzi would not prevent

[1] ["It is a wooden statue clumsily carved; a proof of its antiquity. It was to be seen for some years at the National Library."—Montholon, t. iv. p. 13.]

my sending six thousand men to chastise the court of Rome; but as the Neapolitan army might march to their assistance, I will postpone this movement till after the surrender of Mantua; in which case, if the King of Naples should interfere, I shall be able to spare twenty-five thousand men to march against his capital, and drive him over to Sicily." Prince Pignatelli was quite satisfied with the result of this mutual confidence, and there was no more said of Neapolitan armed interference.[1]

From Ancona the division commanded by Victor turned westward to Foligno, to unite itself with another column of French which penetrated into the territories of the church by Perugia, which they easily accomplished. Resistance seemed now unavailing. The Pope in vain solicited his subjects to rise against the second Alaric, who was approaching the Holy City. They remained deaf to his exhortations, though made in the names of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Apostles Peter and Paul, who had of old been the visible protectors of the metropolis of the Christian world in a similar emergency. All was dismay and confusion in the patrimony of Saint Peter's, which was now the sole territory remaining in possession of his representative.

But there was an unhappy class of persons, who had found shelter in Rome, rather than disown whose allegiance they had left their homes, and resigned their means of living. These were the recusant French clergy, who had refused to take the constitutional oath, and who now, recollecting

[1] [Jomini, t. ix. p. 311; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 228.]

the scenes which they witnessed in France, expected little else, than that, on the approach of the Republican troops, they would, like the Israelitish captain, be slain between the horns of the very altar at which they had taken refuge. It is said that one of their number, frantic at the thoughts of the fate which he supposed awaited them, presented himself to Buonaparte, announced his name and condition, and prayed to be led to instant death. Napoleon took the opportunity to show once more that he was acting on principles different from the brutal and persecuting spirit of Jacobinism. He issued a proclamation, in which, premising that the recusant priests, though banished from the French territory, were not prohibited from residing in countries which might be conquered by the French arms, he declares himself satisfied with their conduct. The proclamation goes on to prohibit, under the most severe penalty, the French soldiery, and all other persons, from doing any injury to these unfortunate exiles. The convents are directed to afford them lodging, nourishment, and fifteen French livres (twelve shillings and sixpence British) monthly, to each individual, for which the priest was to compensate by saying masses *ad valorem*;—thus assigning the Italian convents payment for their hospitality, in the same coin with which they themselves requited the laity.

Perhaps this liberality might have some weight with the Pope in inducing him to throw himself upon the mercy of France, as had been recommended to him by Buonaparte in a confidential communication through the superior of the monas-

tic order of Camalduli, and more openly in a letter addressed to Cardinal Mattei. The King of Naples made no movement to his assistance. In fine, after hesitating what course to take, and having had at one time his equipage ready harnessed to leave Rome and fly to Naples, the Pontiff judged resistance and flight alike unavailing, and chose the humiliating alternative of entire submission to the will of the conqueror.

It was the object of the Directory entirely to destroy the secular authority of the Pope, and to deprive him of all his temporalities. But Buonaparte foresaw, that whether the Roman territories were united with the new Cispadane republic, or formed into a separate state, it would alike bring on prematurely a renewal of the war with Naples, ere the north of Italy was yet sufficiently secure to admit the marching a French force into the southern extremities of the Italian peninsula, exposed to descents of the English, and insurrections in the rear. These Napoleon foresaw would be the more dangerous and difficult to subdue, that, though he might strip the Pope of his temporalities, he could not deprive him of the supremacy assigned him in spiritual matters by each Catholic; which, on the contrary, was, according to the progress of human feeling, likely to be the more widely felt and recognised in favour of a wanderer and a sufferer for what would be accounted conscience-sake, than of one who, submitting to circumstances, retained as much of the goods of this world as the clemency of his conqueror would permit.[1]

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 16.]

Influenced by these considerations, Buonaparte admitted the Pope to a treaty, which terminated in the peace of Tolentino, by which Sextus purchased such a political existence as was left to him, at the highest rate which he had the least chance of discharging. Napoleon mentions, as a curious instance of the crafty and unscrupulous character of the Neapolitans, that the same Pignatelli, whom we have already commemorated, attached himself closely to the plenipotentiaries during the whole treaty of Tolentino; and in his ardour to discover whether there existed any secret article betwixt the Pope and Buonaparte which might compromise the interests of his master, was repeatedly discovered listening at the door of the apartment in which the discussions were carried on.[1]

The articles which the Pope was obliged to accept at Tolentino,[2] included the cession of Avignon and its territories, the appropriation of which, by France, had never yet been recognised; the resigning the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna; the occupation of Ancona, the only port, excepting Venice, which Italy has in the Adriatic; the payment of thirty millions of livres, in specie or in valuable effects; the complete execution of the article in the armistice of Bologna respecting the delivery of paintings, manuscripts, and objects of art; and several other stipulations of similar severity.[3] Feb. 19.

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 25.]

[2] [For a copy of the Treaty of Tolentino, see Annual Register, v. xxxix. p. 328, and Montholon, t. iv. p. 18.]

[3] ["One of the negotiators of the Pope observed to Buona-

Buonaparte informs us, that it was a principal object in this treaty to compel the abolition of the Inquisition, from which he had only departed in consequence of receiving information, that it had ceased to be used as a religious tribunal, and subsisted only as a court of police. The conscience of the Pope seemed also so tenderly affected by the proposal, that he thought it safe to desist from it.

The same despatch, in which Buonaparte informs the Directory, that his committee of artist collectors "had made a good harvest of paintings in the Papal dominions, and which, with the objects of art ceded by the Pope, included almost all that was curious and valuable, excepting some few objects at Turin and Naples," conveyed to them a document of a very different kind. This was a respectful and almost reverential letter from Napoleon to the Pope,[1] recommending to his Holiness to distrust such persons as might excite him to doubt the good intentions of France, assuring him that he would always find the Republic most sincere and faithful, and expressing in his own name the perfect esteem and veneration which he

parte that he was the only Frenchman who had marched against Rome since the Constable Bourbon; but what rendered this circumstance still more singular was, that the history of the first expedition, under the title of 'The Sacking of Rome,' was written by Jacopo Buonaparte, an ancestor of him who executed the second."—Las Cases, t. i. p. 98.]

[1] ["The Directory adopted the most insulting forms in communicating with the Pope; the general wrote to him with respect. The Directory endeavoured to overthrow the authority of the Pope; Napoleon preserved it. The Directory banished and proscribed priests; Napoleon commanded his soldiers, wherever they might fall in with them, to remember that they were Frenchmen and their brothers."—Las Cases, t. i. p. 170]

entertained for the person of his Holiness, and the extreme desire which he had to afford him proofs to that effect.[1]

This letter furnished much amusement at the time, and seemed far less to intimate the sentiments of a sans-culotte general, than those of a civilized highwayman of the old school of Macheath, who never dismissed the travellers whom he had plundered, without his sincere good wishes for the happy prosecution of their journey.

A more pleasing view of Buonaparte's character was exhibited about this time, in his conduct towards the little interesting republic of San Marino. That state, which only acknowledges the Pope as a protector, not as a sovereign, had maintained for very many years an independence, which conquerors had spared either in contempt or in respect. It consists of a single mountain and a single town, and boasts about seven thousand inhabitants, governed by their own laws. Citizen Monge, the chief of the committee of collecting artists, was sent deputy to San Marino to knit the bands of amity between the two republics,—which might well resemble a union between Lilliput and Brobdingnag. There were no pictures in the little republic, or they might have been a temptation to the citizen collector. The people of San Marino conducted themselves with much sagacity; and although more complimentary to Buonaparte than Diogenes to Alexander the Great, when he came to visit the philosopher in his tub, they showed the

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 25; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 287.]

same judgment in eschewing too much courtesy.[1] They respectfully declined an accession of territory, which could but have involved them in subsequent quarrels with the sovereign from whom it was to be wrested, and only accepted as an honorary gift the present of four field pieces, being a train of artillery upon the scale of their military force, and of which, it is to be hoped, the Captain Regents of the little contented state will never have any occasion to make use.[2]

Rome might, for the present at least, be considered as completely subjugated. Naples was at peace, if the signature of a treaty can create peace. At any rate, so distant from Rome, and so controlled by the defeat of the Papal arms—by the fear that the English fleet might be driven from the Mediterranean—and by their distance from the scene of action—the King of the Two Sicilies, or rather his wife, the high-spirited daughter of Maria Theresa, dared not offer the least interference with the purposes of the French general. Tuscany had apparently consented to owe her political existence to any degree of clemency or contempt which Buonaparte might extend to her; and, entertaining hopes of some convention betwixt the French and English, by which the grand duke's port of Leghorn might be restored to him, remained passive as the dead. The republic of Venice alone, feeling still the stimulus arising from her ancient importance, and yet painfully conscious of her present want of

[1] [Botta, t. ii. p. 199; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 239.]

[2] [For an interesting sketch of the republic of San Marino, see Seward's *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*, v. iii. p. 276.]

power, strained every exertion to place herself in a respectable attitude. That city of lofty remembrances, the Tyre of the middle ages, whose traders were princes, and her merchants the honourable of the earth, fallen as she was from her former greatness, still presented some appearance of vigour. Her oligarchical government, so long known and so dreaded, for jealous precautions, political sagacity, the impenetrability of their plans, and the inflexibility of their rigour, still preserved the attitude of independence, and endeavoured, by raising additional regiments of Sclavonians, disciplining their peasantry, who were of a very martial character, and forming military magazines of considerable extent, to maintain such an aspect as might make their friendship to be courted, and their enmity to be feared. It was already evident that the Austrians, notwithstanding all their recent defeats, were again about to make head on their Italo-German frontier; and France, in opposing them, could not be indifferent to the neutrality of Venice, upon whose territories, to all appearance, Buonaparte must have rested the flank of his operations, in case of his advancing towards Friuli. So circumstanced, and when it was recollected that the mistress of the Adriatic had still fifty thousand men at her command, and those of a fierce and courageous description, chiefly consisting of Sclavonians, Venice, even yet, was an enemy not to be lightly provoked. But the inhabitants were not unanimous, especially those of the Terra Firma, or mainland, who, not being enrolled in the golden book of the insular nobility of Ve-

nice, were discontented, and availed themselves of the encouragement and assistance of the new-created republics on the Po to throw off their allegiance. Brescia and Bergamo, in particular, were clamorous for independence.

Napoleon saw, in this state of dissension, the means of playing an adroit game; and while, on the one hand, he endeavoured to restrain, till a more favourable opportunity, the ardour of the patriots, he attempted on the other, to convince the Senate, that they had no safe policy but in embracing at once the alliance of France, offensive and defensive, and joining their forces to those of the army with which he was about to move against the Austrians. He offered, on these conditions, to guarantee the possessions of the republic, even without exacting any modification of their oligarchical constitution. But Venice declared for an impartial neutrality.[1] It had been, they said, their ancient and sage policy, nor would they now depart from it. "Remain then neuter," said Napoleon; "I consent to it. I march upon Vienna, yet will leave enough of French troops in Italy to control your republic.—But dismiss these new levies; and remark, that if, while I am in Germany, my communications shall be interrupted, my detachments cut off, or my convoys intercepted in the Venetian territories, the date of your republic is terminated. She will have brought on herself annihilation."[2]

Lest these threats should be forgotten while he

[1] [Botta, t. ii. p. 252; Daru, Hist. de Venise, t. v. p. 544.]
[2] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 130.]

was at a distance, he took the best precautions in his power, by garrisoning advantageous points on the line of the Adige; and trusting partly to this defence, partly to the insurgents of Bergamo and Brescia, who, for their own sakes, would oppose any invasion of the main-land by their Venetian masters, whose yoke they had cast aside, Napoleon again unfurled his banners, and marched to new triumphs over yet untried opponents.

CHAPTER IX.

Archduke Charles—Compared with Napoleon—Fettered by the Aulic Council.—Napoleon, by a stratagem, passes the Tagliamento, and compels the Archduke to retreat.—Gradisca carried by storm.—Chiusa-Veneta taken.—Triest and Fiume occupied.—Venice breaks the Neutrality—Terrified on learning that an Armistice had taken place betwixt France and Austria.—The Archduke retreats by hasty marches on Vienna—The Government irresolute—and the Treaty of Leoben signed—Venice makes humiliating submissions.—Napoleon's Speech to her Envoys—He declares War against Venice, and evades obeying the orders of the Directory to spare it.—The Great Council, on 31st May, concede every thing to Buonaparte.—Terms granted.

THE victories of the Archduke Charles on the Rhine, and his high credit with the soldiery, seemed to point him out as the commander falling most naturally to be employed against the young general of the French republic, who, like a gifted hero of romance, had borne down successively all opponents who had presented themselves in the field. The opinions of Europe were suspended concerning the probable issue of the contest. Both generals were young, ambitious, enthusiastic in the military profession, and warmly beloved by their soldiers. The exploits of both had filled the trumpet of Fame;

and although Buonaparte's success had been less uninterrupted, yet it could not be denied, that if the archduke's plans were not equally brilliant and original with those of his great adversary, they were just and sound, and had been attended repeatedly with great results, and by the defeat of such men as Moreau and Jourdan. But there were two particulars in which the Austrian prince fell far short of Napoleon,—first, in that ready, decided, and vigorous confidence, which seizes the favourable instant for the execution of plans resolved upon,—and secondly, in having the disadvantage to be subjected, notwithstanding his high rank, to the interference of the Aulic Council; who, sitting at Vienna, and ignorant of the changes and vicissitudes of the campaign, were yet, by the ancient and jealous laws of the Austrian empire, entitled to control his opinion, and prescribe beforehand the motions of the armies, while the generals, intrusted with the execution of their schemes, had often no choice left but that of adherence to their instructions, however emerging circumstances might require a deviation.[1]

But although the encounter betwixt these two distinguished young generals be highly interesting, our space will not permit us to detail the campaigns of Austria at the same length as those of Italy.

[1] ["The Aulic Council at Vienna, that pernicious tribunal which, in the Seven Years' War, called Laudon to account for taking Schweidnitz without orders, has destroyed the schemes of many an Austrian general, for though plans of offensive operations may succeed when concerted at home, it is impossible to frame orders for every possible contingency."—GENTZ, *on the Fall of Prussia.*]

The latter formed the commencement of Buonaparte's military career, and at no subsequent period of his life did he achieve the same wondrous victories against such immense odds, or with such comparatively inadequate means. It was also necessary, in the outset of his military history, to show, in minute detail, the character of his tactics, and illustrate that spirit of energetic concentration, which, neglecting the extremities of an extended line of operations, combined his whole strength, like a bold and skilful fencer, for one thrust at a vital part, which, if successful, must needs be fatal. The astonishing rapidity of his movements, the audacious vivacity of his attack, having been so often described in individual cases, may now be passed over with general allusions; nor will we embarrass ourselves and our readers with minute details of positions, or encumber our pages with the names of obscure villages, unless when there is some battle calling for a particular narrative, either from its importance or its singularity.

By the direction of the Aulic Council, the Archduke Charles had taken up his position at Friuli, where it had been settled that the sixth Austrian army, designed to act against Buonaparte for the defence of the Italo-German frontier, should be assembled. This position was strangely preferred to the Tyrol, where the archduke could have formed a junction ten days sooner with an additional force of forty thousand men from the army of the Rhine, marching to reinforce his own troops, —men accustomed to fight and conquer under their leader's eye; whilst those with whom he

occupied Friuli, and the line of the Piave, belonged to the hapless Imperial forces, which, under Beaulieu, Wurmser, and Alvinzi, had never encountered Buonaparte without incurring some notable defeat.

While the archduke was yet expecting those reinforcements which were to form the strength of his army, his active adversary had been joined by more than twenty thousand men, sent from the French armies on the Rhine, and which gave him at the moment a numerical superiority over the Austrian general. Instead, therefore, of waiting, as on former occasions, until the Imperialists should commence the war by descending into Italy, Napoleon resolved to anticipate the march of the succours expected by the archduke, drive him from his position on the Italian frontiers, and follow him into Germany, even up to the walls of Vienna. No scheme appeared too bold for the general's imagination to form, or his genius to render practicable; and his soldiers, with the view before them of plunging into the midst of an immense empire, and placing chains of mountains betwixt them and every possibility of reinforcement or communication, were so confident in the talents of their leader, as to follow him under the most undoubting expectation of victory. The Directory had induced Buonaparte to expect a cooperation by a similar advance on the part of the armies of the Rhine, as had been attempted in the former campaign.

Buonaparte took the field in the beginning of March, advancing from Bassano.[1] The Austrians

[1] [At Bassano, on the 9th of March, Buonaparte thus addressed the troops—"Soldiers! the taking of Mantua has put an end to

had an army of observation under Lusignan on the bank of the Piave, but their principal force was stationed upon the Tagliamento, a river whose course is nearly thirty miles more to the eastward, though collateral with the Piave. The plains on the Tagliamento afforded facilities to the archduke to employ the noble cavalry who have always been the boast of the Austrian army; and to dislodge him from the strong country which he occupied, and which covered the road that penetrates between the mountains and the Adriatic, and forms the mode of communication in that quarter betwixt Vienna and Italy, through Carinthia, it was not only necessary that he should be pressed in front—a service which Buonaparte took upon himself—but also that a French division, occupying the mountains on the prince's right, should precipitate his retreat, by maintaining the perpetual threat of turning him on that wing. With this view, Massena had Buonaparte's orders, which he executed

the war of Italy. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions; you have taken 100,000 prisoners, 500 field-pieces, 2000 heavy cannon, and four pontoon trains. The contributions laid on the countries you have conquered have fed, maintained, and paid the army; besides which you have sent thirty millions to the minister of finance for the use of the public treasury. You have enriched the Museum of Paris with 300 masterpieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it had required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered for the Republic the finest countries in Europe. The Kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, and the Duke of Parma are separated from the coalition. You have expelled the English from Leghorn, Genoa, and Corsica. Yet higher destinies await you! You will prove yourselves worthy of them! Of all the foes who combined to stifle the Republic in its birth, the Emperor alone remains before you," &c]

with equal skill and gallantry. He crossed the Piave about the eleventh March, and ascending that river, directed his course into the mountains towards Belluno, driving before him Lusignan's little corps of observation, and finally compelling his rear-guard, to the number of five hundred men, to surrender.

The Archduke Charles, in the mean time, continued to maintain his position on the Tagliamento, and the French approached the right bank, with Napoleon at their head, determined apparently to force a passage. Artillery and sharpshooters were disposed in such a manner as to render this a very hazardous attempt, while two beautiful lines of cavalry were drawn up, prepared to charge any troops who might make their way to the left bank, while they were yet in the confusion of landing.

A very simple stratagem disconcerted this fair display of resistance. After a distant cannonade, and some skirmishing, the French army drew off, as if despairing to force their passage, moved to the rear, and took up apparently their bivouac for the night. The archduke was deceived. He imagined that the French, who had marched all the preceding night, were fatigued, and he also withdrew from the bank of the river to his camp. But two hours afterwards, when all seemed profoundly quiet, the French army suddenly got under arms, and, forming in two lines, marched rapidly to the side of the river, ere the astonished Austrians were able to make the same dispositions as formerly for defence. Arrived on the margin, the first line instantly broke up into columns, which,

throwing themselves boldly into the stream, protected on the flanks by the cavalry, passed through and attained the opposite bank.[1] They were repeatedly charged by the Austrian cavalry, but it was too late—they had gotten their footing, and kept it. The archduke attempted to turn their flank, but was prevented by the second line of the French, and by their reserve of cavalry. He was compelled to retreat, leaving prisoners and cannon in the hands of the enemy. Such was the first disastrous meeting between the Archduke Charles and his future relative.[2]

The Austrian prince had the farther misfortune to learn, that Massena had, at the first sound of the cannonade, pushed across the Tag-
March 16. liamento, higher up than his line of defence, and destroying what troops he found before him, had occupied the passes of the Julian Alps at the sources of that river, and thus interposed himself between the imperial right wing and the nearest communication with Vienna. Sensible of the importance of this obstacle, the archduke hastened, if possible, to remove it. He brought up a fine column of grenadiers from the Rhine, which had just arrived at Klagenfurt, in his rear, and joining them to other troops, attacked Massena with the utmost fury, venturing his own person like a private soldier, and once or twice narrowly escaping

[1] [" The river is pretty deep, and a bridge would have been desirable; but the good-will of the soldiers supplied that deficiency. A drummer was the only person in danger, and he was saved by a woman who swam after him."—Montholon, t. iv. p. 73.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 72; Jomini, t. x. p. 33.]

being made prisoner. It was in vain—all in vain. He charged successively and repeatedly, even with the reserve of the grenadiers, but no exertion could change the fortune of the day.[1]

Still the archduke hoped to derive assistance from the natural or artificial defences of the strong country through which he was thus retreating, and in doing so was involuntarily introducing Buonaparte, after he should have surmounted the border frontier, into the most fertile provinces of his brother's empire. The Lisonzo, usually a deep and furious torrent, closed in by a chain of impassable mountains, seemed to oppose an insurmountable barrier to his daring pursuers. But nature, as well as events, fought against the Austrians. The stream, reduced by frost, was fordable in several places. The river thus passed, the town of Gradisca, which had been covered with field-works to protect the line of the Lisonzo, was surprised and carried by storm, and its garrison March 19. of two thousand five hundred men made prisoners, by the divisions of Bernadotte and Serrurier.

Pushed in every direction, the Austrians sustained every day additional and more severe losses. The strong fort of Chiusa-Veneta was occupied by Massena, who continued his active and indefatigable operations on the right of the retreating army. This success caused the envelopement, and dispersion or surrender, of a whole division of Austrians, five thousand of whom remained prisoners, while their baggage. cannon, colours, and all that constitu-

[1] [Jomini t. x. p. 38; Montholon, t. iv. p. 77.]

ted them an army, fell into the hands of the French. Four generals were made prisoners on this occasion; and many of the mountaineers of Carniola and Croatia, who had joined the Austrian army from their natural love of war, seeing that success appeared to have abandoned the imperial cause, became despondent, broke up their corps, and retired as stragglers to their villages.

Buonaparte availed himself of their loss of courage, and had recourse to proclamations, a species of arms which he valued himself as much upon using to advantage, as he did upon his military fame. He assured them that the French did not come into their country to innovate on their rights, religious customs, and manners. He exhorted them not to meddle in a war with which they had no concern, but encouraged them to afford assistance and furnish supplies to the French army, in payment of which he proposed to assign the public taxes which they had been in the habit of paying to the Emperor.[1] His proposal seems to have reconciled the Carinthians to the presence of the French, or, more properly speaking, they submitted to the military exactions which they had no means of resisting.[2] In the mean while, the French took possession of Trieste and Fiume, the only seaports belonging to Austria, where they seized much English merchandise, which was always a welcome

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 81.]

[2] ["No extraordinary contribution was levied, and the inhabitants gave no occasion for complaint of any kind. The English merchandise at Trieste was confiscated. Quicksilver, to the value of several millions, from the mine of Idria, was found in the imperial warehouses."—Montholon, t. iv. p. 82.]

prize, and of the quicksilver mines of Idria, where they found a valuable deposit of that mineral.

Napoleon repaired the fortifications of Klagenfurt, and converted it into a respectable place of arms, where he established his headquarters. In a space of scarce twenty days, he had defeated the Austrians in ten combats, in the course of which Prince Charles had lost at least one-fourth of his army. The French had surmounted the southern chain of the Julian Alps; the northern line could, it was supposed, offer no obstacle sufficient to stop their irresistible general; and the archduke, the pride and hope of the Austrian armies, had retired behind the river Meuhr, and seemed to be totally without the means of covering Vienna.

There were, however, circumstances less favourable to the French, which require to be stated. When the campaign commenced, the French general Joubert was posted with his division in the gorge of the Tyrol above Trent, upon the same river Levisa, the line of which had been lost and won during the preceding winter. He was opposed by the Austrian generals Kerpen and Laudon, who, besides some regular regiments, had collected around them a number of the Tyrolese militia, who among their own mountains were at least equally formidable. They remained watching each other during the earlier part of the campaign; but the gaining of the battle of the Tagliamento was the signal for Joubert to commence the offensive. His directions were to push his way through the Tyrol to Brixen, at which place Napoleon expected he might hear news of the advance of the French

armies from the Rhine, to cooperate in the march upon Vienna. But the Directory, fearing perhaps to trust nearly the whole force of the Republic in the hands of a general so successful and so ambitious as Napoleon, had not fulfilled their promises in this respect. The army of Moreau had not as yet crossed the Rhine.

Joubert, thus disappointed of his promised object, began to find himself in an embarrassing situation. The whole country was in insurrection around him, and a retreat in the line by which he had advanced, might have exposed him to great loss, if not to destruction. He determined, therefore, to elude the enemy, and by descending the river Drave, to achieve a junction with his commander-in-chief Napoleon. He accomplished his difficult march by breaking down the bridges behind him, and thus arresting the progress of the enemy; but it was with difficulty, and not without loss, that he effected his proposed union, and his retreat from the Tyrol gave infinite spirits not only to the martial Tyrolese, but to all the favourers of Austria in the north of Italy. The Austrian general Laudon sallied from the Tyrol at the head of a considerable force, and compelled the slender body of French under Balland, to shut themselves up in garrisons; and their opponents were for the moment again lords of a part of Lombardy. They also re-occupied Trieste and Fiume, which Buonaparte had not been able sufficiently to garrison; so that the rear of the French army seemed to be endangered.[1]

[1] [Jomini, t. x. p. 56; Montholon, t. iv. p. 83.]

The Venetians, at this crisis, fatally for their ancient republic, if indeed its doom had not, as is most likely, been long before sealed, received with eager ears the accounts, exaggerated as they were by rumour, that the French were driven from the Tyrol, and the Austrians about to descend the Adige, and resume their ancient empire in Italy. The Senate were aware that neither their government nor their persons were acceptable to the French general, and that they had offended him irreconcilably by declining the intimate alliance and contribution of troops which he had demanded. He had parted from them with such menaces as were not easily to be misunderstood. They believed, if his vengeance might not be instant, it was only the more sure; and conceiving him now deeply engaged in Germany, and surrounded by the Austrian levies en masse from the warlike countries of Hungary and Croatia, they imagined that throwing their own weight into the scale at so opportune a moment, must weigh it down for ever. To chastise their insurgent subjects of Bergamo and Brescia, was an additional temptation.

Their mode of making war savoured of the ancient vindictive temper ascribed to their countrymen. An insurrection was secretly organized through all the territories which Venice still possessed on the mainland, and broke out, like the celebrated Sicilian vespers, in blood and massacre. In Verona they assassinated more than a hundred Frenchmen, many of them sick soldiers in the hospitals[1]—an abominable cruelty April 16.

[1] [See the report of the agents of the Venetian government.—

which could not fail to bring a curse on their undertaking. Fioravante, a Venetian general, marched at the head of a body of Sclavonians to besiege the forts of Verona, into which the remaining French had made their retreat, and where they defended themselves. Laudon made his appearance with his Austrians and Tyrolese, and it seemed as if the fortunes of Buonaparte had at length found a check.

But the awakening from this pleasing dream was equally sudden and dreadful. News arrived that preliminaries of peace had been agreed upon, and an armistice signed between France and Austria. Laudon, therefore, and the auxiliaries on whom the Venetians had so much relied, retired from Verona. The Lombards sent an army to the assistance of the French. The Sclavonians, under Fioravante, after fighting vigorously, were compelled to surrender. The insurgent towns of Vicenza, Treviso, and Padua, were again occupied by the Republicans. Rumour proclaimed the terrible return of Napoleon and his army, and the ill-advised Senate of Venice were lost in stupor, and scarce had sense left to decide betwixt unreserved submission and hopeless defence.

It was one of the most artful rules in Buonaparte's policy, that when he had his enemy at decided advantage, by some point having been attained which seemed to give a complete turn to the campaign in his favour, he seldom failed to offer peace,

Daru, t. v. p. 584. Napoleon says, "the fury of the people carried them so far as to murder *four hundred sick in the hospitals.*"—Montholon, t. iv. p. 133.]

and peace upon conditions much more favourable than perhaps the opposite party expected. By doing this, he secured such immediate and undisputed fruits of his victory, as the treaty of peace contained; and he was sure of means to prosecute farther advantages at some future opportunity. He obtained, moreover, the character of generosity; and, in the present instance, he avoided the great danger of urging to bay so formidable a power as Austria, whose despair might be capable of the most formidable efforts.

With this purpose, and assuming for the first time that disregard for the usual ceremonial of courts, and etiquette of politics, which he afterwards seemed to have pleasure in displaying, he wrote a letter in person to the Archduke Charles on the subject of peace. March 31.

This composition affects that abrupt laconic severity of style, which cuts short argument, by laying down general maxims of philosophy of a trite character, and breaks through the usual laboured periphrastic introductions with which ordinary politicians preface their proposals, when desirous of entering upon a treaty. "It is the part of a brave soldier," he said, "to make war, but to wish for peace. The present strife has lasted six years. Have we not yet slain enough of men, and sufficiently outraged humanity? Peace is demanded on all sides. Europe at large has laid down the arms assumed against the French Republic. Your nation remains alone in hostility, and yet blood flows faster than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced under ominous circumstances—End

how it will, some thousands of men more will be slain on either side; and at length, after all, we must come to an agreement, for every thing must have an end at last, even the angry passions of men. The Executive Directory made known to the Emperor their desire to put a period to the war which desolates both countries, but the intervention of the Court of London opposed it. Is there then no means of coming to an understanding, and must we continue to cut each other's throats for the interests or passions of a nation, herself a stranger to the miseries of war? You, the general-in-chief, who approach by birth so near to the crown, and are above all those petty passions which agitate ministers, and the members of government, will you resolve to be the benefactor of mankind, and the true saviour of Germany? Do not suppose that I mean by that expression to intimate, that it is impossible for you to defend yourself by force of arms; but under the supposition, that fortune were to become favourable to you, Germany would be equally exposed to ravage. With respect to my own feelings, general, if this proposition should be the means of saving one single man's life, I should prefer a civic crown so merited, to the melancholy glory attending military success."

The whole tone of the letter is ingeniously calculated to give the proposition the character of moderation, and at the same time to avoid the appearance of too ready an advance towards his object. The archduke, after a space of two days, returned this brief answer, in which he stripped Buonaparte's proposal of its gilding, and treated it upon the foot-

ing of an ordinary proposal for a treaty of peace, made by a party, who finds it convenient for his interest:—" Unquestionably, sir, in making war, and in following the road prescribed by honour and duty, I desire as much as you the attainment of peace for the happiness of the people, and of humanity. Considering, however, that in the situation which I hold, it is no part of my business to enquire into and determine the quarrel of the belligerent powers; and that I am not furnished on the part of the Emperor with any plenipotentiary powers for treating, you will excuse me, general, if I do not enter into negotiation with you touching a matter of the highest importance, but which does not lie within my department. Whatever shall happen, either respecting the future chances of the war, or the prospect of peace, I request you to be equally convinced of my distinguished esteem."[1]

The archduke would willingly have made some advantage of this proposal, by obtaining an armistice of five hours, sufficient to enable him to form a junction with the corps of Kerpen, which, having left the Tyrol to come to the assistance of the commander-in-chief, was now within a short distance. But Buonaparte took care not to permit himself to be hampered by any such ill-timed engagement, and after some sharp fighting, in which the French as usual were successful, he was able to interpose such a force as to prevent the junction taking place.

Two encounters followed at Neumark and at

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 91.]

Unzmark—both gave rise to fresh disasters, and the continued retreat of the Archduke Charles and the Imperial army. The French general then pressed forward on the road to Vienna, through mountain-passes and defiles, which could not have been opened otherwise than by turning them on the flank. But these natural fastnesses were no longer defences. Judenburg, the capital of Upper Styria, was abandoned to the French without a blow, and shortly after Buonaparte entered Gratz, the principal town of Lower Styria, with the same facility.

The archduke now totally changed his plan of warfare. He no longer disputed the ground foot by foot, but began to retreat by hasty marches towards Vienna, determined to collect the last and utmost strength which the extensive states of the Emperor could supply, and fight for the existence, it might be, of his brother's throne, under the walls of his capital. However perilous this resolution might appear, it was worthy of the high-spirited prince by whom it was adopted; and there were reasons, perhaps, besides those arising from soldierly pride and princely dignity, which seemed to recommend it.

The army with which the enterprising French general was now about to debouche from the mountains, and enter the very centre of Germany, had suffered considerably since the commencement of the campaign, not only by the sword, but by severity of weather, and the excessive fatigue which they endured in executing the rapid marches, by which their leader succeeded in securing victory

and the French armies on the Rhine had not, as the plan of the campaign dictated, made any movement in advance corresponding with the march of Buonaparte.

Nor, in the country which they were about to enter with diminished forces, could Buonaparte trust to the influence of the same moral feeling in the people invaded, which had paved the way to so many victories on the Rhine. The citizens of Austria, though living under a despotic government, are little sensible of its severities, and are sincerely attached to the Emperor, whose personal habits incline him to live with his people without much form, and mix in public amusements, or appear in the public walks, like a father in the midst of his family. The nobility were as ready as in former times to bring out their vassals, and a general knowledge of discipline is familiar to the German peasant as a part of his education. Hungary possessed still the high-spirited race of barons and cavaliers, who, in their great convocation in 1740, rose at once, and drawing their sabres, joined in the celebrated exclamation, "*Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Teresa!*" The Tyrol was in possession of its own warlike inhabitants, all in arms, and so far successful, as to have driven Joubert out of their mountains. Trieste and Fiume were retaken in the rear of the French army. Buonaparte had no line of communication when separated from Italy, and no means of obtaining supplies, but from a country which would probably be soon in insurrection in his rear, as well as on his flanks. A battle lost, when there was neither support, re-

serve, nor place of arms nearer than Klagenfurt, would have been annihilation. To add to these considerations, it was now known that the Venetian republic had assumed a formidable and hostile aspect in Italy; by which, joined to a natural explosion of feeling, religious and national, the French cause was considerably endangered in that country. There were so many favourers of the old system, together with the general influence of the Catholic clergy, that it seemed not unlikely this insurrection might spread fast and far. Italy, in that case, would have been no effectual place of refuge to Buonaparte or his army. The archduke enumerated all these advantages to the Cabinet of Vienna, and exhorted them to stand the last cast of the bloody die.

But the terror, grief, and confusion, natural in a great metropolis, whose peace for the first time for so many years was alarmed with the approach of the unconquered and apparently fated general, who having defeated and destroyed five of their choicest armies, was now driving under its walls the remnants of the last, though commanded by that prince whom they regarded as the hope and flower of Austrian warfare, opposed this daring resolution. The alarm was general, beginning with the court itself; and the most valuable property and treasure were packed up to be carried into Hungary, where the royal family determined to take refuge. It is worthy of mention, that among the fugitives of the Imperial House was the Archduchess Maria Louisa, then between five and six years old, whom our imagination may conceive agitated by every spe-

cies of childish terror derived from the approach of the victorious general on whom she was, at a future and similar crisis, destined to bestow her hand.

The cries of the wealthy burghers were of course for peace. The enemy were within fourteen or fifteen days' march of their walls; nor had the city (perhaps fortunately) any fortifications, which in the modern state of war could have made it defensible even for a day. They were, moreover, seconded by a party in the Cabinet; and, in short, whether it chanced for good or for evil, the selfish principle of those who had much to lose, and were timid in proportion, predominated against that, which desired at all risks the continuance of a determined and obstinate defence. It required many lessons to convince both sovereign and people, that it is better to put all on the hazard—better even to lose all, than to sanction the being pillaged at different times, and by degrees, under pretence of friendship and amity. A bow which is forcibly strained back will regain its natural position; but if supple enough to yield of itself to the counter direction, it will never recover its elasticity.

The affairs, however, of the Austrians were in such a condition, that it could hardly be said whether the party who declared for peace, to obtain some respite from the distresses of the country, or those who wished to continue war with the chances of success which we have indicated, advised the least embarrassing course. The Court of Vienna finally adopted the alternative of treaty, and that of Leoben was set on foot.

Generals Bellegarde and Merfield, on the part of the Emperor, presented themselves at the head-quarters of Buonaparte, 13th April, 1797, and announced the desire of their sovereign for peace. Buonaparte granted a suspension of arms, to endure for five days only; which was afterwards extended, when the probability of the definitive treaty of peace was evident.

It is affirmed, that in the whole discussions respecting this most important armistice, Napoleon —as a conqueror, whose victories had been in a certain degree his own, whose army had been supported and paid from the resources of the country which he conquered, who had received reinforcements from France only late and reluctantly, and who had recruited his army by new levies among the republicanized Italians—maintained an appearance of independence of the Government of France. He had, even at this period, assumed a freedom of thought and action, the tenth part of the suspicion attached to which would have cost the most popular general his head in the times of Danton and Robespierre. But, though acquired slowly, and in counteraction to the once overpowering, and still powerful, democratic influence, the authority of Buonaparte was great; and, indeed, the power which a conquering general attains, by means of his successes, in the bosom of his soldiers, becomes soon formidable to any species of government, where the soldier is not intimately interested in the liberties of the subject.

Yet it must not be supposed that Napoleon exhibited publicly any of that spirit of independence

which the Directory appear to have dreaded, and which, according to the opinion which he himself intimates, seems to have delayed the promised co-operation, which was to be afforded by the eastern armies on the banks of the Rhine. Far from testifying such a feeling, his assertion of the rights of the Republic was decidedly striking, of which the following is a remarkable instance. The Austrian commissioner, in hopes to gain some credit for the admission, had stated in the preliminary articles of the convention, as a concession of consequence, that his Imperial Majesty acknowledged the French Government in its present state. "Strike out that condition," said Buonaparte sternly; "the French Republic is like the sun in heaven. The misfortune lies with those who are so blind as to be ignorant of the existence of either."[1] It was gallantly spoken; but how strange to reflect, that the same individual, in three or four years afterwards, was able to place an extinguisher on one of those suns, without even an eclipse being the consequence.[2]

It is remarkable also, that while asserting to foreigners this supreme dignity of the French Republic, Buonaparte should have departed so far from the respect he owed its rulers. The preliminaries of peace were proposed for signature on the 18th April. But General Clarke, to whom the Directory had committed full powers to act in

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 101.]

[2] Buonaparte first mentions this circumstance as having taken place at Leoben, afterwards at the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. The effect is the same, wherever the words were spoken.

the matter, was still at Turin. He was understood to be the full confidant of his masters, and to have instructions to watch the motions of Buonaparte, nay, to place him under arrest, should he see cause to doubt his fealty to the French Government. Napoleon, nevertheless, did not hesitate to tender his individual signature and warrantry, and these were readily admitted by the Austrian plenipotentiaries;—an ominous sign of the declension of the powers of the Directory, considering that a military general, without the support even of the commissioners from the government, or proconsuls, as they were called, was regarded as sufficient to ratify a treaty of such consequence. No doubt seems to have been entertained that he had the power to perform what he had guaranteed; and the part which he acted was the more remarkable, considering the high commission of General Clarke.[1]

The articles in the treaty of Leoben remained long secret; the cause of which appears to have been, that the high contracting parties were not willing comparisons should be made between the preliminaries as they were originally settled, and the strange and violent altercations which occurred

[1] ["On the 27th of April, the Marquis de Gallo presented the preliminaries, ratified by the Emperor, to Napoleon at Gratz. It was in one of these conferences, that one of the plenipotentiaries, authorized by an autograph letter of the Emperor, offered Napoleon to procure him, on the conclusion of a peace, a sovereignty of 250,000 souls in Germany, for himself and his family, in order to place him beyond the reach of republican ingratitude. The general smiled; he desired the plenipotentiary to thank the Emperor for this proof of the interest he took in his welfare, and said, that he wished for no greatness or riches, unless conferred on him by the French people."—Montholon, t. iv. p. 103]

in the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. These two treaties of pacification differed, the one from the other, in relation to the degree and manner how a meditated partition of the territory of Venice, of the Cisalpine republic, and other smaller powers was to be accomplished, for the mutual benefit of France and Austria. It is melancholy to observe, but it is nevertheless an important truth, that there is no moment during which independent states of the second class have more occasion to be alarmed for their security, than when more powerful nations in their vicinity are about to conclude peace. It is so easy to accommodate these differences of the strong at the expense of such weaker states, as, if they are injured, have neither the power of making their complaints heard, nor of defending themselves by force, that, in the iron age in which it has been our fate to live, the injustice of such an arrangement has never been considered as offering any counterpoise to its great convenience, whatever the law of nations might teach to the contrary.

It is unnecessary to enter upon the subject of the preliminaries of Leoben, until we notice the treaty of Campo Formio, under which they were finally modified, and by which they were adjusted and controlled. It may be, however, the moment to state, that Buonaparte was considerably blamed, by the Directory and others, for stopping short in the career of conquest, and allowing the House of Austria terms which left her still formidable to France, when, said the censors, it would have cost him but another victory to blot the most constant

and powerful enemy of the French Republic out of the map of Europe; or, at least, to confine her to her hereditary states in Germany. To such criticism he replied, in a despatch to the Directory from Leoben, during the progress of the treaty: "If, at the commencement of these Italian campaigns, I had made a point of going to Turin, I should never have passed the Po—had I insisted prematurely on advancing to Rome, I could never have secured Milan—and now, had I made an indispensable object of reaching Vienna, I might have destroyed the Republic."[1]

Such was his able and judicious defence of a conduct, which, by stopping short of some ultimate and extreme point apparently within his grasp, extracted every advantage from fear, which despair perhaps might not have yielded him, if the enemy had been driven to extremity. And it is remarkable, that the catastrophe of Napoleon himself was a corollary of the doctrine which he now laid down; for, had he not insisted upon penetrating to Moscow, there is no judging how much longer he might have held the empire of France.

The contents of the treaty of Leoben, so far as they were announced to the representatives of the French nation by the Directory, only made known, as part of the preliminaries, that the cession of the Belgic provinces, and of such a boundary as France might choose to demand upon the Rhine, had been admitted by Austria; and that she had consented

[1] [Correspondence Inédite, t. ii. p. 564. See also, Jomini, t. ix. Pièces Justificatives, Nos. 1 and 2.]

to recognise a single republic in Italy, to be composed out of those which had been provisionally established. But shortly afterwards it transpired, that Mantua, the subject of so much and such bloody contest, and the very citadel of Italy, as had appeared from the events of these sanguinary campaigns, was to be resigned to Austria, from whose tenacious grasp it had been wrenched with so much difficulty. This measure was unpopular; and it will be found that Buonaparte had the ingenuity, in the definitive treaty of peace, to substitute an indemnification, which he ought not to have given, and which was certainly the last which the Austrians should have accepted.

It was now the time for Venice to tremble. She had declared against the French in their absence; her vindictive population had murdered many of them; the resentment of the French soldiers was excited to the utmost, and the Venetians had no right to reckon upon the forbearance of their general. The treaty of Leoben left the Senate of that ancient state absolutely without support; nay, as they afterwards learned, Austria, after pleading their cause for a certain time, had ended by stipulating for a share of their spoils, which had been assigned to her by a secret article of the treaty. The doom of the oligarchy was pronounced ere Buonaparte had yet traversed the Noric and Julian Alps, for the purpose of enforcing it. By a letter to the doge, dated from the capital of Upper Styria, Napoleon, bitterly upbraiding the Senate for requiting his generosity with treachery and ingratitude, demanded that they

April 9.

should return by his aide-de-camp who bore the letter, their instant choice betwixt war and peace, and allowing them only four-and-twenty hours to disperse their insurgent peasantry, and submit to his clemency.[1]

Junot, introduced into the Senate, made the threats of his master ring in the astounded ears of the members, and by the blunt and rough manner of a soldier, who had risen from the ranks, added to the dismay of the trembling nobles. The Senate returned a humble apology to Buonaparte, and despatched agents to deprecate his wrath. These envoys were doomed to experience one of those scenes of violence which were in some degree natural to this extraordinary man, but to which in certain cases he seems to have designedly given way, in order to strike consternation into those whom he addressed. "Are the prisoners at liberty?" he said, with a stern voice, and without replying to the humble greetings of the terrified envoys. They answered with hesitation that they had liberated the French, the Polish, and the Brescians, who had been made captive in the insurrectionary war. "I will have them all—all!" exclaimed Buonaparte—"all who are in prison on account of their political sentiments. I will go myself to destroy your dungeons on the Bridge of Tears—opinions shall be free—I will have no inquisition. If all the prisoners are not set at instant liberty, the English envoy dismissed, the people disarmed, I declare instant war. I might

[1] [Daru, t. v. p. 568; Montholon, t. iv. p. 135.]

have gone to Vienna if I had listed—I have concluded a peace with the Emperor—I have eighty thousand men, twenty gun-boats—I will hear of no Inquisition, and no Senate either—I will dictate the law to you—I will prove an Attila to Venice. If you cannot disarm your population, I will do it in your stead—your government is antiquated—it must crumble to pieces"[1]

While Buonaparte, in these disjointed yet significant threats, stood before the deputies like the Argantes of Italy's heroic poet, and gave them the choice of peace and war with the air of a superior being, capable at once to dictate their fate, he had not yet heard of the massacre of Verona, or of the batteries of a Venetian fort on the Lido having fired upon a French vessel, which had run into the port to escape the pursuit of two armed Austrian ships. The vessel was alleged to have been sunk, and the master and some of the crew to have been killed. The news of these fresh aggressions did not fail to aggravate his indignation to the highest pitch. The terrified deputies ventured to touch with delicacy on the subject of pecuniary atonement. Buonaparte's answer was worthy of a Roman. "If you could proffer me," he said, "the treasures of Peru—if you could strew the whole district with gold, it could not atone for the French blood which has been treacherously spilt."[2]

[1] [See, in Daru, t. v. p. 605, the report of the two envoys, Dona and Justiniani.]

[2] ["Non, non, quand vous couvriez cette plage d'or, tous vos tresors, tout l'or du Pérou, ne peuvent payer le sang Français."—Daru, t. v. p. 619.]

Accordingly, on the 3d of May, Buonaparte declared war against Venice, and ordered the French minister to leave the city; the French troops, and those of the new Italian republics, were at the same time commanded to advance, and to destroy in their progress, wherever they found it displayed, the winged Lion of Saint Mark, the ancient emblem of Venetian sovereignty. The declaration is dated at Palma Nova.[1]

May 3.

It had been already acted upon by the French who were on the Venetian frontier, and by La Hotze, a remarkable character, who was then at the head of the army of the Italian republics of the new model, and the forces of the towns of Brescia and Bergamo, which aspired to the same independence. This commander was of Swiss extraction; an excellent young officer, and at that time enamoured of liberty on the French system, though he afterwards saw so much reason to change his opinions, that he lost his life, as we may have occasion to mention, fighting under the Austrian banners.

The terrified Senate of Venice proved unworthy descendants of the Zenos, Dandolos, and Morosinis, as the defenders of Christendom, and the proud opposers of Papal oppression. The best resource they could imagine to themselves, was to employ

[1] [For a copy of this manifesto against Venice, see *Moniteur*, No. 239, May 16, and *Annual Register*, v. xxxiv. p. 337. As soon as it was made public, the whole Terra Firma revolted against the capital. Every town proclaimed its independence, and constituted a government for itself. Bergamo, Brescia, Padua, Vicenza, Bassano, and Udine, formed so many separate republics." —Montholon, t. iv. p. 143.]

at Paris those golden means of intercession which Buonaparte had so sturdily rejected. Napoleon assures us, that they found favour by means of these weighty arguments. The Directory, moved, we are informed, by the motives of ten millions of French francs, transmitted from Venice in bills of exchange, sent to the general of Italy orders to spare the ancient senate and aristocracy. But the account of the transaction, with the manner in which the remittances were distributed, fell into the hands of Napoleon, by despatches intercepted at Milan. The members of the French Government, whom these documents would have convicted of peculation and bribery, were compelled to be silent; and Buonaparte, availing himself of some chicanery as to certain legal solemnities, took it on him totally to disregard the orders he had received

The Senate of Venice, rather stupified than stimulated by the excess of their danger, were holding on the 30th April, a sort of privy council in the apartments of the doge, when a letter from the commandant of their flotilla informed them, that the French were erecting fortifications on the low grounds contiguous to the lagoons or shallow channels which divide from the main-land and from each other the little isles on which the amphibious mistress of the Adriatic holds her foundation; and proposing, in the blunt style of a gallant sailor, to batter them to pieces about their ears before the works could be completed.[1] Indeed, nothing would have been more easy than to defend the lagoons

[1] [Daru, t. vi. p. 9.]

against an enemy, who, notwithstanding Napoleon's bravado, had not even a single boat. But the proposal, had it been made to an abbess and a convent of nuns, could scarce have appeared more extraordinary than it did to these degenerate nobles. Yet the sense of shame prevailed; and though trembling for the consequences of the order which they issued, the Senate directed that the admiral should proceed to action.[1] Immediately after the order was received, their deliberations were interrupted by the thunder of the cannon on either side—the Venetian gun-boats pouring their fire on the van of the French army, which had begun to arrive at Fusini.

To interrupt these ominous sounds, two plenipotentiaries were despatched to make intercession with the French general; and to prevent delay, the doge himself undertook to report the result.

The Grand Council was convoked on the 1st of May, when the doge, pale in countenance, and disconcerted in demeanour, proposed, as the only means of safety, the admission of some democratic modifications into their forms, under the direction of General Buonaparte; or, in other words, to lay their institutions at the feet of the conqueror, to be remodelled at his pleasure. Of six hundred and nineteen patricians, only twenty-one dissented from a vote which inferred the absolute surrender of their constitution. The conditions to be agreed on were, indeed, declared subject to the revision of the Council; but this, in the circumstances, could only be considered as a clause intended to save

[1] [Daru, t. vi. p. 10.]

appearances. The surrender must have been regarded as unconditional and total.[1]

Amidst the dejection and confusion which possessed the Government, some able intriguer (the secretary, it was said, of the French ambassador at Venice, whose principal had been recalled) contrived to induce the Venetian Government to commit an act of absolute suicide, so as to spare Buonaparte the trouble and small degree of scandal which might attach to totally destroying the existence of the republic.

On the 9th of May, as the committee of the Great Council were in close deliberation with the doge, two strangers intruded upon those councils, which heretofore—such was the jealous severity of the oligarchy—were like those of supernatural beings; those who looked on them died. But now, affliction, confusion, and fear, had withdrawn the guards from these secret and mysterious chambers, and laid open to the intrusion of strangers those stern haunts of a suspicious oligarchy, where, in other days, an official or lictor of the Government might have been punished with death even for too loud a foot-fall, far more for the fatal crime of having heard more than was designed to come to his knowledge. All this was now ended; and without check or rebuke the two strangers were permitted to communicate with the Senate by writing. Their advice, which had the terms of a command, was, to anticipate the intended reforms of the French—to dissolve the present Government

[1] [Daru, t. vi. p. 13.]

—throw open their prisons—disband their Sclavonian soldiers—plant the tree of liberty on the place of Saint Mark, and to take other popular measures of the same nature, the least of which, proposed but a few months before, would have been a signal of death to the individual who had dared to hint at it.[1]

An English satirist has told us a story of a man persuaded by an eloquent friend to hang himself, in order to preserve his life. The story of the fall of Venice vindicates the boldness of the satire. It does not appear that Buonaparte could have gone farther; nay, it seems unlikely he would have gone so far, as was now recommended.

As the friendly advisers had hinted that the utmost speed was necessary, the committee scarce interposed an interval of three days, between receiving the advice and recommending it to the Great Council; and began in the meanwhile to anticipate the destruction of their government and surrender of their city, by dismantling their fleet and disbanding their soldiers.

At length, the Great Council assembled on the 12th of May. The doge had commenced a pathetic discourse on the extremities to which the country was reduced, when an irregular discharge of firearms took place under the very windows of the council-house. All started up in confusion. Some supposed the Sclavonians were plundering the citizens; some that the lower orders had risen on the nobility; others, that the French had entered Ve-

[1] [Daru, t. vi. p. 32.]

nice, and were proceeding to sack and pillage it. The terrified and timid counsellors did not wait to enquire what was the real cause of the disturbance, but hurried forward, like sheep, in the path which had been indicated to them. They hastened to despoil their ancient government of all authority, to sign in a manner its sentence of civil death—added every thing which could render the sacrifice more agreeable to Buonaparte—and separated in confusion, but under the impression, that they had taken the best measure in their power for quelling the tumult, by meeting the wishes of the predominant party. But this was by no means the case. On the contrary, they had the misfortune to find that the insurrection, of which the firing was the signal, was directed not against the aristocrats, but against those who proposed the surrender of the national independence. Armed bands shouted, "Long live Saint Mark, and perish foreign domination!" Others indeed there were, who displayed in opposition three-coloured banners, with the war-cry of "Liberty for ever!" The disbanded and mutinous soldiers mixed among these hostile groups, and threatened the town with fire and pillage.[1]

Amid this horrible confusion, and while the parties were firing on each other, a provisional government was hastily named. Boats were despatched to bring three thousand French soldiers into the city. These took possession of the place of Saint Mark,[2] while some of the inhabitants shouted; but the greater part, who were probably not the

[1] [Daru, t. vi. p. 36.] [2] [*Ibid.* t. vi. p. 40.]

less sensible of the execrable tyranny of the old aristocracy, saw it fall in mournful silence, because there fell, along with the ancient institutions of their country, however little some of these were to be regretted, the honour and independence of the state itself.

The terms which the French granted, or rather imposed, appeared sufficiently moderate, so far as they were made public. They announced, that the foreign troops would remain so long, and no longer, than might be necessary to protect the peace of Venice[1]—they undertook to guarantee the public debt, and the payment of the pensions allowed to the impoverished gentry. They required, indeed, the continuance of the prosecution against the commander of that fort of Luco who had fired on the French vessel; but all other offenders were pardoned, and Buonaparte afterwards suffered even this affair to pass into oblivion; which excited doubt whether the transaction had ever been so serious as had been alleged.

Five secret and less palatable articles attended these avowed conditions. One provided for the various exchanges of territory which had been already settled at the Venetian expense betwixt Austria and France. The second and third stipulated the payment of three millions of francs in

[1] ["The French troops entered Venice on the 16th of May. The partisans of liberty immediately met in a popular assembly. The aristocracy was destroyed for ever; the democratic constitution of twelve hundred was proclaimed. Dandolo was placed at the head of all the city. The Lion of St Mark and the Corinthian horses were carried to Paris."—Montholon, t. iv. p. 142.]

specie, and as many in naval stores. Another prescribed the cession of three ships of war, and of two frigates, armed and equipped. A fifth ratified the exaction, in the usual style of French cupidity, of twenty pictures and five hundred manuscripts.[1]

It will be seen hereafter what advantages the Venetians purchased by all these unconscionable conditions. At the moment, they understood that the stipulations were to imply a guarantee of the independent existence of their country as a democratical state. In the meanwhile, the necessity for raising the supplies to gratify the rapacity of the French, obliged the provisional government to have recourse to forced loans; and in this manner they inhospitably plundered the Duke of Modena (who had fled to Venice for refuge when Buonaparte first entered Lombardy) of his remaining treasure, amounting to one hundred and ninety thousand sequins.

[1] ["General Bernadotte carried the colours taken from the Venetian troops to Paris. These frequent presentations of colours were, at this period, very useful to the government; for the disaffected were silenced and overawed by this display of the spirit of the armies."—MONTHOLON, t. iv. p. 145.]

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon's Amatory Correspondence with Josephine.—His Court at Montebello. — Negotiations and Pleasure mingled there.— Genoa.—Revolutionary spirit of the Genoese. — They rise in insurrection, but are quelled by the Government, and the French plundered and imprisoned.— Buonaparte interferes, and appoints the Outlines of a new Government. — Sardinia. — Naples. — The Cispadane, Transpadane, and Emilian Republics, united under the name of the Cisalpine Republic. — The Valteline — The Grisons. — The Valteline united to Lombardy. — Great improvement of Italy, and the Italian Character, from these changes.—Difficulties in the way of Pacification betwixt France and Austria.— The Directory and Napoleon take different Views. — Treaty of Campo Formio — Buonaparte takes leave of the Army of Italy, to act as French Plenipotentiary at Rastadt.

When peace returns, it brings back the domestic affections, and affords the means of indulging them. Buonaparte was yet a bridegroom, though he had now been two years married, and upwards. A part of his correspondence with his bride has been preserved, and gives a curious picture of a temperament as fiery in love as in war. The language of the conqueror, who was disposing of states at his pleasure, and defeating the most celebrated commanders of the time, is as enthusiastic as that of an Arcadian. We cannot suppress the truth,

that (in passages which we certainly shall not quote) it carries a tone of indelicacy, which, notwithstanding the intimacy of the married state, an English husband would not use, nor an English wife consider as the becoming expression of connubial affection. There seems no doubt, however, that the attachment which these letters indicate was perfectly sincere, and on one occasion at least, it was chivalrously expressed;—"Wurmser shall buy dearly the tears which he makes you shed."[1]

It appears from this correspondence that Josephine had rejoined her husband, under the guardianship of Junot, when he returned from Paris, after having executed his mission of delivering to the Directory, and representatives of the French people, the banners and colours taken from Beaulieu. In December 1796, Josephine was at Genoa, where she was received with studied magnificence, by those in that ancient state who adhered to the French interest, and where, to the scandal of the rigid Catholics, the company continued assembled, at a ball given by M. de Serva, till a late hour on Friday morning, despite the presence of a senator having in his pocket, but not venturing to enforce, a decree of the senate for the better observation of the fast day upon the occasion. These, however, were probably only occasional visits; but after the signature of the treaty of Leoben, and during the various negotiations which took place before it was finally adjusted, as ratified at Campo Formio,

[1] [For some curious extracts from this Correspondence, see *Appendix* to this volume. No. I.]

Josephine lived in domestic society with her husband, at the beautiful seat, or rather palace, of Montebello.

This villa, celebrated from the important negotiations of which it was the scene, is situated a few leagues from Milan, on a gently sloping hill, which commands an extensive prospect over the fertile plains of Lombardy. The ladies of the highest rank, as well as those celebrated for beauty and accomplishments,—all, in short, who could add charms to society,—were daily paying their homage to Josephine, who received them with a felicity of address which seemed as if she had been born for exercising the high courtesies that devolved upon the wife of so distinguished a person as Napoleon.

Negotiations proceeded amid gaiety and pleasure. The various ministers and envoys of Austria, of the Pope, of the Kings of Naples and Sardinia, of the Duke of Parma, of the Swiss Cantons, of several of the Princes of Germany,—the throng of generals, of persons in authority, of deputies of towns,—with the daily arrival and despatch of numerous couriers, the bustle of important business, mingled with fêtes and entertainments, with balls and with hunting parties,—gave the picture of a splendid court, and the assemblage was called accordingly, by the Italians, the Court of Montebello. It was such in point of importance; for the deliberations agitated there were to regulate the political relations of Germany, and decide the fate of the King of Sardinia, of Switzerland, of Venice, of Genoa: all destined to hear from the voice of

Napoleon, the terms on which their national existence was to be prolonged or terminated.

Montebello was not less the abode of pleasure. The sovereigns of this diplomatic and military court made excursions to the lago Maggiore, to lago di Como, to the Borromean islands, and occupied at pleasure the villas which surround those delicious regions. Every town, every village, desired to distinguish itself by some peculiar mark of homage and respect to him, whom they then named the Liberator of Italy.[1] These expressions are in a great measure those of Napoleon himself, who seems to have looked back on this period of his life with warmer recollections of pleasurable enjoyment than he had experienced on any other occasion.

It was probably the happiest time of his life. Honour, beyond that of a crowned head, was his own, and had the full relish of novelty to a mind which two or three years before was pining in obscurity. Power was his, and he had not experienced its cares and risks; high hopes were formed of him by all around, and he had not yet disappointed them. He was in the flower of youth, and married to the woman of his heart. Above all, he had the glow of Hope, which was marshalling him even to more exalted dominion; and he had not yet become aware that possession brings satiety, and that all earthly desires and wishes terminate, when fully attained, in vanity and vexation of spirit.

The various objects which occupied Buonaparte's

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 147.]

mind during this busy yet pleasing interval, were the affairs of Genoa, of Sardinia, of Naples, of the Cisalpine republic, of the Grisons, and lastly, and by far the most important of them, the definitive treaty with Austria, which involved the annihilation of Venice as an independent state.

Genoa, the proud rival of Venice, had never attained the same permanent importance with that sister republic; but her nobility, who still administered her government according to the model assigned them by Andrew Doria, preserved more national spirit, and a more warlike disposition. The neighbourhood of France, and the prevalence of her opinions, had stirred up among the citizens of the middling class a party, taking the name of Morandists, from a club so termed,[1] whose object it was to break down the oligarchy, and revolutionize the government. The nobles were naturally opposed to this, and a large body of the populace, much employed by them, and strict Catholics, were ready to second them in their defence.

The establishment of two Italian democracies upon the Po, made the Genoese revolutionists conceive the time was arrived when their own state ought to pass through a similar ordeal of regeneration. They mustered their strength, and petitioned the doge for the abolition of the government as it existed, and the adoption of a democratic

[1] [The club held their meetings at the house of an apothecary, named *Morando*. Botta describes him as "un uomo precipitoso, e di estremi pensieri, e che credeva, che ogni cosa fosse licita per arrivare a quella libertà, ch'ei si figurava in mente."—*Storia*, t. ii. p. 364.]

model. The doge condescended so far to their demand, as to name a committee of nine persons, five of them of plebeian birth, to consider and report on the means of infusing a more popular spirit into the constitution.[1]

The three chief Inquisitors of State, or Censors, as the actual rulers of the oligarchy were entitled, opposed the spirit of religious enthusiasm to that of democratic zeal. They employed the pulpit and the confessional as the means of warning good Catholics against the change demanded by the Morandists—they exposed the Holy Sacrament, and made processions and public prayers, as if threatened with a descent of the Algerines.

Meanwhile, the Morandists took up arms, displayed the French colours, and conceiving their enterprise was on the point of success, seized the gate of the arsenal and that of the harbour. But their triumph was short. Ten thousand armed labourers started as from out of the earth, under the command of their syndics, or municipal officers, with cries of "Viva Maria!" and declared for the aristocracy. The insurgents, totally defeated, were compelled to shut themselves up in their houses, where they were assailed by the stronger party, and finally routed. The French residing in Genoa were maltreated by the prevailing party, their houses pillaged, and they themselves dragged to prison. May 22.

The last circumstance gave Buonaparte an osten-

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 152]

sible right to interfere, which he would probably have done even had no such violence been committed. He sent his aide-de-camp La Valette to Genoa, with the threat of instantly moving against the city a division of his army, unless the prisoners were set at liberty, the aristocratic party disarmed, and such alterations, or rather such a complete change of government adopted, as should be agreeable to the French commander-in chief. Against this there was no appeal. The inquisitors were laid under arrest, for having defended, with the assistance of their fellow-citizens, the existing institutions of the state; and the doge, with two other magistrates of the first rank, went to learn at Montebello, the headquarters of Napoleon, what was to be the future fate of the City, proudly called *of Palaces*.[1] They received the outlines of such a democracy as Napoleon conceived suitable for them; and he appears to have been unusually favourable to the state, which, according to the French affectation of doing every thing upon a classical model, now underwent revolutionary baptism, and was called the Ligurian Republic. It was stipulated, that the French who had suffered should be indemnified; but no contributions were exacted for the use of the French army, nor did

[1] ["On the 6th of June, the deputies from the Senate signed a convention at Montebello, which put an end to Doria's constitution, and established the democratical government of Genoa. The people burned the Golden Book, and broke the statue of Doria to pieces. This outrage on the memory of that great man displeased Napoleon, who required the provisional government to restore it."—MONTHOLON, t. iv. p. 157.]

the collections and cabinets of Genoa pay any tribute to the Parisian Museum.[1]

Shortly after, the democratic party having gone so far as to exclude the nobles from the government, and from all offices of trust, called down by doing so a severe admonition from Buonaparte. He *discharged* them to offend Nov. 11. the prejudices, or insult the feelings of the more scrupulous Catholics, declaring farther, that to exclude those of noble birth from public functions, is a revolting piece of injustice, and, in fact, as criminal as the worst of the errors of the patricians.[2] Buonaparte says, he felt a partiality for Genoa; and the comparative liberality with which he treated the state on this occasion, furnishes a good proof that he did so.

The King of Sardinia had been prostrated at the feet of France by the armistice of Cherasco, which concluded Napoleon's first campaign; and that sagacious leader had been long desirous that the Directory should raise the royal supplicant (for he could be termed little else) into some semblance of regal dignity, so as to make his power available as an ally. Nay, General Clarke had, 5th April, 1797, subscribed, with the representative of his

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 155; Jomini, t. x. p. 169; Botta, t. ii. p. 371.]

[2] ["The Council of Five Hundred at Paris was at this time debating on a motion made by Siêyes, tending to expel all the nobles from France, on giving them the value of their property. This advice, given by Napoleon to the Republic of Genoa, appeared to be addressed, in fact, to the French Republic, which at all events profited by it; for this terrific plan was abandoned." —Montholon, t. iv. p. 164.]

Sardinian Majesty, a treaty offensive and defensive, by which Napoleon expected to add to the army under his command four thousand Sardinian or Piedmontese infantry, and five hundred cavalry; and he reckoned much on this contingent, in case of the war being renewed with Austria. But the Directory shifted and evaded his solicitations, and declined confirming this treaty, probably because they considered the army under his command as already sufficiently strong, being, as the soldiers were, so devoted to their leader. At length, however, the treaty was ratified, but too late to serve Buonaparte's object.

Naples, whose conduct had been vacillating and insincere, as events seemed to promise victory or threaten defeat to the French general, experienced, notwithstanding, when he was in the height of triumph, the benefit of his powerful intercession with the government, and retained the full advantage secured to her by the treaty of Paris of 10th October, 1796.

A most important subject of consideration remained after the pacification of Italy, respecting the mode in which the new republics were to be governed, and the extent of territory which should be assigned to them. On this subject, there had been long discussions; and as there was much animosity and ancient grudge betwixt some of the Italian cities and provinces, it was no very easy matter to convince them, that their true interest lay in as many of them being united under one energetic and active government as should render them a power of some importance, instead of being

divided as heretofore into petty states, which could not offer effectual resistance even to invasion on the part of a power of the second class, much more if attacked by France or Austria.

The formation of a compact and independent state in the north of Italy, was what Napoleon had much at heart. But the Cispadane and Transpadane republics were alike averse to a union, and that of Romagna had declined on its part a junction with the Cispadane commonwealth, and set up for a puny and feeble independence, under the title of the Emilian Republic. Buonaparte was enabled to overcome these grudgings and heart-burnings, by pointing out to them the General Republic, which it was now his system to create, as being destined to form the kernel of a state which should be enlarged from time to time as opportunities offered, until it should include all Italy under one single government. This flattering prospect, in assigning to Italy, though at some distant date, the probability of forming one great country, united in itself, and independent of the rest of Europe, instead of being, as now, parcelled out into petty states, naturally overcame all the local dislikes and predilections which might have prevented the union of the Cispadane, Transpadane, and Emilian republics into one, and that important measure was resolved upon accordingly.

The Cisalpine republic was the name fixed upon to designate the united commonwealth. The French would more willingly have named it, with respect to Paris, the Transalpine republic; but that would have been innovating upon the ancient title which

Rome has to be the central point, with reference to which all other parts of Italy assume their local description. It would have destroyed all classical propriety, and have confused historical recollections, if, what had hitherto been called the Ultramontane side of the Alps, had, to gratify Parisian vanity, been termed the Hither side of the same chain of mountains.

The constitution assigned to the Cisalpine republic, was the same which the French had last of all adopted, in what they called the year five, having a Directory of executive administrators, and two Councils. They were installed upon the 30th of June, 1797. Four members of the Directory were named by Buonaparte, and the addition of a fifth was promised with all convenient speed. On the 14th of July following, a review was made of thirty thousand national guards. The fortresses of Lombardy, and the other districts, were delivered up to the local authorities, and the French army, retiring from the territories of the new republic, took up cantonments in the Venetian states. Proclamation had already been made, that the states belonging to the Cisalpine republic having been acquired by France by the right of conquest, she had used her privilege to form them into their present free and independent government, which, already recognised by the Emperor and the Directory, could not fail to be acknowledged within a short time by all the other powers of Europe.[1]

[1] [Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 121; Montholon, t. iv. p. 179; Jomini, t. x. p. 364.]

Buonaparte soon after showed that he was serious in his design of enlarging the Cisalpine republic, as opportunity could be made to serve. There are three valleys, termed the Valteline districts, which run down from the Swiss mountains towards the lake of Como. The natives of the Valteline are about one hundred and sixty thousand souls. They speak Italian, and are chiefly of the Catholic persuasion. These valleys were at this period the subjects of the Swiss Cantons, called the Grisons, not being a part of their league, or enjoying any of their privileges, but standing towards the Swiss community, generally and individually, in the rank of vassals to sovereigns. This situation of thraldom and dependence was hard to endure, and dishonourable in itself; and we cannot be surprised that, when the nations around them were called upon to enjoy liberty and independence, the inhabitants of the Valteline should have driven their Swiss garrisons out of their valleys, adopted the symbol of Italian freedom, and carried their complaints against the oppression of their German and Protestant masters to the feet of Buonaparte.

The inhabitants of the Valteline unquestionably had a right to assert their natural liberty, which is incapable of suffering prescription; but it is not equally clear how the French could, according to the law of nations, claim any title to interfere between them and the Grisons, with whom, as well as with the whole Swiss Union, they were in profound peace. This scruple seems to have struck Buonaparte's own mind.[1] He pretended,

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 187.]

however, to assume that the Milanese government had a right to interfere, and his mediation was so far recognised, that the Grisons pleaded before him in answer to their contumacious vassals. Buonaparte gave his opinion, by advising the canton of the Grisons, which consists of three leagues, to admit their Valteline subjects to a share of their franchises, in the character of a fourth association. The moderation of the proposal may be admitted to excuse the irregularity of the interference.

The representatives of the Grey League, were, notwithstanding, profoundly hurt at a proposal which went to make their vassals their brother freemen, and to establish the equality of the Italian serf, who drank of the Adda, with the free-born Switzer, who quaffed the waters of the Rhine. As they turned a deaf ear to his proposal, deserted his tribunal, and endeavoured to find support at Bern, Paris, Vienna, and elsewhere, Napoleon resolved to proceed against them in default of appearance; and declaring, that as the Grisons had failed to appear before him, or to comply with his injunctions, by admitting the people of the Valteline to be parties to their league, he therefore adjudged the state, or district, of the Valteline, in time coming, to belong to, and be part of, the Cisalpine republic. The Grisons in vain humbled themselves when it was too late, and protested their readiness to plead before a mediator too powerful to be declined under any ground known in law; and the Valteline territory was adjudged [October 10] inalienably annexed to and united

with Lombardy; of which, doubtless, it forms, from manners and contiguity, a natural portion.[1]

The existence of a state having free institutions, however imperfect, seemed to work an almost instant amelioration on the character of the people of the north of Italy. The effeminacy and trifling habits which resigned all the period of youth to intrigue and amusement, began to give place to firmer and more manly virtues—to the desire of honourable minds to distinguish themselves in arts and arms.[2] Buonaparte had himself said, that twenty years would be necessary to work a radical change on the national character of the Italians; but even already those seeds were sown, among a people hitherto frivolous because excluded from public business, and timorous because they were not permitted the use of arms, which afterwards made the Italians of the north equal the French themselves in braving the terrors of war, besides producing several civil characters of eminence.

Amid those subordinate discussions, as they might be termed, in comparison to the negotiations

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 185; Botta, t. ii. p. 461.]

[2] ["Instead of passing their time at the feet of women, the young Italians now frequented the riding and fencing schools, and fields of exercise. In the comedies and street farces, there had always been an Italian, represented as a very cowardly though witty fellow, and a kind of bullying captain,—sometimes a Frenchman, but more frequently a German—a very powerful, brave, and brutal character, who never failed to conclude with caning the Italian to the great satisfaction of the applauding spectators. But such allusions were now no longer endured by the populace; authors now brought brave Italians on the stage, putting foreigners to flight, and defending their honour and their rights."—Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iv. p. 185.]

betwixt Austria and France, these two high contracting parties found great difficulty in agreeing as to the pacific superstructure which they should build upon the foundation which had been laid by the preliminaries exchanged at Leoben. Nay, it seemed as if some of the principal stipulations, which had been there agreed upon as the corner-stones of their treaty, were even already beginning to be unsettled.

It will be remembered, that, in exchange for the cession of Flanders, and of all the countries on the left side of the Rhine, including the strong city of Mayence, which she was to yield up to France in perpetuity, Austria stipulated an indemnification on some other frontier. The original project bore, that the Lombardic republic, since termed the Cisalpine, should have all the territories extending from Piedmont to the river Oglio. Those to the eastward of that river were to be ceded to Austria as an equivalent for the cession of Belgium, and the left bank of the Rhine. The Oglio, rising in the Alps, descends through the fertile districts of Brescia and Cremasco, and falls into the Po near Borgo-forte, enclosing Mantua on its left bank, which strong fortress, the citadel of Italy, was, by this allocation, to be restored to Austria. There were farther compensations assigned to the Emperor, by the preliminaries of Leoben. Venice was to be deprived of her territories on the mainland, which were to be confiscated to augment the indemnity destined for the empire; and this, although Venice, as far as Buonaparte yet knew, had been faithful to the neutrality she had adopted. To

redeem this piece of injustice, another was to be perpetrated. The state of Venice was to receive the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna, in lieu of the dominions which she was to cede to Austria; and these legations, it must not be forgotten, were the principal materials of the Cispadane republic, founded by Buonaparte himself. These, however, with their population, which he had led to hope for a free popular government, he was now about to turn over to the dominion of Venice, the most jealous oligarchy in the world, which was not likely to forgive those who had been forward in expressing a desire of freedom. This was the first concoction of the treaty of Leoben, from which it appears that the negotiators of the two great powers regarded the secondary and weaker states, whether ancient or of modern erection, merely as make-weights, to be thrown into either scale, as might be necessary to adjust the balance.

It is true, the infant Cispadane republic escaped the fate to which its patron and founder was about to resign it; for after this arrangement had been provisionally adjusted, news came of the insurrection of Venice, the attack upon the French through her whole territory, and the massacre at Verona. This aggression placed the ancient republic, so far as France was concerned, in the light of a hostile power, and entitled Buonaparte to deal with her as a conquered one, perhaps to divide, or altogether to annihilate her. But, on the other hand, he had received their submission, ratified the establishment of their new popular constitution, and possessed

himself of the city, under pretence of assigning it a free government, according to the general hope which he had held out to Italy at large. The right of conquest was limited by the terms on which surrender had been accepted. Austria, on the other hand, was the more deeply bound to have protected the ancient republic, for it was in her cause that Venice so rashly assumed arms; but such is the gratitude of nations, such the faith of politicians, that she appears, from the beginning, to have had no scruple in profiting by the spoils of an ally, who had received a death-wound in her cause.

By the time the negotiators met for finally discussing the preliminaries, the Directory of France, either to thwart Buonaparte, whose superiority became too visible, or because they actually entertained the fears they expressed, were determined that Mantua, which had been taken with such difficulty, should remain the bulwark of the Cisalpine republic, instead of returning to be once more that of the Austrian territories in Italy. The Imperial plenipotentiaries insisted, on the other hand, that Mantua was absolutely necessary to the safety of their Italian possessions, and became more so from the peculiar character of their new neighbour, the Cisalpine republic, whose example was likely to be so perilous to the adjacent dependencies of an ancient monarchy. To get over this difficulty, the French general proposed that the remaining dominions of Venice should be also divided betwixt Austria and France, the latter obtaining possession of the Albanian territories

and the Ionian islands belonging to the republic, of which the high contracting powers signed the death-warrant; while Istria, Dalmatia, Venice herself, and all her other dominions, should be appropriated to Austria. The latter power, through her minister, consented to this arrangement with as little scruple, as to the former appropriation of her forlorn ally's possessions on the Terra Firma.

But as fast as obstacles were removed on one side, they appeared to start up on another, and a sort of pause ensued in the deliberations, which neither party seemed to wish to push to a close. In fact, both Napoleon, plenipotentiary for France, and Count Cobentzel,[1] a man of great diplomatic skill and address, who took the principal management on the part of Austria, were sufficiently aware that the French government, long disunited, was in the act of approaching to a crisis. This accordingly took place, under circumstances to be hereafter noticed, on the eighteenth of Fructidor, creating, by a new revolutionary movement, a total change of administration. When this revolution was accomplished, the Directory, who accomplished it, feeling themselves more strong, appeared to lay aside the idea of peace, and showed a strong disposition to push their advantages to the utmost.

[1] ["Count Cobentzel was a native of Brussels; a very agreeable man in company, and distinguished by studied politeness; but positive and intractable in business. There was a want of propriety and precision in his mode of expressing himself, of which he was sensible; and he endeavoured to compensate for this by talking loud and using imperious gestures."—NAPOLEON, *Montholon*, t. iv. p. 239.]

Buonaparte was opposed to this. He knew that if war was resumed, the difficulties of the campaign would be thrown on him, and the blame also, if the results were not happy. He was determined, therefore, in virtue of his full powers, to bring the matter to a conclusion, whether the Directory would or not. For this purpose he confronted Cobentzel, who still saw his game in gaining delay, with the sternness of a military envoy. On the 16th October, the conferences were renewed upon the former grounds, and Cobentzel went over the whole subject of the indemnifications—insisting that Mantua, and the line of the Adige, should be granted to the Emperor; threatening to bring down the Russians in case the war should be renewed; and insinuating that Buonaparte sacrificed the desire of peace to his military fame, and desired a renewal of the war. Napoleon, with stern but restrained indignation, took from a bracket an ornamental piece of china, on which Cobentzel set some value, as being a present from the Empress Catherine. "The truce," he said, "is then ended, and war declared. But beware—before the end of autumn, I will break your empire into as many fragments as this potsherd."[1] He dashed the piece of china against the hearth, and withdrew abruptly. Again we are reminded of the Argantes of Tasso.[2]

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 251.]

[2] Spiegò quel crudo il seno, e'l manto scosse,
Ed a guerra mortal, disse, vi sfido:
E'l disse in atto si feroce ed empio
Che parve aprir di Giano il chiuso tempio.
La Gerusalemme Liberata, Canto II.
[His lap he opened and spread forth his cloke.
To mortal wars, he saies, I you defie,

The Austrian plenipotentiaries no longer hesitated to submit to all Napoleon's demands, rather than again see him commence his tremendous career of irresistible invasion. The treaty of Campo-Formio therefore was signed on the following day; not the less promptly, perhaps, that the affairs at Paris appeared so doubtful as to invite an ambitious and aspiring man like Napoleon to approach the scene where honours and power were distributed, and where jarring factions seemed to await the influence of a character so distinguished and so determined.

The fate of Venice, more from her ancient history than either the value of her institutions, which were execrable, or the importance of her late existence, still dwells somewhat on the memory. The ancient republic fell "as a fool dieth." The aristocrats cursed the selfishness of Austria, by whom they were swallowed up, though they had perilled themselves in her cause. The republicans hastened to escape from Austrian domination, grinding their teeth with rage, and cursing no less the egotistic policy of the French, who, making a convenient pretext of their interest, had pretended to assign them a free constitution, and then resigned them to become the vassals of a despotic government.

The French secretary of legation, who had played a remarkably active part during the Revolution, hazarded a remonstrance to Buonaparte on the surrender of Venice to Austria, instead of its being formed into a free democracy, or united with the

> And this he utter'd with fell rage and hate,
> And seem'd of Janus' church t' undoe the gate.
>
> FAIRFAX.]

Cisalpine republic.[1] Buonaparte laughed to scorn a man, whose views were still fixed on diffusing and propagating the principles of Jacobinism. "I have received your letter," was the stern and contemptuous reply, "and cannot comprehend it. The Republic of France is not bound by any treaty, to sacrifice its interests and advantages to the Committee of Public Safety in Venice, or to any other class of individuals. France does not make war in behalf and for the benefit of others.[2] I know it costs nothing for a few chattering declaimers, whom I might better describe as madmen, to talk of a universal republic—I wish they would try a winter campaign. The Venetian republic exists no longer. Effeminate, corrupted, treacherous, and hypocritical, the Venetians are unfit for liberty. If she has the spirit to appreciate, or courage to assert it, the time is not unfavourable—let her stand up for it."[3] Thus, with insult added to misery, and great contempt thrown by Napoleon on the friends of liberty all over the world, the fate of Venice was closed. The most remarkable incident of the final transfer to the Austrians was, that the aged Doge Marini dropt down senseless as he was about to take the oath of allegiance to the Imperial commissioner, and died shortly after.

[1] [See this remonstrance in Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 393.]

[2] The language of injustice is alike in similar instances. When Edward I., in the course of over-running Scotland, was reminded of the claims of the candidate for the throne, in whose cause he had pretended to take arms, he answered in the very words of Buonaparte,—"Have we nothing else to do but to conquer kingdoms for other people?"

[3] [Daru, t. vi. p. 60: Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 394.]

Napoleon Buonaparte had now finished for the present his career of destiny in Italy, which country first saw his rising talents, and was always a subject of peculiar interest to him. He took an affecting leave of the soldiers,[1] who could scarce hope ever to see him replaced by a general of merits so transcendent, and made a moderate and judicious address to the Cisalpine republic. Finally, he departed, to return through Switzerland to Rastadt, where a congress was sitting for the settlement and pacification of the German empire, and where he was to act as a plenipotentiary on the part of France.[2] Nov. 12.

On the journey he was observed to be moody and deeply contemplative. The separation from a hundred thousand men whom he might call his own, and the uncertainty of the future destinies to which he might be summoned, are enough to account for this, without supposing, as some have done, that he already had distinctly formed any of those projects of ambition which Time opened to him. Doubtless, however, his ardent ambition showed him remote and undefined visions of greatness. He could not but be sensible that he return-

[1] ["Soldiers! I set out to-morrow for Rastadt. Separated from the army, I shall sigh for the moment of my rejoining it, and braving fresh dangers. Whatever post government may assign to the soldiers of the army of Italy, they will always be the worthy supporters of liberty, and of the glory of the French name. Soldiers! when you talk of the princes you have conquered, of the nations you have set free, and the battles you have fought in two campaigns, say, 'in the next two campaigns we shall do still more!'"]

[2] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 258.]

ed to the capital of France in a situation which scarce admitted of any mediocrity. He must either be raised to a yet more distinguished height, or altogether broken down, levelled with the mass of subjects, and consigned to comparative obscurity. There was no middle station for the Conqueror and Liberator of Italy.

CHAPTER XI.

Retrospect.—The Directory—they become unpopular.—Causes of their unpopularity—Also at enmity among themselves.—State of public feeling in France—In point of numbers, favourable to the Bourbons; but the Army and monied Interest against them.—Pichegru, head of the Royalists, appointed President of the Council of Five Hundred.—Barbé Marbois, another Royalist, President of the Council of Ancients.—Directory throw themselves upon the succour of Hoche and Buonaparte.—Buonaparte's personal Politics discussed.—Pichegru's Correspondence with the Bourbons—known to Buonaparte—He despatches Augereau to Paris.—Directory arrest their principal Opponents in the Councils on the 18th Fructidor, and banish them to Guiana.—Narrow and impolitic Conduct of the Directory to Buonaparte.—Projected Invasion of England.

WHILE the conqueror of Italy was pursuing his victories beyond the Alps, the French Directory, in whose name he achieved them, had become, to the conviction of all men, as unlikely to produce the benefits of a settled government, as any of their predecessors vested with the supreme rule.

It is with politics as with mechanics, ingenuity is not always combined with utility. Some one observed to the late celebrated Mr Watt, that it was wonderful for what a number of useless inventions, illustrated by the most ingenious and appa-

rently satisfactory models, patents were yearly issued: he replied, that he had often looked at them with interest, and had found several, the idea of which had occurred to himself in the course of his early studies. "But," said he, with his natural masculine sagacity, "it is one thing to make an ingenious model, and another to contrive an engine which shall work its task. Most of these pretty toys, when they are applied to practical purposes, are found deficient in some point of strength, or correctness of mechanism, which destroys all chance of their ever becoming long or generally useful." Some such imperfection seems to have attended the works of these speculative politicians who framed the various ephemeral constitutions of France. However well they looked upon paper, and however reasonable they sounded to the ear, no one ever thought of them as laws which required veneration and obedience. Did a constitutional rule preclude a favourite measure, to break it down, or leap over it, was the French statesman's unhesitating practice. A rule was always devised applicable to circumstances; and before that, the theory of the constitution was uniformly made to give way.

The constitution of the year Three was not more permanent than those by which it had been preceded. For some time, the Directory, which contained men of considerable talent, conducted themselves with great prudence. The difficulty and danger of their situation served to prevent their separating, as the weight put above an arch keeps the stones in their places. Their exertions in the attempt to redeem

the finances, support the war, and re-establish the tranquillity of the country, were attended at first with success. The national factions also sunk before them for a season. They had defeated the aristocratic citizens of Paris on the 13th Vendemaire; and when the original revolutionists, or democrats, attempted a conspiracy, under the conduct of Gracchus Babœuf,[1] their endeavours to seduce the troops totally failed, and their lives paid the forfeit of their rash attempt to bring back the Reign of Terror. Thus, the Directory, or executive power, under the constitution of the year Three, were for a season triumphant over the internal factions, and, belonging to neither, were in a situation to command both.

But they had few who were really, and on principle, attached to their government, and most endured it only as something better than a new revolutionary movement, and otherwise in no respect eligible. To have rendered their authority permanent, the Directory must have had great unanimity in their own body, and also brilliant success abroad, and they enjoyed neither one nor

[1] [An Italian, by name Buonarotti, and of the same family with the great Michael Angelo, has recently published a full account of the conspiracy of Babœuf,—to this writer the curious reader is referred. "Les fruits sont à tous, la terre à personne," was his favourite text and that of his fellow-levellers, and the burden of their songs, which were to take place of Ca Ira, and La Carmagnole, was "Le Soleil luit pour tout le monde." On being arrested, Babœuf wrote to the Directory—"Whatever may be my fate, my name will be placed with those of Barnevet and Sidney; whether conducted to death or to banishment, I am certain of arriving at immortality!" He was condemned to the guillotine, in May 1797, but stabbed himself in his prison.]

the other. The very concoction of their body included the principles of disunion. They were a sort of five kings, retiring from office by rotation, inhabiting each his separate class of apartments in the Luxembourg palace, having each his different establishments, classes of clients, circles of courtiers, flatterers, and instruments. The republican simplicity, of late so essential to a patriot, was laid aside entirely. New costumes of the most splendid kind were devised for the different office-bearers of the state. This change took its rise from the weakness and vanity of Barras, who loved show, and used to go a-hunting with all the formal attendance of a prince. But it was an indulgence of luxury, which gave scandal to both the great parties in the state;—the Republicans, who held it altogether in contempt;—and the Royalists, who considered it as an usurpation of the royal dress and appendages.[1]

The finances became continually more and more a subject of uneasiness. In the days of terror money was easily raised, because it was demanded under pain of death, and assignats were raised to *par* by guillotining those who bought or sold them at less than their full value; but the powerful argument of violence and compulsion being removed, the paper money fell to a ruinous discount, till its depression threatened, unless remedied, altogether to stop the course of public business.[2]

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 195.]

[2] [A decree of the Directory, of the 25th January, 1797, fixed the current value of assignats at twenty sous for a hundred francs.—Montgaillard, t. v p. 4.]

It perhaps arose from the difficulty of raising supplies, that the Directory assumed towards other countries a greedy, grasping, and rapacious character, which threw disgrace at once upon the individuals who indulged it, and the state whom they represented. They loaded with exactions the trade of the Batavian republic, whose freedom they had pretended to recognise, and treated with most haughty superiority the ambassadors of independent states. Some of these high officers, and Barras in particular, were supposed accessible to gross corruption, and believed to hold communication with those agents and stock-brokers, who raised money by jobbing in the public funds—a more deservedly unpopular accusation than which can hardly be brought against a minister. It was, indeed, a great error in the constitution, that, though one hundred thousand livres were yearly allowed to each director while in office, yet he had no subsequent provision after he had retired from his fractional share of sovereignty. This penury, on the part of the public, opened a way to temptation, though of a kind to which mean minds only are obnoxious; and such men as Barras[1] were tempted to make provision for futurity, by availing themselves of present opportunity.

Their five majesties (sires) of the Luxembourg,

[1] ["When Barras went out of the Directory, he had still a large fortune, and he did not attempt to conceal it. It was not, indeed, large enough to have contributed to the derangement of the finances, but the manner in which it had been acquired, by favouring the contractors, impaired the morality of the nation." —Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iv. p. 135.]

as people called them in ridicule, had also their own individual partialities and favourite objects, which led them in turn to tease the French people with unnecessary legislation. La Reveillere-Lepaux was that inconsistent yet not uncommon character, an intolerant philosopher and an enthusiastic deist. He established a priesthood, and hymns and ceremonies for deism; and, taking up the hopeful project of substituting a deistical worship for the Christian faith, just where Robespierre had laid it down, he harassed the nation with laws to oblige them to observe the *decades* of their new calendar as holydays, and to work at their ordinary trades on the Christian Sabbath.[1] At La Reveillere's theory freethinkers laughed, and religious men shuddered; but all were equally annoyed by the legislative measures adopted on a subject so ridiculous as this new ritual of heathenism.[2] Another cause of vexation was the philosophical arrangement of weights and measures upon a new principle, which had in the mean time the inconvenience of introducing doubt and uncertainty into all the arrangements of internal commerce, and deranging entirely such as France continued to hold with

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 200.]

[2] ["La Reveillere-Lepaux was short, and his exterior was as unprepossessing as can well be imagined; in his person he was a true Esop. He wrote tolerably well, but his intelligence was confined, and he had neither habits of business, nor knowledge of mankind. The Jardin des Plantes and the Theophilanthropy, a new sect of which he had the folly to become the founder, occupied all his time. He was an honest man—poor when he became a member of the Directory, and poor when he left it."—NAPOLEON, *Las Cases*, t. ii. p. 136.]

countries who were only acquainted with the ordinary standard.[1]

It might have been thought that the distinguished success of the French arms under the auspices of the Directory would have dazzled the eyes of the French, attached as they have always been to military glory, and blinded them to other less agreeable measures of their government. But the public were well aware, that the most brilliant share of these laurels had been reaped by Buonaparte on his own account; that he had received but slender reinforcements from France—the magnitude of his achievements considered; and that in regard to the instructions of government, much of his success was owing to his departure from them, and following his own course. It was also whispered, that he was an object of suspicion to the directors, and on his part undervalued their talents, and despised their persons. On the Rhine, again, though nothing could have been more distinguished than the behaviour of the Republican armies, yet their successes had been checkered with many reverses, and, contrasted with the Italian campaigns, lost their impression on the imagination.

While they were thus becoming unpopular in the public opinion, the Directory had the great misfortune to be at enmity among themselves. From the

[1] [" The new system of weights and measures will be a source of embarrassment and difficulties for several generations; and it is probable that the first learned commission employed to verify the measure of the meridian, will find it necessary to make some corrections. Thus are nations tormented about trifles!"—Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iv. p. 203.]

time that Letourneur[1] retired from office in terms of the constitution, and Barthelemy was elected in his stead, there was a majority and an opposition in the Directory, the former consisting of Barras, Rewbel,[2] and La Reveillere—the latter, of Carnot and Barthelemy Of the two last, Carnot (who had been, it may be remembered, a member of the Committee of Public Safety under Robespierre) was a determined Republican, and Barthelemy a Royalist;—so strangely do revolutionary changes, like the eddies and currents of a swoln river, bring together and sweep down side by side in the same direction, objects the most different and opposed Barthelemy of course dissented from the majority of the Directors, because secretly and warmly he desired the restoration of the Bourbons—an event which must have been fraught with danger to his colleagues, all of whom had voted for the death of Louis XVI. Carnot also differed from the majority, certainly with no such wish or view; but, his temper being as overbearing as his genius was

[1] ["Letourneur de la Manche was born in Normandy. It is difficult to explain how he came to be appointed to the Directory; it can only be from one of those unaccountable caprices of which large assemblies so often give an example. He was a man of narrow capacity, little learning, and of a weak mind. He was, however, a man of strict probity, and left the Directory without any fortune."—NAPOLEON, *Las Cases*, t. ii. p. 142.]

[2] ["Rewbel, born in Alsace, was one of the best lawyers in the town of Colmar. He possessed that kind of intelligence which denotes a man skilled in the practice of the law,—his influence was always felt in deliberations—he was easily inspired with prejudices, and had little faith in the existence of virtue. It is problematical whether he did or did not amass a fortune, during the time he was in the Directory."—NAPOLEON, *Las Cases*, t. ii. p. 138.]

extensive, he was impatient of opposition, especially in such cases where he knew he was acting wisely. He advised strongly, for example, the ratification of the articles of Leoben, instead of placing all which France had acquired, and all which she might lose, on the last fatal cast with an enemy, strong in his very despair, and who might raise large armies, while that of Buonaparte could neither be reinforced nor supported in case of a reverse. Barras's anger on the occasion was so great, that he told Carnot at the council-board, it was to him they owed that infamous treaty of Leoben.

While the Directory were thus disunited among themselves, the nation showed their dissatisfaction openly, and particularly in the two bodies of representatives. The majority indeed of the Council of Elders adhered to the Directory, many of that body belonging to the old republican partisans. But in the more popularly composed Council of Five Hundred, the opposition to the government possessed a great majority, all of whom were decidedly against the Directory, and most of them impressed with the wish of restoring, upon terms previously to be adjusted, the ancient race of legitimate monarchs. This body of persons so thinking, was much increased by the number of emigrants, who obtained, on various grounds, permission to return to their native country after the fall of Robespierre. The forms of civil life began now to be universally renewed; and, as had been the case in France at all times, excepting during the bloody Reign of Terror, women of rank, beauty, talent, and accomplishments, began again to resume their

places in society, and their saloons or boudoirs were often the scene of deep political discourse, of a sort which in Britain is generally confined to the cabinet, library, or dining-parlour. The wishes of many, or most of these coteries, were in favour of royalty; the same feelings were entertained by the many thousands who saw no possible chance of settling the nation on any other model; and there is little doubt, that had France been permitted at that moment an uninfluenced choice, the Bourbon family would have been recalled to the throne by the great majority of the French people.

But, for reasons mentioned elsewhere, the military were the decided opponents of the Bourbons, and the purchasers of national domains, through every successive sale which might have taken place, were deeply interested against their restoration. Numbers might be on the side of the Royalists; but physical force, and the influence of wealth and of the monied interest, were decidedly against them.

Pichegru might now be regarded as chief of the Royal party. He was an able and successful general, to whom France owed the conquest of Holland. Like La Fayette and Dumouriez, he had been disgusted with the conduct of the Revolution; and like the last of the two generals named, had opened a communication with the Bourbons. He was accused of having suffered his army to be betrayed in a defeat by Clairfait; and the government, in 1796, removed him from the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, offering him in exchange the situation of ambassador to Sweden. He declin-

ed this species of honourable exile, and, retiring to Franche Compté, continued his correspondence with the Imperial generals.[1] The Royalists expected much from the countenance of a military man of a name so imposing; but we have seen more than once in the course of these memoirs, that a general without an army is like a hilt without the blade which it should wield and direct.

An opportunity, however, offered Pichegru the means of serving his party in a civil capacity, and that a most important one. The elections of May 1797, made to replace that proportion of the councils which retired by rotation, terminated generally in favour of the Royalists, and served plainly to show on which side the balance of popular feeling now leaned. Pichegru, who had been returned as one of the deputies, was chosen by acclamation President of the Council of Five Hundred, and Barbé Marbois, another Royalist, was elected to the same office by the Council of Ancients, while, as we have already said, Barthelemy, likewise friendly to monarchy, was introduced into the Directory.

These elections were evil signs for the Directory, who did not fail soon to be attacked on every side, and upbraided with the continuance of the war and the financial distresses. Various journals were at the disposal of the party opposed to the majority of the directors, and hostilities were commenced between the parties, both in the assemblies, where the Royalists had the advantage, and in the public

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 210.]

papers, where they were also favourably listened to. The French are of an impatient temper, and could not be long brought to carry on their warfare within the limits assigned by the constitution. Each party, without much regard to the state of the law, looked about for the means of physical force with which they might arm themselves. The Directory, (that is, the majority of that body), sensible of their unpopularity, and the predominance of the opposite party, which seemed for a time to have succeeded to the boldness and audacity of the revolutionary class, had, in their agony of extremity, recourse to the army, and threw themselves upon the succour of Hoche and of Buonaparte.

We have elsewhere said, that Buonaparte at this period was esteemed a steady Republican. Pichegru believed him to be such when he dissuaded the Royalists from any attempt to gain over the General of Italy; and as he had known him at school at Brienne, declared him of too stubborn a character to afford the least hope of success. Augereau was of the same opinion, and mistook his man so much, that when Madame de Staël asked whether Buonaparte was not inclined to make himself King of Lombardy, he replied, with great simplicity, "that he was a young man of too elevated a character."[1] Perhaps Buonaparte himself felt the same for a moment, when, in a despatch to the Directory, he

[1] ["This singular answer was in exact conformity with the ideas of the moment. The sincere Republicans would have regarded it as a degradation for a man, however distinguished he might be, to wish to turn the revolution to his personal advantage."—MAD. DE STAËL, t. ii. p. 175.]

requests their leave to withdraw from the active service of the Republic, as one who had acquired more glory than was consistent with happiness. "Calumny," he said, "may torment herself in vain with ascribing to me treacherous designs. My civil, like my military career, shall be conforming to republican principles."[1]

The public papers also, those we mean on the side of the Directory, fell into a sort of rapture on the classical republican feelings by which Buonaparte was actuated, which they said rendered the hope of his return a pleasure pure and unmixed, and precluded the possibility of treachery or engrossing ideas on his side. "The factious of every class," they said, "cannot have an enemy more steady, or the government a friend more faithful, than he who, invested with the military power of which he has made so glorious a use, sighs only to resign a situation so brilliant, prefers happiness to glory, and now that the Republic is graced with triumph and peace, desires for himself only a simple and retired life."[2]

But though such were the ideas then entertained of Buonaparte's truly republican character, framed, doubtless, on the model of Cincinnatus in his classical simplicity, we may be permitted to look a little closer into the ultimate views of him, who was admitted by his enemies and friends, avouched by himself, and sanctioned by the journals, as a pure and disinterested republican; and we think the following changes may be traced.

[1] Moniteur, No. 224, May 3, 1797.
[2] [Le Rédacteur, May 1, 1797.]

Whether Buonaparte was ever at heart a real Jacobin even for the moment, may be greatly doubted, whatever mask his situation obliged him to wear. He himself always repelled the charge as an aspersion. His engagement in the affair of the Sections probably determined his opinions as Republican, or rather Thermidorien, at the time, as became him by whom the Republican army had been led and commanded on that day. Besides, at the head of an army zealously republican, even his power over their minds required to be strengthened, for some time at least, by an apparent correspondence in political sentiments betwixt the troops and the general. But in the practical doctrines of government which he recommended to the Italian Republics, his ideas were studiously moderate, and he expressed the strongest fear of, and aversion to, revolutionary doctrines. He recommended the granting equal rights and equal privileges to the nobles, as well as to the indignant vassals and plebeians who had risen against them. In a word, he advocated a free set of institutions, without the intermediate purgatory of a revolution. He was therefore, at this period, far from being a Jacobin.

But though Buonaparte's wishes were thus wisely moderated by practical views, he was not the less likely to be sensible that he was the object of fear, of hatred, and of course of satire and misrepresentation, to that side of the opposed parties in France which favoured royalty. Unhappily for himself, he was peculiarly accessible to every wound of this nature, and, anxiously jealous of his fame, suffered

as much under the puny attacks of the journalists,[1] as a noble steer or a gallant horse does amid his rich pasture, under the persecutions of insects, which, in comparison to himself, are not only impotent, but nearly invisible. In several letters to the Directory, he exhibits feelings of this nature which would have been more gracefully concealed, and evinces an irritability against the opposition prints, which we think likely to have increased the zeal with which he came forward on the Republican side at this important crisis.[2]

Another circumstance, which, without determining Buonaparte's conduct, may have operated in increasing his good-will to the cause which he embraced, was his having obtained the clew of Pichegru's correspondence with the house of Bourbon.[3] To have concealed this, would have been but a second rate merit with the exiled family, whose first thanks must have been due to the partisan whom he protected. This was no part for Buonaparte to play; not that we have a right to say he would have accepted the chief character had it been offered to him, but his ambition could never have stooped to any inferior place in the drama. In all probability, his ideas fluctuated betwixt the ex-

[1] ["All the journals were full of harangues against the General of the Army of Italy: They depreciated his successes, vilified his character, calumniated his administration, threw out suspicions respecting his fidelity to the Republic, and accused him of ambitious designs.'—Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iv. p. 212.]

[2] [See especially his Letter to the Directory 17th July.—*Correspondence Inédite*, t. iv. p. 14.]

[3] [Montholon, t. iv. pp. 148, 211.]

ample of Cromwell and of Washington—to be the actual liberator, or the absolute governor of his country.

His particular information respecting Pichegru's negotiations, was derived from an incident at the capture of Venice.

When the degenerate Venetians, more under the impulse of vague terror than from any distinct plan, adopted in haste and tumult the measure of totally surrendering their constitution and rights, to be new modelled by the French general after his pleasure, they were guilty of a gross and aggravated breach of hospitality, in seizing the person and papers of the Comte d'Entraigues,[1] agent or envoy of the exiled Bourbons, who was then residing under their protection. The envoy himself, as Buonaparte alleges, was not peculiarly faithful to his trust; but, besides his information, his portfolio contained many proofs of Pichegru's correspondence with the allied generals, and with the Bourbons, which placed his secret absolutely in the power of the General of Italy, and might help to confirm the line of conduct which he had already meditated to adopt.

[1] This gentleman was one of the second emigration, who left France during Robespierre's ascendency. He was employed as a political agent by the Court of Russia, after the affair of Venice, which proves that he was not at least convicted of treachery to the Bourbon princes. In July 1812, he was assassinated at his villa at Hackney, near London, by an Italian domestic, who, having murdered both the Count and Countess, shot himself through the head, leaving no clew to discover the motive of his villany. It was remarked that the villain used Count d'Entraigues' own pistols and dagger, which, apprehensive of danger as a political intriguer, he had always ready prepared in his apartment.

Possessed of these documents, and sure that, in addressing a French army of the day, he would swim with the tide if he espoused the side of Republicanism, Buonaparte harangued his troops on the anniversary of the taking the Bastile, in a manner calculated to awake their ancient democratic enthusiasm:—"Soldiers, this is the 14th July! You see before you the names of our companions in arms, dead in the field of honour for the liberty of their country. They have set you an example; you owe your lives to thirty millions of Frenchmen, and to the national name, which has received new splendour from your victories. Soldiers! I am aware you are deeply affected by the dangers which threaten the country. But she can be subjected to none which are real. The same men who made France triumph over united Europe, still live.—Mountains separate us from France, but you would traverse them with the speed of eagles, were it necessary to maintain the constitution, defend liberty, protect the Government and the Republicans. Soldiers, the Government watches over the laws as a sacred deposit committed to them. The Royalists shall only show themselves to perish. Dismiss all inquietude, and let us swear by the manes of those heroes who have died by our sides for liberty—let us swear, too, on our standards—War to the enemies of the Republic, and of the Constitution of the year Three!"[1]

It is needless to remark, that, under the British constitution, or any other existing on fixed prin-

[1] [Moniteur, No. 305, July 23.]

ciples, the haranguing an armed body of soldiers, with the purpose of inducing them to interfere by force in any constitutional question, would be in one point of view mutiny, in another high treason.

The hint so distinctly given by the general, was immediately adopted by the troops. Deep called to deep, and each division of the army, whatever its denomination, poured forth its menaces of military force and compulsion against the opposition party in the councils, who held opinions different from those of their military chief, but which they had, at least hitherto, only expressed and supported by those means of resistance which the constitution placed in their power. In other words, the soldiers' idea of a republic was, that the sword was to decide the constitutional debates, which give so much trouble to ministers in a mixed or settled government. The Pretorian bands, the Strelitzes, the Janissaries, have all in their turn entertained this primitive and simple idea of reforming abuses in a state, and changing, by the application of military force, an unpopular dynasty, or an obnoxious ministry.

It was not by distant menaces alone that Buonaparte served the Directory at this important crisis. He despatched Augereau to Paris, ostensibly for the purpose of presenting the standards taken at Mantua, but in reality to command the armed force which the majority of the Directory had determined to employ against their dissentient colleagues, and the opponents of their measures in the national councils. Augereau was a blunt, bold, stupid soldier, a devoted Jacobin, whose principles

were sufficiently well known to warrant his standing upon no constitutional delicacies.[1] But in case the Directory failed, Buonaparte kept himself in readiness to march instantly to Lyons at the head of fifteen thousand men. There rallying the Republicans, and all who were attached to the Revolution, he would, according to his own well-chosen expression, like Cæsar, have crossed the Rubicon at the head of the popular party—and ended, doubtless, like Cæsar, by himself usurping the supreme command, which he pretended to assert in behalf of the people.[2]

But Buonaparte's presence was not so essentially necessary to the support of the Directory as he might have expected, or as he perhaps hoped. They had military aid nearer at hand. Disregarding a fundamental law of the Constitution, which declared that armed troops should not be brought within a certain distance of the Legislative Bodies, they moved towards Paris a part of General Hoche's army. The majority of the Councils becoming alarmed, prepared means of defence by summoning the national guards to arms. But Augereau allowed them no time. He marched to their place of meeting, at the head of a considerable armed force.[3] The guards stationed

Sep. 4.

[1] ["The Directory requested General Buonaparte to send one of his generals of brigade to Paris, to await their orders. He chose General Augereau, a man very decided in action, and not very capable of reasoning—two qualities which rendered him an excellent instrument of despotism, provided the despotism assumed the name of revolution."—MAD. DE STAËL, t. ii. p. 180.]

[2] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 216.]

[3] ["I spent the night of the 17th in beholding the prepara-

for their protection, surprised or faithless, offered no resistance; and, proceeding as men possessed of the superior strength, the Directory treated their political opponents as state prisoners, arrested Barthelemy—Carnot having fled to Geneva—and made prisoners, in the hall of the Assembly and elsewhere, Willot, President of the Council of Ancients, Pichegru, President of that of the Five Hundred,[1] and above one hundred and fifty deputies, journalists, and other public characters. As an excuse for these arbitrary and illegal proceedings, the Directory made public the intercepted correspondence of Pichegru; although few of the others involved in the same accusation were in the secret of the Royalist conspiracy. Indeed, though all who desired an absolute repose from the revo-

tions for the awful scene which was to take place in a few hours. None but soldiers appeared in the streets. The cannon, brought to surround the palace where the Legislative Body assembled, were rolling along the pavements; but, except their noise, all was silence. No hostile assemblage was seen any where; nor was it known against whom all this apparatus was directed. Liberty was the only power vanquished in that fatal struggle. It might have been said, that she was seen to fly, like a wandering spirit, at the approach of the day which was to shine upon her destruction."—Mad. de Staël, t. ii. p. 182.]

[1] ["Astonishment was excited by the little respect which the soldiers showed for a general who had so often led them to victory; but he had been successfully represented as a counter-revolutionist—a name which, when the public opinion is free, exercises in France a kind of magical power. Besides, Pichegru had no means of producing an effect on the imagination: He was a man of good manners, but without striking expression, either in his features or his words. It has often been said, that he was guided in war by the counsels of another. This is, at least, credible; for his look and conversation were so dull, that they suggested no idea of his being fit for becoming the leader of any enterprise."—Mad. de Staël, t. ii. p. 184.]

lutionary altercations which tore the country to pieces, began to look that way, he must have been a violent partisan of royalty indeed, that could have approved of the conduct of a general, who, like Pichegru, commanding an army, had made it his business to sacrifice his troops to the sword of the enemy, by disappointing and deranging those plans which it was his duty to have carried into effect.

Few would at first believe Pichegru's breach of faith; but it was suddenly confirmed by a proclamation of Moreau, who, in the course of the war, had intercepted a baggage waggon belonging to the Austrian general Klinglin, and became possessed of the whole secret correspondence, which, nevertheless, he had never mentioned, until it came out by the seizure of the Comte d'Entraigues' portfolio. Then, indeed, fearing perhaps the consequences of having been so long silent, Moreau published what he knew. Regnier had observed the same suspicious silence; which seems to infer, that if these generals did not precisely favour the royal cause, they were not disposed to be active in detecting the conspiracies formed in its behalf.

The Directory made a tyrannical use of the power which they obtained by their victory of the 18th Fructidor, as this epoch was called. They spilt, indeed, no blood, but otherwise their measures against the defeated party were of the most illegal and oppressive character. A law, passed in the heat of animosity, condemned two directors, fifty deputies, and a hundred and forty-eight individuals of different classes (most of whom were persons of some character and influence), to be tran-

sported to the scorching and unhealthy deserts of Guiana, which, to many, was a sentence of lingering but certain death. They were barbarously treated, both on the passage to that dreadful place, and after they arrived there. It was a singular part of their fate, that they found several of the fiercest of their ancient enemies, the Jacobins, still cursing God and defying man, in the same land of wretchedness and exile.

Besides these severities, various elections were arbitrarily dissolved, and other strong measures of public safety, as they were called, adopted to render the power of the Directory more indisputable. During this whole revolution, the lower portion of the population, which used to be so much agitated upon like occasions, remained perfectly quiet; the struggle lay exclusively between the middle classes, who inclined to a government on the basis of royalty, and the Directory, who, without having any very tangible class of political principles, had become possessed of the supreme power, desired to retain it, and made their point good by the assistance of the military.

Buonaparte was much disappointed at the result of the 18th Fructidor, chiefly because, if less decisive, it would have added more to his consequence, and have given him an opportunity of crossing, as he termed it, the Rubicon. As it was, the majority of the directors,—three men of no particular talent, undistinguished alike by birth, by services to their country, or even by accidental popularity, and cast as it were by chance, upon supreme power,—remained by the issue of the struggle still the masters

of the bold and ambitious conqueror, who probably already felt his own vocation to be for command rather than obedience.

Napoleon appears by his Memoirs to have regretted the violence with which the victorious directors prosecuted their personal revenge, which involved many for whom he had respect. He declares his own idea of punishment would have gone no farther than imprisoning some of the most dangerous conspirators, and placing others under the watchful superintendence of the police. He must have taken some painful interest in the fate of Carnot in particular, whom he seems to have regarded as one of his most effective patrons.[1] Indeed, it is said that he was so much displeased with the Directory even prior to the 18th Fructidor, that he refused to remit a sum of money with which he had promised to aid them for the purpose of forwarding that event.[2] Barras's secretary was sent to task him with this contumacy; which he did so unceremoniously, that the general, unused to contradiction, was about to order this agent to be shot; but, on consideration, put him off with some insignificant reply.

It followed, from the doubtful terms on which Buonaparte stood with the Directory, that they must have viewed his return to Paris with some

[1] In Carnot's Memoirs, the merit of discovering Buonaparte's talents and taking care of his promotion, is attributed to Carnot, rather than to Barras. However this may be, it is certain that Napoleon acknowledged great obligation to Carnot, and protested to him perpetual gratitude —See *Moniteur*, No. 140, Feb. 1, 1797.

[2] [Las Cases, t. ii. p. 155.]

apprehension, when they considered the impression likely to be made on any capital, but especially on that of Paris, by the appearance there of one who seemed to be the chosen favourite of Fortune, and to deserve her favours by the use which he made of them. The mediocrity of such men as Barras never gives them so much embarrassment, as when, being raised to an elevation above their desert, they find themselves placed in comparison with one to whom nature has given the talents which their situation requires in themselves. The higher their condition, their demeanour is the more awkward; for the factious advantages which they possess cannot raise them to the natural dignity of character, unless in the sense in which a dwarf, by the assistance of crutches, may be said to be as tall as a giant. The Directory had already found Buonaparte, on several occasions, a spirit of the sort which would not be commanded. Undoubtedly they would have been well pleased had it been possible to have found him employment at a distance; but as that seemed difficult, they were obliged to look round for the means of employing him at home, or abide the tremendous risk of his finding occupation for himself.

It is surprising that it did not occur to the Directory to make at least the attempt of conciliating Buonaparte, by providing for his future fortune largely and liberally, at the expense of the public. He deserved that attention to his private affairs, for he had himself entirely neglected them. While he drew from the dominions which he conquered or overawed in Italy, immense sums in behalf of

the French nation, which he applied in part to the support of the army, and in part remitted to the Directory, he kept no accounts, nor were any demanded of him; but according to his own account, he transmitted sixty millions of francs to Paris, and had not remaining of his own funds, when he returned from Italy, more than three hundred thousand.[1]

It is no doubt true, that, to raise these sums, Buonaparte had pillaged the old states, thus selling to the newly-formed commonwealths their liberty and equality at a very handsome rate, and probably leaving them in very little danger of corruption from that wealth which is said to be the bane of republican virtue. But on the other hand, it must be acknowledged, that if the French general plundered the Italians as Cortez did the Mexicans, he did not reserve any considerable share of the spoil for his own use, though the opportunity was often in his power.

The commissary Salicetti, his countryman, recommended a less scrupulous line of conduct. Soon after the first successes in Italy, he acquainted Napoleon that the Chevalier d'Este, the Duke of Modena's brother and envoy, had four millions of francs, in gold, contained in four chests, prepared for his acceptance. "The Directory and the Legislative Bodies will never," he said, "acknowledge your services—your circumstances require the money, and the duke will gain a protector."

"I thank you," said Buonaparte; "but I will

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 267.]

not for four millions place myself in the power of the Duke of Modena."

The Venetians, in the last agony of their terrors, offered the French general a present of seven millions, which was refused in the same manner. Austria also had made her proffers; and they were nothing less than a principality in the empire, to be established in Napoleon's favour, consisting of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants at least, a provision which would have put him out of danger of suffering by the proverbial ingratitude of a republic. The general transmitted his thanks to the Emperor for this proof of the interest which he took in his fortune, but added, he could accept of no wealth or preferment which did not proceed from the French people, and that he should be always satisfied with the amount of revenue which they might be disposed to afford him.[1]

But however free from the wish to obtain wealth by any indirect means, Napoleon appears to have expected, that in return for public services of such an unusual magnitude, some provision ought to have been made for him. An attempt was made to procure a public grant of the domain of Chambord, and a large hotel in Paris, as an acknowledgment of the national gratitude for his brilliant successes; but the Directory thwarted the proposal.

The proposition respecting Chambord was not the only one of the kind. Malibran, a member of the Council of Five Hundred, made a motion

[1] [Montholon, t iv p. 103.]

that Buonaparte should be endowed with a revenue at the public charge, of fifty thousand livres annually, with a reversion to his wife of one half of that sum.[1] It may be supposed that this motion had not been sufficiently considered and preconcerted, since it was very indifferently received, and was evaded by the swaggering declaration of a member,[2] that such glorious deeds could not be rewarded by gold. So that the Assembly adopted the reasonable principle, that because the debt of gratitude was too great to be paid in money, therefore he to whom it was due was to be suffered to remain in comparative indigence—an economical mode of calculation, and not unlike that high-sounding doctrine of the civil law, which states, that a free man being seized on, and forcibly sold for a slave, shall obtain no damages on that account, because the liberty of a citizen is too transcendently valuable to be put to estimation. Nov. 5.

Whatever might be the motives of the Directory; whether they hoped that poverty might depress Buonaparte's ambition, render him more dependent on the government, and oblige him to remain in a private condition for want of means to put himself at the head of a party; or whether they acted with the indistinct and confused motives of little minds,

[1] [Moniteur, Nov. 8; Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 423.]

[2] ["Un grenadier Français avait fait une action très brillante; son général lui offre trois louis. Plus noble, plus généreux, le grenadier refuse, et lui dit: '*Mon général, on ne fait pas ces choses-là pour de l'argent.*' Irez-vous offrir de l'or à un homme courbé sous le poids des lauriers? Non non, l'ame de Buonaparte est trop grande," &c.—Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 423.]

who wish to injure those whom they fear, their conduct was alike ungracious and impolitic. They ought to have calculated, that a generous mind would have been attached by benefits, and that a selfish one might have been deterred from more doubtful and ambitious projects, by a prospect of sure and direct advantage; but that marked ill-will and distrust must in every case render him dangerous, who has the power to be so.

Their plan, instead of resting on an attempt to conciliate the ambitious conqueror, and soothe him to the repose of a tranquil indulgence of independence and ease, seems to have been that of devising for him new labours, like the wife of Eurystheus for the juvenile Hercules. If he succeeded, they may have privately counted upon securing the advantages for themselves; if he failed, they were rid of a troublesome rival in the race of power and popularity. It was with these views that they proposed to Napoleon to crown his military glories, by assuming the command of the preparations made for the conquest of England.

CHAPTER XII.

View of the respective Situations of Great Britain and France, at the Period of Napoleon's return from Italy.—Negotiations at Lisle—Broken off.—Army of England decreed, and Buonaparte named to the Command—He takes up his Residence in Paris.—Public Honours.—The real Views of the Directory discovered to be the Expedition to Egypt.—Armies of Italy and the Rhine, compared and contrasted.—Napoleon's Objects and Motives in heading the Egyptian Expedition—those of the Directory regarding it—Its actual Impolicy.—Curious Statement by Miot.—The Armament sails from Toulon, on 19th May 1798.—Napoleon arrives before Malta on 10th June—Proceeds on his course, and escaping the British Squadron, lands at Alexandria on the 1st July.—Description of the various Classes who inhabit Egypt:—1. The Fellahs and Bedouins—2. The Cophts 3. The Mamelukes.—Napoleon issues a Proclamation against the Mamelukes.—Marches against them on the 7th July.—Discontent of the French Troops.—Battle of the Pyramids on 21st of July.—Cairo surrenders.

It might have been thought, such was the success of the French arms on the land, and of the British upon the sea, that the war must now be near its natural and unavoidable termination, like a fire when there no longer remain any combustibles to be devoured. Wherever water could bear them, the British vessels of war had swept

the seas of the enemy. The greater part of the foreign colonies belonging to France and her allies, among whom she now numbered Holland and Spain, were in the possession of the English, nor had France a chance of recovering them. On the contrary, not a musket was seen pointed against France on the continent; so that it seemed as if the great rival nations, fighting with different weapons, and on different elements, must at length give up a contest, in which it was almost impossible to come to a decisive struggle.

An attempt accordingly was made, by the negotiation of Lisle, to bring to a period the war, which appeared now to subsist entirely without an object. Lord Malmesbury, on that occasion, gave in, on the part of Britain, an offer to surrender all the conquests she had made from France and her allies; on condition of the cession of Trinidad, on the part of Spain, and of the Cape of Good Hope, Cochin, and Ceylon, on the part of Holland, with some stipulations in favour of the Prince of Orange and his adherents in the Netherlands. The French commissioners, in reply, declared, that their instructions required that the English should make a complete cession of their conquests, without any equivalent whatever; and they insisted, as indispensable preliminaries, that the King of Great Britain should lay aside his titular designation of King of France—that the Toulon fleet should be restored—and that the English should renounce their right to certain mortgages over the Netherlands, for money lent to the Emperor. Lord Malmesbury, of course, rejected a sweeping set of

propositions, which decided every question against England even before the negotiation commenced, and solicited the French to offer some modified form of treaty.[1] The 18th Fructidor, however, had in the interim taken place, and the Republican party, being in possession of complete authority, broke off the negotiation, if it could be called such, abruptly, and ordered the English ambassador out of the dominions of the republic with very little ceremony. It was now proclaimed generally, that the existence of the English Carthage in the neighbourhood of the French Rome was altogether inadmissible; that England must be subdued once more, as in the times of William the Conqueror; and the hopes of a complete and final victory over their natural rival and enemy, as the two nations are but overapt to esteem each other, presented so flattering a prospect, that there was scarce a party in France, not even amongst the Royalists, which did not enter on what was expected to prove the decisive contest, with the revival of all those feelings of bitter animosity that had distinguished past ages.

Towards the end of October 1797, the Directory announced, that there should be instantly assembled on the shores of the ocean an army, to be called the Army of England, and that the Citizen-General Buonaparte was named to the command. The intelligence was received in every part of France with all the triumph which attends the anticipation of certain victory. The address of the Directory

[1] [Annual Register, v. xl. p. 6.]

numbered all the conquests which France had won, and the efforts she had made, and prepared the French nation to expect the fruit of so many victories and sacrifices when they had punished England for her perfidy and maritime tyranny. "It is at London where the misfortunes of all Europe are forged and manufactured—It is in London that they must be terminated." In a solemn meeting held by the Directory, for the purpose of receiving the treaty of peace with Austria, which was presented to them by Berthier and Monge on the part of Buonaparte, the latter, who had been one of the commissioners for pillaging Italy of her pictures and statues, and who looked, doubtless, to a new harvest of rarities in England, accepted, on the part of the army and general, the task imposed by the French rulers. "The Government of England and the French Republic cannot both continue to exist—you have given the word which shall fall—already our victorious troops brandish their arms, and Scipio is at their head."

While this farce, for such it proved, was acting in Paris, the chief of the intended enterprise arri-

Dec. 5. ved there, and took up his abode in the same modest house which he had occupied before becoming the conqueror of palaces. The community of Paris, with much elegance, paid their successful general the compliment of changing the name of the street from Rue Chantereine to Rue de la Victoire.

In a metropolis where all is welcome that can vary the tedium of human life, the arrival of any remarkable person is a species of holyday; but

such an eminent character as Buonaparte—the conqueror—the sage—the politician—the undaunted braver of every difficulty—the invincible victor in every battle—who had carried the banners of the Republic from Genoa till their approach scared the Pontiff in Rome, and the emperor in Vienna, was no everyday wonder. His youth, too, added to the marvel, and still more the claim of general superiority over the society in which he mingled, though consisting of the most distinguished persons in France; a superiority cloaking itself with a species of reserve, which inferred, "You may look upon me, but you cannot penetrate or see through me."[1] Napoleon's general manner in society, during this part of his life, has been described by an observer of first-rate power; according to whom, he was one for whom the admiration which could not be refused to him, was always mingled with a portion of fear. He was different in his manner from other men, and neither pleased nor angry, kind nor severe, after the common fashion of humanity. He appeared to live for the execution of his own plans, and to consider others only in so far as they were connected with, and could advance or oppose them. He estimated his fellow-mortals no otherwise than as they could be useful to his views; and, with a precision of intelligence which seemed intuitive from its rapidity, he penetrated the sentiments of those whom it was worth his while to study. Buonaparte did not then possess the ordinary tone of light conversation in society;

[1] [Thibaudeau t. iii. p. 413; Montholon, t. iv. p. 266.]

probably his mind was too much burdened or too proud to stoop to adopt that mode of pleasing, and there was a stiffness and reserve of manner which was perhaps adopted for the purpose of keeping people at a distance. His look had the same character. When he thought himself closely observed, he had the power of discharging from his countenance all expression, save that of a vague and indefinite smile, and presenting to the curious investigator the fixed eyes and rigid features of a bust of marble.[1]

When he talked with the purpose of pleasing, Buonaparte often told anecdotes of his life in a very pleasing manner; when silent, he had something disdainful in the expression of his face; when disposed to be quite at ease, he was, in Madame de Staël's opinion, rather vulgar. His natural tone of feeling seemed to be a sense of internal superiority, and of secret contempt for the world in which he lived, the men with whom he acted, and even the very objects which he pursued. His character and manners were upon the whole strongly calculated to attract the attention of the French nation, and to excite a perpetual interest even from the very mystery which attached to him, as well as from the splendour of his triumphs. The supreme power was residing in the Luxembourg ostensibly; but Paris was aware, that the means which had raised, and which must support and extend that power, were to be found in the humble mansion of the newly-christened Rue de la Victoire.

[1] [Mad. de Staël, Consid. sur la Rév. Franç. t. ii. p. 199.]

Some of these features are perhaps harshly designed, as being drawn *recentibus odiis*. The disagreement between Buonaparte and Madame de Staël, from whom we have chiefly described them, is well known. It originated about this time, when, as a first-rate woman of talent, she was naturally desirous to attract the notice of the Victor of Victors. They appear to have misunderstood each other; for the lady, who ought certainly to know best, has informed us, "that far from feeling her fear of Buonaparte removed by repeated meetings, it seemed to increase, and his best exertions to please could not overcome her invincible aversion for what she found in his character."[1] His ironical contempt of excellence of every kind, operated like the sword in romance, which froze while it wounded. Buonaparte seems never to have suspected the secret and mysterious terror with which he impressed the ingenious author of Corinne; on the contrary, Las Cases tells us, that she combined all her efforts, and all her means, to make an impression on the general.[2] She wrote to him when distant, and, as the Count ungallantly expresses it, tormented him when present. In truth, to use an established French phrase, they stood in a false position with respect to each other. Madame de Staël might be pardoned for thinking that it would be difficult to resist her wit and her talent, when exerted with the purpose of pleasing; but Buonaparte was disposed to repel, rather than encourage the advances of one whose views were

[1] [Considerations, t. ii. p. 197.]
[2] [Las Cases, t. iii. p. 191.]

so shrewd, and her observations so keen, while her sex permitted her to push her enquiries farther than one man might have dared to do in conversing with another. She certainly did desire to look into him "with considerate eyes," and on one occasion put his abilities to the proof, by asking him rather abruptly, in the middle of a brilliant party at Talleyrand's, "whom he esteemed the greatest woman in the world, alive or dead?"—"Her, madam, that has borne the most children," answered Buonaparte, with much appearance of simplicity. Disconcerted by the reply, she observed, that he was reported not to be a great admirer of the fair sex. "I am very fond of my wife, madam," he replied, with one of those brief and yet piquant observations which adjourned a debate as promptly as one of his characteristic manœuvres would have ended a battle.[1] From this period there was enmity between Buonaparte and Madame de Staël; and at different times he treated her with a harshness which had some appearance of actual personal dislike, though perhaps rather directed against the female politician than the woman of literature. After his fall, Madame de Staël relented in her resentment to him; and we remember her, during the campaign of 1814, presaging in society how the walls of Troyes were to see a second invasion and defeat of the Huns, as had taken place in the days of Attila, while the French Emperor was to enact the second Theodorick.

In the mean time, while popular feeling and the

[1] [Las Cases, t. iii. p. 192; Montholon, t. iv. p. 274; Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 429.]

approbation of distinguished genius were thus seeking to pay court to the youthful conqueror,[1] the Directory found themselves obliged to render to him that semblance of homage which could not have been withheld without giving much offence to general opinion, and injuring those who omitted to pay it, much more than him who was entitled by the unanimous voice to receive it. On the 10th of December, the Directory received Buonaparte in public, with honours which the Republican government had not yet conferred on any subject, and which must have seemed incongruous to those who had any recollection of the liberty and equality, once so emphatically pronounced to be the talisman of French prosperity. The ceremony took place in the great court of the Luxembourg palace, where the Directory, surrounded by all that was officially important or distinguished by talent, received from Buonaparte's hand the confirmed treaty of Campo Formio.[2] The delivery of this document was

[1] ["The leaders of all parties called upon him; but he refused to listen to them. The streets and squares through which he was expected to pass were constantly crowded, but Napoleon never showed himself. He had no habitual visiters, except a few men of science, such as Monge, Berthollet, Borda, Laplace, Prony, and Lagrange; several generals, as Berthier, Desaix, Lefevbre, Caffarelli, and Kleber; and a very few deputies."—Montholon, t. iv. p. 269.]

[2] ["Buonaparte arrived, dressed very simply, followed by his aides-de-camp, all taller than himself, but nearly bent by the respect which they displayed to him. M. de Talleyrand, in presenting Buonaparte to the Directory, called him 'the Liberator of Italy, and the Pacificator of the Continent.' He assured them, that 'General Buonaparte detested luxury and splendour, the miserable ambition of vulgar souls, and that he loved the poems of Ossian particularly because they detach us from the earth.'"—Mad. de Staël, t. ii. p. 203; Montgaillard, t. v. p. 83.]

accompanied by a speech from Buonaparte, in which he told the Directory, that, in order to establish a constitution founded on reason, it was necessary that eighteen centuries of prejudices should be conquered—"The constitution of the year THREE, and you, have triumphed over all these obstacles."[1] The triumph lasted exactly until the year EIGHT, when the orator himself overthrew the constitution, destroyed the power of the rulers who had overcome the prejudices of eighteen centuries, and reigned in their stead.

The French, who had banished religion from their thoughts, and from their system of domestic policy, yet usually preserved some perverted ceremony connected with it, on public solemnities. They had disused the exercises of devotion, and expressly disowned the existence of an object of worship; yet they could not do without altars, and hymns, and rites, upon such occasions as the present. The general, conducted by Barras, the president of the Directory, approached an erection, termed the Altar of the Country, where they went through various appropriate ceremonies, and at length dismissed a numerous assembly, much edified with what they had seen. The two Councils, or Representative Bodies, also gave a splendid banquet in honour of Buonaparte. And what he appeared to receive with more particular satisfaction than these marks of distinction, the Institute admitted him a member of its body[2] in

Dec. 28.

[1] [Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 416.]

[2] [For the class of arts and sciences. Upon the occasion, Buonaparte addressed this note to Camus, the president of the

the room of his friend Carnot, (who was actually a fugitive, and believed at the time to be dead,) while the poet Chenier promulgated his praises, and foretold his future triumphs, and his approaching conquest of England.[1]

There is nothing less philosophical than to attach ridicule to the customs of other nations, merely because they differ from those of our own; yet it marks the difference between England and her continental neighbour, that the two Houses of Parliament never thought of giving a dinner to Marlborough, nor did the Royal Society choose his successor in the path of victory a member by acclamation; although the British nation in either case acquitted themselves of the debt of gratitude which they owed their illustrious generals, in the humbler and more vulgar mode of conferring on both large and princely domains.

Mean time, the threat of invasion was maintained with unabated earnestness. But it made no impression on the British, or rather it stimulated men of all ranks to bury temporary and party dissen-

class. "The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honours me. I feel sensibly, that before I can become their equal, I must long be their pupil. If there were a manner more expressive of conveying to them my sentiments of respect, that I would employ. The only true conquests, those which awaken no regret, are those we obtain over ignorance. The most honourable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. The real greatness of the French republic ought henceforth to consist in not permitting the existence of one new idea which has not been added to the national stock."]

[1] [Thibaudeau, t. iii. p. 432; Mad. de Staël, t. ii. p. 204; Montgaillard, t. v. p. 82.]

sions about politics, and bend themselves, with the whole energy of their national character, to confront and resist the preparations made against them. Their determination was animated by recollections of their own traditional gallantry, which had so often inflicted the deepest wounds upon France, and was not now likely to give up to any thing short of the most dire necessity. The benefits were then seen of a free constitution, which permits the venom of party spirit to evaporate in open debate. Those who had differed on the question of peace or war, were unanimous in that of national defence, and resistance to the common enemy; and those who appeared in the vulgar eye engaged in unappeasable contention, were the most eager to unite themselves together for these purposes, as men employed in fencing would throw down the foils and draw their united swords, if disturbed by the approach of robbers.

Buonaparte in the meanwhile made a complete survey of the coast of the British channel, pausing at each remarkable point, and making those remarks and calculations which induced him to adopt, at an after period, the renewal of the project for a descent upon England.[1] The result of his observations

[1] [Buonaparte left Paris on the 8th of February, and returned thither on the 22d. He was accompanied by General Lannes, his aide-de-camp Salkowski, and Bourrienne, his private secretary. "He visited," says the latter, "Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and Walcheren; making at these different ports the necessary surveys, with that patience, presence of mind, knowledge, expertness, and perspicuity, which he possessed in so eminent a degree. He examined till midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, fishermen,—making objections, and listening with attention to their replies."]

decided his opinion, that in the present case the undertaking ought to be abandoned. The immense preparations and violent threats of invasion were carried into no more serious effect than the landing of about twelve or fourteen hundred Frenchmen, under a General Tate, at Fishguard, in South Wales. They were without artillery, and behaved rather like men whom a shipwreck had cast on a hostile shore, than like an invading enemy, as they gave themselves up as prisoners without even a show of defence to Lord Cawdor, who had marched against them at the head of a body of the Welsh militia, hastily drawn together on the alarm. The measure was probably only to be considered as experimental, and as such must have been regarded as an entire failure.[1]

The demonstrations of invasion, however, were ostensibly continued, and every thing seemed arranged on either side for a desperate collision betwixt the two most powerful nations in Europe. But the proceedings of politicians resemble those of the Indian traders called Banians, who seem engaged in talking about ordinary and trifling affairs, while, with their hands concealed beneath a shawl that is spread between them, they are secretly debating and adjusting, by signs, bargains of the utmost importance. While all France and England had their eyes fixed on the fleets and armies destined against the latter country, the Directory and their general had no intention of using these preparations, except as a blind to

[1] [For some curious particulars respecting the Descent of the French in South Wales, see *Appendix*, No. II.]

cover their real object, which was the celebrated expedition to Egypt.

While yet in Italy, Buonaparte had suggested to the Directory (13th September, 1797) the advantage which might be derived from seizing upon Malta, which he represented as an easy prize. The knights, he said, were odious to the Maltese inhabitants, and were almost starving; to augment which state of distress, and increase that incapacity of defence, he had already confiscated their Italian property. He then proceeded to intimate, that being possessed of Corfu and Malta, it was natural to take possession of Egypt. Twenty-five thousand men, with eight or ten ships of the line, would be sufficient for the expedition, which he suggested might depart from the coasts of Italy.[1]

Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs, (in his answer of 23d September,) saw the utmost advantage in the design upon Egypt, which, as a colony, would attract the commerce of India to Europe, in preference to the circuitous route by the Cape of Good Hope. This correspondence proves, that even before Buonaparte left Italy he had conceived the idea of the Egyptian expedition, though probably only as one of the vast and vague schemes of ambition which success in so many perilous enterprises had tended to foster. There was something of wild grandeur in the idea, calculated to please an ambitious imagination. He was

[1] [Correspondence Inédite, t. iv. p. 176. So early as the 10th of August, Buonaparte had written to the Directory,—"Les temps ne sont pas éloignés où nous sentirons que, pour détruire véritablement Angleterre, il faut nous emparer de l'Egypte."—*Ibid.* t. iv. p. 77.—See also Jomini, t. x. p. 512]

to be placed far beyond the reach of any command superior to his own, and left at his own discretion to the extending conquests, and perhaps founding an empire, in a country long considered as the cradle of knowledge, and celebrated in sacred and profane history, as having been the scene of ancient events and distant revolutions, which, through the remoteness of ages, possess a gloomy and mysterious influence upon the fancy. The first specimens of early art also were to be found among the gigantic ruins of Egypt, and its time-defying monuments of antiquity. This had its effect upon Buonaparte, who affected so particularly the species of fame which attaches to the protector and extender of science, philosophy, and the fine arts. On this subject he had a ready and willing counsellor at hand. Monge, the artist and virtuoso, was Buonaparte's confidant on this occasion, and, there is no doubt, encouraged him to an undertaking which promised a rich harvest to the antiquarian, among the ruins of temples and palaces, hitherto imperfectly examined.

But, although the subject was mentioned betwixt the Directory and their ministers and Buonaparte, yet, before adopting the course which the project opened, the general was probably determined to see the issue of the revolution of the 18th Fructidor; doubting, not unreasonably, whether the conquerors in that struggle could so far avail themselves of the victory which they had obtained over the majority of the national representatives, as to consolidate and establish on a firm foundation their own authority. He knew the Directory them-

selves were popular with none. The numerous party, who were now inclined to a monarchical government, regarded them with horror. The army, though supporting them, rather than coalesce with the Royalists, despised and disliked them; the violent Republicans remembered their active share in Robespierre's downfall, and the condemnations which followed the detected conspiracy of Babœuf, and were in no respect better disposed to their domination. Thus, despised by the army, dreaded by the Royalists, and detested by the Republicans, the Directorial government appeared to remain standing, only because the factions to whom it was unacceptable were afraid of each other's attaining a superiority in the struggle, which must attend its downfall.[1]

This crisis of public affairs was a tempting opportunity for such a character as Buonaparte; whose almost incredible successes, unvaried by a single reverse which deserved that name, naturally fixed the eyes of the multitude, and indeed of the nation at large, upon him, as upon one who seemed destined to play the most distinguished part in any of those new changes, which the mutable state of the French Government seemed rapidly preparing.

The people, naturally partial to a victor, followed him every where with acclamations, and his soldiers, in their camp-songs, spoke of pulling the *attorneys* out of the seat of government, and installing their victorious general. Even already, for the first time since the commencement of the Revolu-

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 281.]

tion, the French, losing their recent habits of thinking and speaking of the nation as a body, began to interest themselves in Napoleon as an individual; and that exclusive esteem of his person had already taken root in the public mind, which afterwards formed the foundation of his throne.

Yet, in spite of these promising appearances, Napoleon, cautious as well as enterprising, saw that the time was not arrived when he could, without great risk, attempt to possess himself of the supreme government in France. The soldiers of Italy were indeed at his devotion, but there was another great and rival army belonging to the Republic, that of the Rhine, which had never been under his command, never had partaken his triumphs, and which naturally looked rather to Moreau than to Buonaparte as their general and hero.

Madame de Staël describes the soldiers from these two armies, as resembling each other in nothing, save the valour which was common to both.[1] The troops of the Rhine, returning from hard-fought fields, which, if followed by victory, had afforded but little plunder, exhibited still the severe simplicity which had been affected under the republican model; whereas the army of Italy had reaped richer spoils than barren laurels alone, and made a display of wealth and enjoyment which showed they had not neglected their own interest while advancing the banners of France.

It was not likely, while such an army as that of

[1] [Considerations sur la Rév. Franç, t. ii. p. 173.]

the Rhine existed, opposed by rivalry and the jealousy of fame to the troops of Buonaparte, that the latter should have succeeded in placing himself at the head of affairs. Besides, the forces on which he could depend were distant. Fortune had not afforded him the necessary pretext for crossing, as he termed it, the Rubicon, and bringing twenty thousand men to Lyons. Moreau, Jourdan, Kleber, had all high reputations, scarce inferior to his own; and the troops who had served under them were disposed to elevate them, even to an equality with the Conqueror of Italy. Buonaparte also knew that his popularity, though great, was not universal. He was disliked by the middle classes, from recollection of his commanding during the affair of the Sections of Paris; and many of the Republicans exclaimed against him, for his surrendering Venice to the Austrians. In a word, he was too much elbowed and incommoded by others to permit his taking with full vigour the perilous spring necessary to place him in the seat of supreme authority, though there were not wanting those who would fain have persuaded him to venture on a course so daring.[1] To such counsellors he answered, that "*the pear was not ripe*,"—a hint which implied that appetite was not wanting, though prudence forbade the banquet.

Laying aside, therefore, the character of General of the Army of England, and adjourning to a future day the conquest of that hostile island; silencing at the same time the internal wishes and the exterior

[1] [Montholon, t. iv. p. 284.]

temptations which urged him to seize the supreme power, which seemed escaping from those who held it, Napoleon turned his eyes and thoughts eastward, and meditated in the distant countries of the rising sun, a scene worthy his talents, his military skill, and his ambition.[1]

The Directory, on the other hand, eager to rid themselves of his perilous vicinity, hastened to accomplish the means of his expedition to Egypt, upon a scale far more formidable than any which had yet sailed from modern Europe, for the invasion and subjection of distant and peaceful realms.

It was soon whispered abroad, that the invasion of England was to be postponed, until the Conqueror of Italy, having attained a great and national object, by the success of a secret expedition fitted out on a scale of stupendous magnitude, should be at leisure to resume the conquest of Britain.

But Buonaparte did not limit his views to those of armed conquest: he meant that these should be softened, by mingling with them schemes of a literary and scientific character, as if he had desired, as some one said, that Minerva should march at the head of his expedition, holding in one hand her dreadful lance, and with the other introducing the

[1] ["Napoleon did not think himself popular enough to go alone: he had ideas on the art of governing different from those of the men of the Revolution. He therefore determined to sail for Egypt, resolved, nevertheless, to appear again as soon as circumstances should render his presence necessary, as he already saw they would do. To render him master of France, it was necessary that the Directory should experience disasters in his absence, and that his return should recall victory to the colours of the nation."—Napoleon, *Montholon*, t. iv. p. 284.]

sciences and the muses. The various treasures of art which had been transferred to the capital by the influence of his arms, gave the general of the Italian army a right to such distinctions as the French men of literature could confer; and he was himself possessed of deep scientific knowledge as a mathematician. He became apparently much attached to learned pursuits, and wore the uniform of the Institute on all occasions, when he was out of military costume. This affectation of uniting the encouragement of letters and science with his military tactics, led to a new and peculiar branch of the intended expedition.

The public observed with astonishment a detachment of no less than one hundred men,[1] who had cultivated the arts and sciences, or, to use the French phrase, *Savans*, selected for the purpose of joining this mysterious expedition, of which the object still remained a secret; while all classes of people asked each other what new quarter of the world France had determined to colonize, since she seemed preparing at once to subdue it by her arms, and to enrich it with the treasures of her science and literature. This singular department of the expedition, the first of the kind which ever accompanied an invading army, was liberally supplied with books, philosophical instruments, and all means of prosecuting the several departments of knowledge.[2]

[1] [For a "List of the one hundred and two members of the Commission of the Arts and Sciences attached to the army of the East," see Thibeaudeau, t iv. p. 424.]

[2] ["The following list of books, for a camp library, I copy

Buonaparte did not, however, trust to the superiority of science to ensure the conquest of Egypt. He was fully provided with more effectual means. The land forces belonging to the expedition were of the most formidable description. Twenty-five thousand men, chiefly veterans selected from his own Italian army, had in their list of generals subordinate to Buonaparte the names of Kleber,[1] Desaix,[2] Berthier, Regnier, Murat, Lannes, Andréossi, Menou,[3] Belliard, and others well known in the revolutionary wars. Four hundred transports were assembled for the conveyance of the troops. Thirteen ships of the line, and four frigates, commanded by Admiral Brueyes, an experienced and gallant officer, formed the escort of the expedition; a finer and more formidable one than which never sailed on so bold an adventure.

We have already touched upon the secret objects of this armament. The Directory were desirous to be rid of Buonaparte, who might become a dangerous competitor in the present unsettled state of

from a paper in his own hand. The volumes were in 18mo, and will show what he preferred in science and literature."—Bourrienne, t. ii. p. 49. See the List in *Appendix*, No. III.]

[1] ["Napoleon offered to leave Desaix and Kleber, whose talents might, he thought, prove serviceable to France. The Directory knew not their value, and refused them. 'The Republic,' said they, 'is not reduced to these two generals.'"—Montholon, t. iv. p. 282.]

[2] ["I have beheld, with deep interest, the fleet at Corfu. If ever it sails upon those great enterprises of which you have spoken, in pity do not forget me."—Desaix *to* Buonaparte.]

[3] ["Menou, anxious to justify his conduct at Paris on the 13th Vendémaire, entreated to be allowed to join the army of the East."—Thibaudeau, t. iv. p. 42.]

the French Government. Buonaparte, on his side, accepted the command, because it opened a scene of conquest worthy of his ambition. A separate and uncontrolled command over so gallant an army seemed to promise him the conquest and the sovereignty, not of Egypt only, but of Syria, Turkey, perhaps Constantinople, the Queen of the East; and he himself afterwards more than hinted, that but for controlling circumstances, he would have bent his whole mind to the establishment of an Oriental dynasty, and left France to her own destinies. When a subaltern officer of artillery, he had nourished the hope of being King of Jerusalem.[1] In his present situation of dignity and strength, the sovereignty of an Emperor of the universal East, or of a Caliph of Egypt at the least, was a more commensurate object of ambition.

The private motives of the government and of the general are therefore easily estimated. But it is not so easy to justify the Egyptian expedition upon any views of sound national policy. On the contrary, the object to be gained by so much risk, and at the same time by an act of aggression upon the Ottoman Porte, the ancient ally of France, to whom Egypt belonged, was of very doubtful utility. The immense fertility of the alluvial provinces irrigated by the Nile, no doubt renders their sovereignty a matter of great consequence to the Turkish empire, which, from the oppressed state of their agriculture every where, and from the rocky and barren character of their Grecian provinces.

[1] [Las Cases, t. i.]

are not in a condition to supply the capital with grain, did they not draw it from that never-failing land. But France herself, fully supplied from her own resources, had no occasion to send her best general, and hazard her veteran army, for the purpose of seizing a distant province, merely to facilitate her means of feeding her population. To erect that large country into a French colony, would have required a drain of population, of expense, and of supplies of all sorts, which France, just recovering from the convulsion of her Revolution, was by no means fit to encounter. The climate, too, is insalubrious to strangers, and must have been a constant cause of loss, until, in process of time, the colonists had become habituated to its peculiarities. It is farther to be considered, that the most perfect and absolute success in the undertaking, must have ended, not in giving a province to the French Republic, but a separate and independent kingdom to her victorious and ambitious general. Buonaparte had paid but slight attention to the commands of the Directory when in Italy. Had he realized his proposed conquests in the East, they would have been sent over the Mediterranean altogether in vain.

Lastly, the state of war with England subjected this attempt to add Egypt to the French dominions, to the risk of defeat, either by the naval strength of Britain interposing between France and her new possessions, or by her land forces from India and Europe, making a combined attack upon the French army which occupied Egypt; both which events actually came to pass.

It is true, that, so far from dreading the English forces which were likely to be employed against them, the French regarded as a recommendation to the conquest of Egypt, that it was to be the first step to the destruction of the British power in India; and Napoleon continued to the last to consider the conquest of Egypt as the forerunner of that of universal Asia. His eye, which, like that of the eagle, saw far and wide, overlooking, however, obstacles which distance rendered diminutive, beheld little more necessary than the toilsome marches of a few weeks, to achieve the conquests of Alexander the Great. He had already counted the steps by which he was to ascend to Oriental Monarchy, and has laid before the world a singular reverie on the probabilities of success. "If Saint John d'Acre had yielded to the French arms," said he, "a great revolution would have been accomplished in the East; the general-in-chief would have founded an empire there, and the destinies of France would have undergone different combinations from those to which they were subjected."[1]

In this declaration we recognise one of the peculiarities of Buonaparte's disposition, which refused to allow of any difficulties or dangers save those, of which, having actually happened, the existence could not be disputed. The small British force before Acre was sufficient to destroy his whole plans of conquest; but how many other means of destruction might Providence have employed for the same purpose! The plague—the desert—mu-

[1] [Las Cases, t. v. p. 58.]

tiny among his soldiers—courage and enterprise, inspired by favourable circumstances into the tribes by whom his progress was opposed—the computation of these, and other chances, ought to have taught him to acknowledge, that he had not been discomfited by the only hazard which could have disconcerted his enterprise; but that, had such been the will of God, the sands of Syria might have proved as fatal as the snows of Russia, and the scimitars of the Turks as the lances of the Cossacks. In words, a march from Egypt to India is easily described, and still more easily measured off with compasses upon the map of the world. But in practice, and with an army opposed as the French would probably have been at every step, if it had been only from motives of religious antipathy, when the French general arrived at the skirts of British India, with forces thus diminished, he would have had in front the whole British army, commanded by officers accustomed to make war upon a scale almost as enlarged as he himself practised, and accustomed to victories not less decisive.[1]

We should fall into the same error which we censure, did we anticipate what might have been the result of such a meeting. Even while we claim

[1] ["All that Sir Walter Scott says about the expedition to India is not only exaggerated, but wide of the truth. It is not by the mere march of an army across Egypt and Arabia that British India is likely to be conquered, but by establishing and consolidating a French force in Egypt, by opening the ancient communications by Suez, by multiplying the relations between Egypt and India; and, in fine, by so augmenting the French navy in the Mediterranean, that this sea shall become almost inaccessible to the English squadrons."—Louis Buonaparte, p. 31.]

the probability of advantage for the army most numerous, and best provided with guns and stores, we allow the strife must have been dreadful and dubious. But, if Napoleon really thought he had only to show himself in India, to ensure the destruction of the British empire there, he had not calculated the opposing strength with the caution to have been expected from so great a general. He has been represented, indeed, as boasting of the additions which he would have made to his army, by the cooperation of natives trained after the French discipline. But can it be supposed that these hasty levies could be brought into such complete order as to face the native troops of British India, so long and so justly distinguished for approaching Europeans in courage and discipline, and excelling them, perhaps, in temperance and subordination?

In a word, the Egyptian expedition, unless considered with reference to the private views of the Directory, and of their General, must have been regarded from the beginning, as promising no results in the slightest degree worthy of the great risk incurred, by draining France of the flower of her army.

Meanwhile, the moment of departure approached. The blockading squadron, commanded by Nelson, was blown off the coast by a gale of wind, and so much damaged that they were obliged to run down to Sardinia. The first and most obvious obstacle to the expedition was thus removed. The various squadrons from Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and

Bastia, set sail and united with that which already lay at Toulon.

Yet it is said, though upon slender authority, that even at this latest moment Buonaparte showed some inclination to abandon the command of so doubtful and almost desperate an expedition, and wished to take the advantage of a recent dispute between France and Austria, to remain in Europe. The misunderstanding arose from the conduct of Bernadotte, ambassador for the republic at Vienna, who incautiously displayed the national colours before his hotel, in consequence of which a popular tumult arose, and the ambassador was insulted. In their first alarm, lest this incident should occasion a renewal of the war, the Directory hastily determined to suspend Buonaparte's departure, and despatch him to Rastadt, where the congress was still sitting, with full powers to adjust the difference. Buonaparte accepted the commission, and while he affected to deplore the delay or miscarriage of "the greatest enterprise which he had ever meditated," wrote in secret to Count Cobentzel, now minister of foreign affairs at Vienna, inviting him to a conference at Rastadt, and hinting at political changes, by which the difficulties attending the execution of the treaty of Campo Formio might be taken away. The tenor of this letter having become known to the Directory, and it appearing to them that Buonaparte designed to make that mission a pretext for interesting Cobentzel in some change of government in France, in which he deemed it advisable to obtain the concurrence of Austria, they instantly resolved, it is said, to compel him to

set sail on the expedition to Egypt. Barras, charged with the commission of notifying to the general this second alteration of his destination, had an interview with Buonaparte in private, and at his own house. The mien of the director was clouded, and, contrary to his custom, he scarcely spoke to Madame Buonaparte. When he retired, Buonaparte shut himself up in his own apartment for a short time, then gave directions for his instant departure from Paris for Toulon. These particulars are given as certain by Miot;[1] but he alleges no authority for this piece of secret history.[2] There seems, however, little doubt, that the command of the Egyptian expedition was bestowed on Buonaparte by the Directory as a species of ostracism, or honourable banishment from France.

At the moment of departure, Buonaparte made one of those singular harangues which evince such a mixture of talent and energy with bad taste and bombast. He promised to introduce those who had warred on the mountains and in the plains, to

[1] [Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypt et en Syrie. Introduction, p. 20.]

[2] [" It is an error to state, that the affair at Vienna inspired the idea of abandoning the expedition. The contrary is proved by Buonaparte's letters to Barraguay d'Hilliers, Desaix, and Admiral Brueyes; to whom, on the 20th of April, he wrote: ' Some disturbances, which have just happened at Vienna, require my presence for a few days at Paris. This will in no way affect the expedition. I send an order, by the present courier, for the troops at Marseilles to embark and repair to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, I will send you instructions to get on board, and depart with the squadron for Genoa, where I will join you."—*Correspondence Inédite*, t. v. p. iii. Thibaudeau, t. iv. p. 43.]

maritime combat; and to a great part of the expedition he kept his word too truly, as Aboukir could witness. He reminded them that the Romans combated Carthage by sea as well as by land—he proposed to conduct them, in the name of the Goddess of Liberty, to the most distant regions and oceans, and he concluded by promising to each individual of his army seven acres of land.[1] Whether this distribution of property was to take place on the banks of the Nile, of the Bosphorus, or the Ganges, the soldiers had not the most distant guess, and the commander-in-chief himself would have had difficulty in informing them.

On the 19th of May, 1798, this magnificent armament set sail from Toulon, illuminated by a splendid sunrise, one of those which were afterwards popularly termed the suns of Napoleon. The line-of-battle ships extended for a league, and the semi-circle formed by the convoy was at least six leagues in extent. They were joined on the 8th June, as they swept along the Mediterranean, by a large fleet of transports, having on board the division of General Desaix. May 19.

The 10th June brought the armament before Malta, once the citadel of Christendom, and garrisoned by those intrepid knights, who, half warriors and half priests, opposed the infidels with the enthusiasm at once of religion and of chivalry. But those by whom the order was now maintained were disunited among themselves, lazy and de-

[1] ["Je promets à chaque soldat qu'au retour de cette expédition, il aura à sa disposition de quoi acheter six arpens de terre." *Moniteur*, No 242, May 21.]

bauched voluptuaries, who consumed the revenues destined to fit out expeditions against the Turks in cruises for pleasure, not war, and giving balls and entertainments in the seaports of Italy. Buonaparte treated these degenerate knights with a want of ceremony, which, however little it accorded with the extreme strength of their island, and with the glorious defence which it had formerly made against the infidels, was perfectly suited to their present condition. Secure of a party among the French knights, with whom he had been tampering, he landed troops, and took possession of these almost impregnable fortresses with so little opposition, that Caffarelli said to Napoleon as they passed through the most formidable defences,—"It is well, general, that there was some one within to open the gates to us. We should have had more trouble in entering, if the place had been altogether empty."[1]

[1] ["Napoleon said to one of the companions of his exile at St Helena, 'Malta certainly possessed immense physical, but no moral means of resistance. The knights did nothing disgraceful. They could not hold out against impossibility. No: but they yielded themselves. The successful capture of Malta was assured, before the fleet quitted Toulon.'"—BOURRIENNE, t. ii. p. 65.

"The capture of Malta had been secured before Buonaparte left Toulon, by the intrigues and largesses of Poussielque. These have been laid open by the Bailli Teignie, and others, and made the subject of a formal accusation against the Grand-master Hompesch, by the knights who had taken refuge in Germany, Russia, &c."—*Intercepted Correspondence*, part i. preface, p. vi.

"The sum awarded to the grand master for his baseness was 600,000 francs. On quitting the island which he had not had the courage to defend, he further disgraced himself by kissing the hand of the conqueror who had despoiled him of his dominions."—THIBAUDEAU, t. iv. p. 96.]

A sufficient garrison was established in Malta, destined by Buonaparte to be an intermediate station between France and Egypt; and on the 16th, the daring general resumed his expedition.[1] On the coast of Candia, while the *Savans* were gazing on the rocks where Jupiter, it is said, was nurtured, and speculating concerning the existence of some vestiges of the celebrated labyrinth, Buonaparte learned that a new enemy, of a different description from the Knights of Saint John, was in his immediate vicinity. This was the English squadron.

Nelson, to the end as unconquerable on his own element as Buonaparte had hitherto shown himself upon shore, was now in full and anxious pursuit of his renowned contemporary. Reinforced by a squadron of ten ships of the line, a meeting with Napoleon was the utmost wish of his heart, and was echoed back by the meanest sailor on board his numerous fleet. The French had been heard of at Malta, but as the British admiral was about to proceed thither, he received news of their departure; and concluding that Egypt must be unquestionably the object of their expedition, he made sail for Egypt. It singularly happened, that although Nelson anticipated the arrival of the French at Alexandria, and accordingly directed

[1] [" One of Napoleon's first acts at Malta was to set at liberty the Turkish prisoners, and clear the disgusting galleys. This was a deed of reason and humanity. His time was devoted to providing with equal activity and talent for the administration and defence of the island. His only relaxation was an occasional walk in the beautiful gardens of the grand-master."—Bourrienne, t ii p. 65.]

his course thither, yet, keeping a more direct path than Brueyes, when he arrived there on the 28th June, he heard nothing of the enemy, who, in the meanwhile, were proceeding to the very same port. The English admiral set sail, therefore, for Rhodes and Syracuse; and thus were the two large and hostile fleets traversing the same narrow sea, without being able to attain any certain tidings of each other's movements. This was in part owing to the English admiral having no frigates with him, which might have been detached to cruise for intelligence; partly to a continuance of thick misty weather, which at once concealed the French fleet from their adversaries, and, obliging them to keep close together, diminished the chance of discovery, which might otherwise have taken place by the occupation of a larger space. On the 26th, according to Denon, Nelson's fleet was actually seen by the French standing to the westward, although the haze prevented the English from observing their enemy, whose squadron held an opposite direction.[1]

[1] ["During the whole voyage, Buonaparte passed the greater part of his time below, in his cabin, reclining upon a couch, which, by a ball-and-socket joint at each foot, rendered the ship's pitching less perceptible, and consequently relieved the sickness from which he was scarcely ever free. His remarkable saying to the pupils of a school which he had one day visited, 'Young people, every hour of time lost, is a chance of misfortune for future life,' may be considered, in some measure, as forming the rule of his own conduct. Perhaps no man ever better understood the value of time. If the activity of his mind found not wherewithal to exercise itself in reality, he supplied the defect by giving free scope to imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition. He delighted in discoursing with Monge and Berthollet, when the discussion mostly ran upon chemistry, mathematics, and reli-

Escaped from the risk of an encounter so perilous, Buonaparte's greatest danger seemed to be over on the 1st July, when the French fleet came in sight of Alexandria, and saw before them the city of the Ptolomies and of Cleopatra, with its double harbour, its Pharos, and its ancient and gigantic monuments of grandeur. Yet at this critical moment, and while Buonaparte contemplated his meditated conquest, a signal announced the appearance of a strange sail, which was construed to be an English frigate, the precursor of the British fleet. "What!" said Napoleon, "I ask but six hours—and, Fortune, wilt thou abandon me?"[1] The fickle goddess was then and for many a succeeding year, true to her votary. The vessel proved friendly.[2]

gion, as also with Caffarelli, whose conversation, rich in facts, was, at the same time, lively, intellectual, and cheerful. At other times, he conversed with the admiral, when the subject always related to naval manœuvres, of which he showed great desire to obtain knowledge; and nothing more astonished Brueyes, than the sagacity of his questions."—BOURRIENNE, t. ii. p. 69.]

[1] [Miot. p. 16.]

[2] ["On the 30th of June, Buonaparte had the following proclamation printed on board the L'Orient, and issued it to the army:—"Soldiers! You are going to undertake a conquest, the effects of which, upon commerce and civilisation, will be incalculable. You will give the English a most sensible blow, which will be followed up by their destruction. We shall have some fatiguing marches—we shall fight several battles—we shall succeed in all our enterprises. The destinies are in our favour. The Mamelouc Beys, who favour the English commerce exclusively, who have injured our merchants, and who tyrannize over the unhappy inhabitants of the banks of the Nile, will no longer exist in a few days after our arrival.

"The people among whom you are going to live, are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is 'There is no other

The disembarkation of the French army took place [July 2] about a league and a half from Alexandria, at an anchorage called Marabout. It was not accomplished without losing boats and men on the surf, though such risks were encountered with great joy by the troops, who had been so long confined on shipboard. As soon as five or six thousand men were landed, Buonaparte marched towards Alexandria, when the Turks, incensed at this hostile invasion on the part of a nation with whom they were at profound peace, shut the gates, and manned the walls against their reception. But the walls were ruinous, and presented breaches in many places, and the chief weapons of resistance were musketry and stones. The conquerors of Italy forced their passage over such obstacles, but not easily or with impunity.[1]

God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not contradict them. Act with them as you did with the Jews and with the Italians. Treat their muftis and their imans with respect, as you did the rabbis and the bishops. You must act with the same spirit of toleration towards the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, that you did to the synagogues and the convents, to the religions of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here customs which differ from those of Europe: you must accustom yourselves to them.

"The people among whom we are going, treat women differently from us; but in every country, he who violates them is a monster. Pillage enriches but a very few men: it dishonours us, it destroys our resources, and it renders those our enemies, whom it is our interest to have for friends. The first city we shall arrive at was built by Alexander, and every step we take we shall meet with objects capable of exciting emulation."]

[1] ["Repulsed on every side, the Turks betake themselves to God and their Prophet, and fill their mosques: Men, women, old, young, children at the breast, all are massacred. At the end of four hours the fury of our troops ceases."—Adjutant Gene-

Two hundred French were killed. There was severe military execution done upon the garrison, and the town was abandoned to plunder for three hours;[1] which has been justly stigmatized as an act of unnecessary cruelty, perpetrated only to strike terror, and extend the fame of the victorious French general. But it was Napoleon's object to impress the highest idea of his power upon the various classes of natives, who, differing widely from each other in manners and condition, inhabit Egypt as their common home.[2]

These classes are, 1st, the Arab race, divided into Fellahs and Bedouins, the most numerous and least esteemed of the population. The Bedouins, retaining the manners of Arabia Proper, rove through the Desert, and subsist by means of their flocks and herds. The Fellahs cultivate the earth, and are the ordinary peasants of the country.

The class next above the Arabs in consideration are the Cophts, supposed to be descended from the pristine Egyptians. They profess Christianity, are timid and unwarlike, but artful and supple. They are employed in the revenue, and in almost all civil offices, and transact the commerce and the business of the country.

The third class in elevation were the formidable Mamelukes, who held both Cophts and Arabs in

RAL BOYER TO HIS PARENTS. — *Intercepted Letters*, part i. p. 150.]

[1] [Jomini, t. x. p. 402; Larrey, p. 7.]

[2] ["Alexandria was not given up to pillage, as repeatedly asserted. This would have been a very absurd commencement of the conquest of Egypt, in which there were no fortified places to intimidate by such an example."—BOURRIENNE, t. ii. p. 89.]

profound subjection. These are, or we may say *were*, a corps of professed soldiers, having no trade excepting war. In this they resemble the Janissaries, the Sterlitzes, the Prætorian bands, or similar military bodies, which, constituting a standing army under a despotic government, are alternately the protectors and the terror of the sovereign who is their nominal commander. But the peculiar feature of the constitution of the Mamelukes, was, that their corps was recruited only by the adoption of foreign slaves, particularly Georgians and Circassians. These were purchased when children by the several Beys, or Mameluke leaders, who, twenty-four in number, occupied, each, one of the twenty-four departments into which they had divided Egypt. The youthful slave, purchased with a heedful reference to his strength and personal appearance, was carefully trained to arms in the family of his master. When created a Mameluke, he was received into the troop of the Bey, and rendered capable of succeeding to him at his death; for these chiefs despised the ordinary connexions of blood, and their authority was, upon military principles, transferred at their death to him amongst the band who was accounted the best soldier. They fought always on horseback; and in their peculiar mode of warfare, they might be termed, individually considered, the finest cavalry in the world. Completely armed, and unboundedly confident in their own prowess, they were intrepid, skilful, and formidable in battle; but with their military bravery began and ended the catalogue of their virtues. Their vices were, unpitying cruelty,

habitual oppression, and the unlimited exercise of the most gross and disgusting sensuality. Such were the actual lords of Egypt.[1]

Yet the right of sovereignty did not rest with the beys, but with the Pacha, or lieutenant,—a great officer despatched from the Porte to represent the Grand Signior in Egypt, where it was his duty to collect the tribute in money and grain, which Constantinople expected from that rich province, with the additional object of squeezing out of the country as much more as he could by any means secure, for the filling of his own coffers. The pacha maintained his authority sometimes by the assistance of Turkish troops, sometimes by exciting the jealousy of one bey against another. Thus this fertile country was subjected to the oppression of twenty-four prætors, who, whether

[1] [" The Mameloucs are an invincible race, inhabiting a burning desert, mounted on the fleetest horses in the world, and full of courage. They live with their wives and children in flying camps, which are never pitched two nights together in the same place. They are horrible savages, and yet they have some notion of gold and silver! a small quantity of it serves to excite their admiration. Yes, my dear brother, they love gold; they pass their lives in extorting it from such Europeans as fall into their hands;—and for what purpose?—for continuing the course of life which I have described, and for teaching it to their children. O, Jean Jacques! why was it not thy fate to see these men, whom thou call'st '*the men of nature?*'—thou wouldst sink with shame, thou wouldst startle with horror at the thought of having once admired them! Adieu, my dear brother. This climate kills me; we shall be so altered, that you will discover the change at a league's distance. Remember me to the *legislator* Lucien. He might have sailed with us to advantage; we see more in two days than common travellers in two years."—Louis Buonaparte *to his brother* Joseph, dated Alexandria, July 6th; *Intercepted Correspondence*, part i. p. 8.]

they agreed among themselves, or with the pacha, or declared war against the representative of the Sultan, and against each other, were alike the terror and the scourge of the unhappy Arabs and Cophts, the right of oppressing whom by every species of exaction, these haughty slaves regarded as their noblest and most undeniable privilege.

From the moment that Buonaparte conceived the idea of invading Egypt, the destruction of the power of the Mamelukes must have been determined upon as his first object; and he had no sooner taken Alexandria than he announced his purpose. He sent forth a proclamation,[1] in which he professed his respect for God, the Prophet, and the Koran; his friendship for the Sublime Porte, of which he affirmed the French to be the faithful allies; and his determination to make war upon the Mamelukes. He commanded that the prayers should be continued in the mosques as usual, with some slight modifications, and that all true Moslems should exclaim, "Glory to the Sultan, and to the French army, his allies!—Accursed be the Mamelukes, and good fortune to the land of Egypt!"[2]

[1] [See it in *Appendix* to this volume, No. IV.]

[2] ["You will laugh outright, you witlings of Paris, at the Mahometan proclamation of the commander-in-chief. He is proof, however, against all your raillery; and the thing itself will certainly produce a most surprising effect. You recollect that produced by the magic cry of 'Guerre aux chateaux, paix aux cabanes!'"—JOUBERT *to* GENERAL BRUIX; *Intercepted Letters*, part i. p. 31.

"I send you the proclamation to the inhabitants of the country. It has produced an effect altogether astonishing. The Bedouins, enemies of the Mameloucs, and who, properly speaking,

Upon the 7th of July, the army marched from Alexandria against the Mamelukes. Their course was up the Nile, and a small flotilla of gun-boats ascended the river to protect their right flank, while the infantry traversed a desert of burning sands, at a distance from the stream, and without a drop of water to relieve their tormenting thirst. The army of Italy, accustomed to the enjoyments of that delicious country, were astonished at the desolation they saw around them. "Is this," they said, "the country in which we are to receive our farms of seven acres each? The general might have allowed us to take as much as we chose—no one would have abused the privilege." Their officers, too, expressed horror and disgust; and even generals of such celebrity as Murat and Lannes threw their hats on the sand, and trode on their cockades. It required all Buonaparte's authority to maintain order, so much were the French disgusted with the commencement of the expedition.[1]

To add to their embarrassment, the enemy be-

are neither more nor less than intrepid robbers, sent us back, as soon as they had read it, thirty of our people whom they had made prisoners, with an offer of their services against the Mameloucs."—Louis Buonaparte; *Intercepted Correspondence*, part i. p. 7.]

[1] ["It would be difficult to describe the disgust, the discontent, the melancholy, the despair of the army, on its first arrival in Egypt: Napoleon himself saw two dragoons throw themselves into the Nile.—One day, losing his temper, he rushed among a group of discontented generals, and addressing himself to the tallest, 'You have held mutinous language,' said he, with vehemence; 'it is not your being six feet high that should save you from being shot in a couple of hours.'"—Las Cases, t. i. p. 206.]

gan to appear around them. Mamelukes and Arabs, concealed behind the hillocks of sand, interrupted their march at every opportunity, and woe to the soldier who straggled from the ranks, were it but fifty yards! Some of these horsemen were sure to dash at him, slay him on the spot, and make off before a musket could be discharged at them. At length, however, the audacity of these incursions was checked by a skirmish of some little importance near a place called Chebreis, in which the French asserted their military superiority [1]

An encounter also took place on the river, between the French flotilla and a number of armed vessels belonging to the Mamelukes. Victory first inclined to the latter, but at length determined in favour of the French, who took, however, only a single galliot.

Mean while, the French were obliged to march with the utmost precaution. The whole plain was now covered with Mamelukes, mounted on the finest Arabian horses, and armed with pistols, carabines, and blunderbusses, of the best English workmanship—their plumed turbans waving in the air, and their rich dresses and arms glittering in the sun. Entertaining a high contempt for the French force, as consisting almost entirely of infantry, this splendid barbaric chivalry watched every opportunity for charging them, nor did a single straggler escape the unrelenting edge of their sabres. Their charge was almost as swift as the wind, and as their severe bits enabled them to

[1] [Jomini, t. x. p. 407.]

halt, or wheel their horses at full gallop, their retreat was as rapid as their advance. Even the practised veterans of Italy were at first embarrassed by this new mode of fighting, and lost several men; especially when fatigue caused any one to fall out of the ranks, in which case his fate became certain. But they were soon reconciled to fighting the Mamelukes, when they discovered that each of these horsemen carried about him his fortune, and that it not uncommonly amounted to considerable sums in gold.

During these alarms, the French love of the ludicrous was not abated by the fatigues or dangers of the journeys. The *Savans* had been supplied with asses, the beasts of burden easiest attained in Egypt, to transport their persons and philosophical apparatus. The general had given orders to attend to their personal safety, which were of course obeyed. But as these civilians had little importance in the eyes of the military, loud shouts of laughter used to burst from the ranks, while forming to receive the Mamelukes, as the general of division called out, with military precision, "Let the asses and the *Savans* enter within the square." The soldiers also amused themselves, by calling the asses *demi-savans*.[1] In times of discontent, these unlucky servants of science had their full share of the soldiers' reproaches, who imagined, that this unpopular expedition had been undertaken to gratify their passion for researches, in which the military took very slender interest.

[1] [Las Casas, t. i. p. 210.]

Under such circumstances, it may be doubted whether even the literati themselves were greatly delighted, when, after fourteen days of such marches as we have described, they arrived, indeed, within six leagues of Cairo, and beheld at a distance the celebrated Pyramids, but learned, at the same time, that Murad Bey, with twenty-two of his brethren, at the head of their Mamelukes, had formed an intrenched camp at a place called Embabeh, with the purpose of covering Cairo, and giving battle to the French. On the 21st of July, as the French continued to advance, they saw their enemy in the field, and in full force. A splendid line of cavalry, under Murad and the other beys, displayed the whole strength of the Mamelukes. Their right rested on the imperfectly intrenched camp, in which lay twenty thousand infantry, defended by forty pieces of cannon. But the infantry were an undisciplined rabble; the guns, wanting carriages, were mounted on clumsy wooden frames; and the fortifications of the camp were but commenced, and presented no formidable opposition. Buonaparte made his dispositions. He extended his line to the right, in such a manner as to keep out of gunshot of the intrenched camp, and have only to encounter the line of cavalry.[1]

Murad Bey saw this movement, and, fully aware of its consequence, prepared to charge with his magnificent body of horse, declaring he would cut the French up like gourds. Buonaparte, as he directed the infantry to form squares to receive

[1] [Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 243.]

them, called out to his men, "From yonder Pyramids twenty centuries behold your actions."[1] The Mamelukes advanced with the utmost speed, and corresponding fury, and charged with horrible yells. They disordered one of the French squares of infantry, which would have been sabred in an instant, but that the mass of this fiery militia was a little behind the advanced guard. The French had a moment to restore order, and used it. The combat then in some degree resembled that which, nearly twenty years afterwards, took place at Waterloo; the hostile cavalry furiously charging the squares of infantry, and trying, by the most undaunted efforts of courage, to break in upon them at every practicable point, while a tremendous fire of musketry, grape-shot, and shells, crossing in various directions, repaid their audacity. Nothing in war was ever seen more desperate than the exertions of the Mamelukes. Failing to force their horses through the French squares, individuals were seen to wheel them round, and rein them back on the ranks, that they might disorder them by kicking. As they became frantic with despair, they hurled at the immovable phalanxes, which they could not break, their pistols, their poniards, and their carabines. Those who fell wounded to the ground, dragged themselves on, to cut at the

[1] ["Pour toute harangue, Buonaparte leur addressé ces mots, qu'on peut regarder comme le sublime de l'éloquence militaire. —'Soldats! vous allez combattre aujourdhui les dominateurs de l'Egypt; songez que du haut de ces Pyramides, quarante siècles vous contemplent!'"—LACRETELLE, t. xiv. p. 267.]

legs of the French with their crooked sabres. But their efforts were all vain.

The Mamelukes, after the most courageous efforts to accomplish their purpose, were finally beaten off with great slaughter; and as they could not form or act in squadron, their retreat became a confused flight. The greater part attempted to return to their camp, from that sort of instinct, as Napoleon termed it, which leads fugitives to retire in the same direction in which they had advanced. By taking this route they placed themselves betwixt the French and the Nile; and the sustained and insupportable fire of the former soon obliged them to plunge into the river, in hopes to escape by swimming to the opposite bank—a desperate effort, in which few succeeded. Their infantry at the same time evacuated their camp without a show of resistance, precipitated themselves into the boats, and endeavoured to cross the Nile. Very many of these also were destroyed. The French soldiers long afterwards occupied themselves in fishing for the drowned Mamelukes, and failed not to find money and valuables upon all whom they could recover.[1] Murad Bey, with a part of his best Mamelukes, escaped the slaughter by a more regular movement to the left, and retreated by Gizeh into Upper Egypt.[2]

[1] [Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 245; Miot, p. 50; Jomini, t. x. p. 408; Thibaudeau, t. iv. p. 184; Larrey, p. 13.]

[2] ["About nine in the evening, Napoleon entered the country house of Murad Bey at Gizeh. Such habitations bear no resemblance to our *chateaux*. We found it difficult to make it serve for our lodging, and to understand the distribution of the dif-

Thus were, in a great measure, destroyed the finest cavalry, considered as individual horsemen, that were ever known to exist. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said Buonaparte, "I would have reckoned myself master of the world."[1] The destruction of a body hitherto regarded as invincible, struck terror, not through Egypt only, but far into Africa and Asia, wherever the Moslem religion prevailed.

After this combat, which, to render it more striking to the Parisians, Buonaparte termed the "Battle of the Pyramids," Cairo surrendered without resistance. The shattered remains of the Mamelukes who had swam the Nile and united under Ibrahim Bey, were compelled to retreat into Syria. A party of three hundred French cavalry ventured to attack them at Salahieh, but were severely handled by Ibrahim Bey and his followers, who, having

ferent apartments. But what struck the officers, was a great quantity of cushions and divans covered with the finest damasks and silks of Lyons, and ornamented with gold fringe. The gardens were full of magnificent trees, but without alleys. What most delighted the soldiers (for every one came to see the place), were great arbours of vines covered with the finest grapes in the world. The vintage was soon over."—NAPOLEON, *Gourgaud*, t. ii. p. 249.]

[1] [Buonaparte made his entry into Cairo on the 26th of July. On the 22d, he issued from Gizeh the following proclamation:—

"People of Cairo! I am satisfied with your conduct. You have done right not to take any part against me: I am come to destroy the race of the Mamelukes, and to protect the trade and the natives of the country. Let all those who are under any fear be composed; and let those who have quitted their houses return to them. Let prayers be offered up to-day as usual, for I wish that they may be always continued. Entertain no fear for your families, your houses, your property, and, above all, the religion of your Prophet, whom I love."]

cut many of them to pieces, pursued their retreat without farther interruption. Lower Egypt was completely in the hands of the French, and thus far the expedition of Buonaparte had been perfectly successful. But it was not the will of Heaven, that even the most fortunate of men should escape reverses, and a severe one awaited Napoleon.

CHAPTER XIII.

French Fleet.—Conflicting Statements of Buonaparte and Admiral Gantheaume.—BATTLE OF ABOUKIR *on 1st August,* 1798.—*The French Admiral, Brueyes, killed, and his Ship, L'Orient, blown up.—The Victory complete.—Effects of this disaster.—Means by which Napoleon proposed to establish himself in Egypt.—His Administration in many respects praiseworthy—in others, his Conduct absurd.—He aspires to be regarded an Envoy of the Deity.—His endeavours to propitiate the Porte.—The Fort of El Arish falls into his hands.—Massacre of Jaffa—Admitted by Buonaparte himself—His Arguments in its defence—Replies to them—General Conclusions.—Plague in the French Army.—Napoleon's humanity and courage upon this occasion.—Proceeds against Acre to attack Djezzar Pacha.—Sir Sidney Smith—His Character—Captures a French Convoy, and throws himself into Acre.—French arrive before Acre on 17th March,* 1799, *and effect a breach on the 28th, but are driven back.—Assaulted by an Army of Moslems assembled without the Walls of Acre, whom they defeat and disperse.—Personal misunderstanding and hostility betwixt Napoleon and Sir Sidney Smith—explained.—Buonaparte is finally compelled to raise the Siege.*

WHEN Buonaparte and his army were safely landed in Egypt, policy seemed to demand that the naval squadron, by which they had been escorted, should have been sent back to France as

soon as possible. The French leader accordingly repeatedly asserts, that he had positively commanded Admiral Brueyes, an excellent officer, for whom he himself entertained particular respect,[1] either to carry his squadron of men-of-war into the harbour of Alexandria, or, that being found impossible, instantly to set sail for Corfu. The harbour, by report of the Turkish pilots, was greatly too shallow to admit without danger vessels of such a deep draught of water; and it scarce can be questioned that Admiral Brueyes would have embraced the alternative of setting sail for Corfu, had such been in reality permitted by his orders. But the assertion of Buonaparte is pointedly contradicted by the report of Vice-Admiral Gantheaume, who was himself in the battle of Aboukir, escaped from the slaughter with difficulty, and was intrusted by Buonaparte with drawing up the account of the disaster, which he transmitted to the minister of war. "Perhaps it may be said," so the despatch bears, "that it would have been advisable to have quitted the coast as soon as the disembarkation had taken place. But *considering the orders of the commander-in-chief*, and the incalculable force afforded to the land-army by the presence of the squadron, the admiral thought it was his duty not to quit these seas."[2]

[1] In a letter published in the *Moniteur*, No. 90, December 20, 1797, Buonaparte expresses the highest sense of Admiral Brueyes' firmness and talent, as well as of the high order in which he kept the squadron under his command; and concludes by saying, he had bestowed on him, in the name of the Directory, a spy-glass of the best construction which Italy afforded.

[2] [Intercepted letters, part i. p. 219.]

Looking at the matter more closely—considering the probability of Nelson's return, and the consequent danger of the fleet—considering, too, the especial interest which naval and military officers attach each to their peculiar service, and the relative disregard with which they contemplate the other, we can see several reasons why Buonaparte might have wished, even at some risk, to detain the fleet on the coast of Egypt, but not one which could induce Brueyes to continue there, not only without the consent of the commander-in-chief, but, as Napoleon afterwards alleged, against his express orders. It is one of the cases in which no degree of liberality can enable us to receive the testimony of Buonaparte, contradicted at once by circumstances, and by the positive testimony of Gantheaume.

We now approach one of the most brilliant actions of the English navy, achieved by the admiral whose exploits so indisputably asserted the right of Britain to the dominion of the ocean. Our limits require that we should state but briefly a tale, at which every heart in our islands will long glow; and we are the more willingly concise that our readers possess it at length in one of the best written popular histories in the English language.[1]

Although unable to enter the harbour of Alexandria, the French admiral believed his squadron safely moored in the celebrated bay of Aboukir. They formed a compact line of battle, of a semi

[1] Mr Southey's "Life of Admiral Nelson;" in which one of the most distinguished men of genius and learning whom our age has produced, has recorded the actions of the greatest naval hero that ever existed.

circular form, anchored so close to the shoal-water and surf, that it was thought impossible to get between them and the land; and they concluded, therefore, that they could be brought to action on the starboard side only. On the 1st August the British fleet appeared; and Nelson had no sooner reconnoitred the French position than he resolved to force it at every risk. Where the French ships could ride, he argued with instantaneous decision, there must be room for English vessels to anchor between them and the shore. He made signal for the attack accordingly. As the vessels approached the French anchorage, they received a heavy and raking fire, to which they could make no return but they kept their bows to the enemy, and continued to near their line. The squadrons were nearly of the same numerical strength. The French had thirteen ships of the line, and four frigates. The English, thirteen ships of the line, and one 50 gun ship. But the French had three 80 gun ships, and L'Orient, a superb vessel of 120 guns. All the British were seventy-fours. The van of the English fleet, six in number, rounded successively the French line, and dropping anchor betwixt them and the shore, opened a tremendous fire. Nelson himself, and his other vessels, ranged along the same French ships on the outer side, and thus placed them betwixt two fires; while the rest of the French line remained for a time unable to take a share in the combat. The battle commenced with the utmost fury, and lasted till, the sun having set and the night fallen, there was no light by which the combat could be continued, save

the flashes of the continuous broadsides. Already, however, some of the French vessels were taken, and the victors, advancing onwards, assailed those which had not yet been engaged.

Mean time, a broad and dreadful light was thrown on the scene of action, by the breaking out of a conflagration on board the French admiral's flag-ship, L'Orient. Brueyes himself had by this time fallen by a cannon-shot.[1] The flames soon mastered the immense vessel, where the carnage was so terrible as to prevent all attempts to extinguish them; and the L'Orient remained blazing like a

[1] [Buonaparte, on the 19th of August, addressed, from Cairo, the following letter to the widow of the unfortunate admiral:—

"Your husband has been killed by a cannon-shot, while fighting on his deck. He died without pain, and by the best death, and that which is thought by soldiers most enviable. I am keenly sensible to your grief. The moment which severs us from the object we love is terrible; it insulates us from all the earth; it inflicts on the body the agonies of death; the faculties of the soul are annihilated, and its relations with the universe subsist only through the medium of a horrible dream, which alters every thing. Mankind appear colder and more selfish than they really are. In this situation we feel that, if nothing obliged us to live, it would be much best to die; but when, after this first thought, we press our children to our hearts, tears and tender feelings revive the sentiments of our nature, and we live for our offspring; yes, madam, see in this very moment, how they open your heart to melancholy: you will weep with them, you will bring them up from infancy—you will talk to them of their father, of your sorrow, of the loss which you and the Republic have sustained. After having once more attached your mind to the world by filial and maternal love, set some value on the friendship and lively regard which I shall always feel for the wife of my friend. Believe that there are a few men who deserve to be the hope of the afflicted, because they understand the poignancy of mental sufferings."]

volcano in the middle of the combat, rendering for a time the dreadful spectacle visible.

At length, and while the battle continued as furious as ever, the burning vessel blew up with so tremendous an explosion, that for a while it silenced the fire on both sides, and made an awful pause in the midst of what had been but lately so horrible a tumult.[1] The cannonade was at first slowly and partially resumed, but ere midnight it raged with all its original fury. In the morning the only two French ships who had their colours flying, cut their cables and put to sea, accompanied by two frigates; being all that remained undestroyed and uncaptured, of the gallant navy that so lately escorted Buonaparte and his fortunes in triumph across the Mediterranean.

Such was the Victory of Aboukir, for which he who achieved it felt that word was inadequate. He called it a conquest. The advantages of the day, great as they were, might have been pushed

[1] [" At ten o'clock a vessel which was burning, blew up with a tremendous noise, which was heard as plainly at Rosetta as the explosion of Grenelle at Paris. This accident was succeeded by a pitchy darkness, and a most profound silence, which continued for about ten minutes."—Poussielque *to his Wife; Intercepted Letters*, part i. p. 208.

" L'Orient blew up about eleven in the evening. The whole horizon seemed on fire, the earth shook, and the smoke which proceeded from the vessel ascended heavily in a mass, like an immense black balloon. It then brightened up, and exhibited the objects of all descriptions, which had been precipitated on the scene of conflict. What a terrible moment of fear and desolation for the French, who witnessed this awful catastrophe!"
—Louis Buonaparte.]

much farther, if Nelson had been possessed of frigates and small craft. The store-ships and transports in the harbour of Alexandria would then have been infallibly destroyed. As it was, the results were of the utmost importance, and the destinies of the French army were altered in proportion. They had no longer any means of communicating with the mother-country, but became the inhabitants of an insulated province, obliged to rely exclusively on the resources which they had brought with them, joined to those which Egypt might afford.

Buonaparte, however surprised by this reverse, exhibited great equanimity. Three thousand French seamen, the remainder of nearly six thousand engaged in that dreadful battle, were sent ashore by cartel, and formed a valuable addition to his forces. Nelson, more grieved almost at being frustrated of his complete purpose, than rejoiced at his victory, left the coast after establishing a blockade on the port of Alexandria.

We are now to trace the means by which Napoleon proposed to establish and consolidate his government in Egypt; and in these we can recognise much that was good and excellent, mixed with such irregularity of imagination, as vindicates the term of Jupiter Scapin, by which the Abbé de Pradt distinguished this extraordinary man.[1]

[1] ["I know not whether the Archbishop of Malines did or did not apply the term *Jupiter Scapin* to Napoleon; but to me it appears incontestable, that the name of Scapin would be much more aptly bestowed on the writer, a bishop and an ambassador,

His first care was to gather up the reins of government, such as they were, which had dropt from the hands of the defeated beys. With two classes of the Egyptian nation it was easy to establish his authority. The Fellahs, or peasantry, sure to be squeezed to the last penny by one party or other, willingly submitted to the invaders as the strongest, and the most able to protect them. The Cophts, or men of business, were equally ready to serve the party which was in possession of the country. So that the French became the masters of both, as a natural consequence of the power which they had obtained.

But the Turks were to be attached to the conqueror by other means, since their haughty national character, and the intolerance of the Mahometan religion rendered them alike inaccessible to profit, the hope of which swayed the Cophts, and to fear, which was the prevailing argument with the Fellahs. To gratify their vanity, and soothe their prejudices, seemed the only mode by which Napoleon could insinuate himself into the favour of this part of the population. With this view, Buonaparte was far from assuming a title of conquest in Egypt, though he left few of its rights unexercised. On the contrary, he wisely continued to admit the pacha to that ostensible share of authority which was yielded to him by the beys, and spoke with as much seeming respect of the Sublime Porte, as if it had been his intention ever again to permit their

who could be capable of such impertinence towards the sovereign he represented."—Louis Buonaparte, p. 32.]

having any effective power in Egypt. Their imaums, or priests; their ulemats, or men of law; their cadis, or judges; their sheiks, or chiefs; their Janissaries, or privileged soldiers, were all treated by Napoleon with a certain degree of attention, and the Sultan Kebir, as they called him, affected to govern, like the Grand Signior, by the intervention of a divan.

This general council consisted of about forty sheiks, or Moslems of distinction by birth or office, who held their regular meetings at Cairo, and from which body emanated the authority of provincial divans, established in the various departments of Egypt. Napoleon affected to consult the superior council, and act in many cases according to their report of the law of the Prophet. On one occasion, he gave them a moral lesson which it would be great injustice to suppress. A tribe of roving Arabs had slain a peasant, and Buonaparte had given directions to search out and punish the murderers. One of his Oriental counsellors laughed at the zeal which the general manifested on so slight a cause.

"What have you to do with the death of this Fellah, Sultan Kebir?" said he ironically; "was he your kinsman?"

"He was more," said Napoleon; "he was one for whose safety I am accountable to God, who placed him under my government."

"He speaks like an inspired person!" exclaimed the sheiks; who can admire the beauty of a just sentiment, though incapable, from the scope they

allow their passions, to act up to the precepts of moral rectitude.

Thus far the conduct of Buonaparte was admirable. He protected the people who were placed under his power, he respected their religious opinions, he administered justice to them according to their own laws, until they should be supplied with a better system of legislation. Unquestionably, his good administration did not amend the radical deficiency of his title; it was still chargeable against him, that he had invaded the dominions of the most ancient ally of France, at a time when there was the most profound peace between the countries. Yet in delivering Egypt from the tyrannical sway of the Mamelukes, and administering the government of the country with wisdom and comparative humanity, the mode in which he used the power which he had acquired, might be admitted in some measure to atone for his usurpation. Not contented with directing his soldiers to hold in respect the religious observances of the country, he showed equal justice and policy in collecting and protecting the scattered remains of the great caravan of the Mecca pilgrimage, which had been plundered by the Mamelukes on their retreat. So satisfactory was his conduct to the Moslem divines, that he contrived to obtain from the clergy of the Mosque an opinion, declaring that it was lawful to pay tribute to the French, though such a doctrine is diametrically inconsistent with the Koran. Thus far Napoleon's measures had proved rational and successful. But with this laudable course of conduct

was mixed a species of artifice, which, while we are compelled to term it impious, has in it, at the same time, something ludicrous, and almost childish.

Buonaparte entertained the strange idea of persuading the Moslems that he himself pertained in some sort to their religion, being an envoy of the Deity, sent on earth, not to take away, but to confirm and complete, the doctrines of the Koran, and the mission of Mahomet.[1] He used, in executing this purpose, the inflated language of the East, the more easily that it corresponded, in its allegorical and amplified style, with his own natural tone of composition; and he hesitated not to join in the external ceremonial of the Mahometan religion, that his actions might seem to confirm his words. The French general celebrated the feast of the prophet as it recurred, with some sheik of eminence, and joined in the litanies and worship enjoined by the Koran. He affected, too, the language of an

[1] ["It is not true that in Egypt Napoleon showed himself almost persuaded of the truth of the mission of Mahomet. Doubtless, deceit and falsehood should be banished from the language of true policy, since as government ought to be, as much as is in the power of men, the image of God upon earth, its language ought to be that of truth and justice. This, however, does not preclude the right of respecting the religious worship and opinions of a conquered nation, and it was in this sense that the proclamations addressed by my brother to the Mussulmen should be regarded. They would not have been understood by these people, if they had not spoken their language. Whilst I was in Holland, I rejected at first the title of Emperor given to the King of Holland by the Sublime Porte; but upon expressing my astonishment I was assured that the Porte gave this title to the sovereigns of other countries, and that that of king would not be understood."—Louis Buonaparte, p. 34.]

inspired follower of the faith of Mecca, of which the following is a curious example.

On entering the sepulchral chamber in the pyramid of Cheops, "Glory be to Allah," said Buonaparte, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." A confession of faith which is in itself a declaration of Islamism.

"Thou hast spoken like the most learned of the prophets," said the mufti, who accompanied him.

"I can command a car of fire to descend from heaven," continued the French general, "and I can guide and direct its course upon earth."

"Thou art the great chief to whom Mahomet gives power and victory," said the mufti.

Napoleon closed the conversation with this not very pertinent Oriental proverb, "The bread which the wicked seizes upon by force, shall be turned to dust in his mouth."[1]

[1] [This conversation appeared officially in the *Moniteur*. Bourrienne, notwithstanding, asserts, that Buonaparte never set foot in the pyramid. He acknowledges, indeed, that "with the heads of the Mahometan priesthood he held frequent conversations on these subjects;" but adds, "in all this there was nothing serious; it was rather an amusement. If he ever spoke as a Mussulman, he did so in the capacity of a military and political chief in a Mahometan country. On this depended his success, the safety of the army, and consequently his glory. It is true, he had a Turkish dress made for him, but only as a joke. One morning he desired me to begin breakfast without waiting; a quarter of an hour after, he entered in his new costume. Scarcely was he recognised, when we received him with bursts of laughter. He took his place with a gravity which heightened the effect, but found himself so ill at ease as an Oriental, that he soon went to undress, and never gave a second exhibition of this masquerade."—Bourrienne, t. ii. p. 164.]

Though the mufti played his part in the above scene with becoming gravity, Buonaparte over-estimated his own theatrical powers, and did too little justice to the shrewdness of the Turks, if he supposed them really edified by his pretended proselytism. With them as with us, a renegade from the religious faith in which he was brought up, is like a deserter from the standard of his country; and though the services of either may be accepted and used, they remain objects of disregard and contempt, as well with those to whose service they have deserted, as with the party whom they have abandoned.

The Turks and Arabs of Cairo soon afterwards showed Buonaparte, by a general and unexpected insurrection, [October 22,] in which many Frenchmen were slain, how little they were moved by his pretended attachment to their faith, and how cordially they considered him as their enemy. Yet, when the insurgents had been quelled by force, and the blood of five thousand Moslem had atoned for that of three hundred Frenchmen, Napoleon, in an address to the inhabitants of Cairo, new-modelling the general council, or divan, held still the same language as before of himself and his destinies. "Sheriffs," he said, "Ulemats, Orators of the Mosque, teach the people that those who become my enemies shall have no refuge in this world or the next. Is there any one not blind enough to see, that I am the agent of Destiny, or incredulous enough to call in question the power of Destiny over human affairs? Make the people understand, that since the world was a world, it was ordained,

that having destroyed the enemies of Islamism, and broken down the Cross,[1] I should come from the West to accomplish the task designed for me—show them, that in more than twenty passages of the Koran my coming is foretold. I could demand a reckoning from each of you for the most secret thoughts of his soul, since to me every thing is known; but the day will come when all shall know from whom I have my commission, and that human efforts cannot prevail against me."

It is plain from this strange proclamation, that Buonaparte was willing to be worshipped as a superior being, as soon as altars could be built, and worshippers collected together. But the Turks and Arabs were wiser than the Persians in the case of young Ammon. The Sheik of Alexandria, who affected much devotion to Buonaparte's person, came roundly to the point with him. He remarked the French observed no religious worship. "Why not, therefore," he said, "declare yourself Moslem at once, and remove the only obstacle betwixt you and the throne of the East?" Buonaparte objected the prohibition of wine, and the external rite which Mahomet adopted from the Jewish religion. The officious sheik proposed to call a council of the Moslem sages, and procure for the new proselytes some relaxation of these fundamental laws of the Prophet's faith. According to this hopeful plan, the Moslems must have ceased to be such in two principal articles of their ritual, in or-

[1] Alluding to the capture of the island of Malta, and subjection of the Pope, on which he was wont to found as services rendered to the religion of Mahomet.

der to induce the French to become a kind of imperfect renegades, rejecting, in the prohibition of wine, the only peculiar guard which Mahomet assigned to the moral virtue of his followers, while they embraced the degrading doctrine of fatality, the licentious practice of polygamy, and the absurd chimeras of the Koran.

Napoleon appears to have believed the sheik serious, which is very doubtful, and to have contemplated with eager ambition the extent of views which his conversation to Islamism appeared to open. His own belief in predestination recommended the creed of Mahomet, and for the Prophet of Mecca himself he had a high respect, as one of those who had wrought a great and enduring change on the face of the world.[1] Perhaps he envied the power which Mahomet possessed, of ruling over men's souls as well as their bodies, and might thence have been led into the idea of playing a part, to which time and circumstances, the character of his army and his own, were alike opposed. No man ever succeeded in imposing himself on the public as a supernatural personage, who was not, to a certain degree, the dupe of his own imposture; and Napoleon's calculating and reflecting mind was totally devoid of the enthusiasm which enables a man to cheat himself into at least a partial belief of the deceit which he would impose on others. The French soldiers, on the other hand, bred in scorn of religion of every description, would have seen nothing but ridicule in the pretensions of their

[1] [Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 261.]

leader to a supernatural mission; and in playing the character which Alexander ventured to personate, Buonaparte would have found in his own army many a Clitus, who would have considered his pretensions as being only ludicrous. He himself, indeed, expressed himself satisfied that his authority over his soldiers was so absolute, that it would have cost but giving it out in the order of the day to have made them all become Mahometans; but, at the same time, he has acquainted us, that the French troops were at times so much discontented with their condition in Egypt, that they formed schemes of seizing on their standards, and returning to France by force. What reply, it may be reasonably asked, were they likely to make to a proposal, which would have deprived them of their European and French character, and levelled them with Africans and Asiatics, whose persons they despised, and whose country they desired to leave? It is likely, that reflections on the probable consequences prevented his going farther than the vague pretensions which he announced in his proclamations, and in his language to the sheiks. He had gone far enough, however, to show, that the considerations of conscience would have been no hinderance; and that, notwithstanding the strength of his understanding, common sense had less influence than might have been expected, in checking his assertion of claims so ludicrous as well as so profane. Indeed, his disputes with the Ottoman Porte speedily assumed a character, which his taking the turban and professing himself a Mos-

lem in all the forms, could not have altered to his advantage.

It had been promised to Buonaparte, that the abilities of Talleyrand, as minister of foreign affairs, should be employed to reconcile the Grand Signior and his counsellors to the occupation of Egypt.[1] But the efforts of that able negotiator had totally failed in a case so evidently hopeless; and if Talleyrand had even proceeded to Constantinople, as Napoleon alleged the Directory had promised, it could only have been to be confined in the Seven Towers. The Porte had long since declared, that any attack upon Egypt, the road to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, would be considered as a declaration of war, whatever pretexts might be alleged. They regarded, therefore, Buonaparte's invasion as an injury equally unprovoked and unjustifiable. They declared war against France, called upon every follower of the Prophet to take the part of his vicegerent upon earth, collected forces, and threatened an immediate expedition, for the purpose of expelling the infidels from Egypt. The success of the British at Aboukir increased their confidence. Nelson was loaded with every mark of honour which the Sultan could bestow, and the most active preparations were made to act against Buonaparte, equally considered as enemy to the Porte, whether he professed himself Christian, infidel, or renegade.

Mean time, that adventurous and active chief was busied in augmenting his means of defence or conquest, and in acquiring the information necessary

[1] [Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 363.]

to protect what he had gained, and to extend his dominions. For the former purpose, corps were raised from among the Egyptians, and some were mounted upon dromedaries, the better to encounter the perils of the desert. For the latter, Buonaparte undertook a journey to the Isthmus of Suez, the well-known interval which connects Asia with Africa. He subscribed the charter, or protection, granted to the Maronite Monks of Sinai, with the greater pleasure, that the signature of Mohamet had already sanctioned that ancient document. He visited the celebrated fountains of Moses, and, misled by a guide, had nearly been drowned in the advancing tides of the Red Sea.[1] This, he observes, would have furnished a splendid text to all the preachers in Europe.[2] But the same Deity, who had rendered the gulf fatal to Pharaoh, had reserved for one, who equally defied and disowned his power, the rocks of an island in the midst of the Atlantic.

When Napoleon was engaged in this expedition, or speedily on his return, he learned that two

[1] [" The night overtook us, the waters began to rise around us, when the horsemen a-head cried out that their horses were swimming. General Buonaparté rescued the whole party by one of those simple expedients which occur to an imperturbable mind. Placing himself in the centre, he bade all the rest form a circle round him, and then ride out each man in a separate direction, and each to halt as soon as he found his horse swimming. The man whose horse continued to march the last, was sure, he said, to be in the right direction; him, accordingly we all followed, and reached Suez, at midnight, in safety; though so rapidly had the tide advanced, that the horses were more than breast-high in the water."—*Memoirs of Savary*, v. i. p. 97.]

[2] [Las Cases, t. i. p. 211.]

Turkish armies had assembled, one at Rhodes, and the other in Syria, with the purpose of recovering Egypt. The daring genius, which always desired to anticipate the attempts of the enemy, determined him to march with a strong force for the occupation of Syria, and thus at once to alarm the Turks by the progress which he expected to make in that province, and to avoid being attacked in Egypt by two Turkish armies at the same time. His commencement was as successful as his enterprise was daring. A body of Mamelukes was dispersed by a night attack. The fort of El Arish, considered as one of the keys of Egypt, fell easily into his hands. Finally, at the head of about ten thousand men, he traversed the desert, so famous in biblical history, which separates Africa from Asia, and entered Palestine without much loss, but not without experiencing the privations to which the wanderers in those sandy wastes have been uniformly subjected. While the soldiers looked with fear on the howling wilderness which they saw around,[1] there was something in the ex- Feb. 17.

[1] ["While the army was passing through Syria, there was scarcely a soldier but was heard to repeat these lines from Zaire :

'Les Français sont las de chercher désormais
Des climats que pour eux le destin n'a point faits,
Ils n'abandonnent point leur fertile patrie
Pour languir aux deserts de l'aride Arabie.'

When the men found themselves in the midst of the Desert, surrounded by the boundless ocean of sand, they began to question the generosity of their general ; they thought he had observed singular moderation in having promised each of them only seven acres — 'The rogue,' said they, 'might with safety give us as much as he pleases ; we should not abuse his good-nature.'"— Las Cases, t. i. p. 210.]

tent and loneliness of the scene that corresponded with the swelling soul of Napoleon, and accommodated itself to his ideas of immense and boundless space. He was pleased with the flattery, which derived his Christian name from two Greek words, signifying the Lion of the Desert.

Upon his entering the Holy Land, Buonaparte again drove before him a body of the Mamelukes, belonging to those who, after the battles of the Pyramids and of Salahieh, had retreated into Syria; and his army occupied without resistance Gaza, anciently a city of the Philistines, in which they found supplies of provisions. Jaffa, a celebrated city during the time of the Crusades, was the next object of attack. It was bravely assaulted, and fiercely defended. But the French valour and discipline prevailed—the place was carried by storm —three thousand Turks were put to the sword, and the town was abandoned to the license of the soldiery, which, by Buonaparte's own admission, never assumed a shape more frightful.[1] Such, it may be said, is the stern rule of war; and if so, most of our readers will acquiesce in the natural exclamation of the Maréchal de Montluc, "Certes, we soldiers stand in more need of the Divine mercy than other men, seeing that our profession compels us to command and to witness deeds of such cruelty." It was not, however, to the ordinary horrors attending the storm of a town, that the charge against Buonaparte is on this occasion limited. He is accused of having been guilty of an

[1] See his despatch to the Directory, on the Syrian campaign. [Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 374.]

action of great injustice, as well as of especial barbarity. Concerning this we shall endeavour to state, stripped of colouring and exaggeration, first the charge, and then the reply, of Napoleon himself.

After the breach had been stormed, a large part of the garrison, estimated by Buonaparte himself at twelve hundred men, which Miot[1] raises to betwixt two and three thousand, and others exaggerate still more, remained on the defensive, and held out in the mosques, and a sort of citadel to which they had retreated, till, at length, despairing of succour, they surrendered their arms, and were in appearance admitted to quarter. Of this body, the Egyptians were carefully separated from the Turks, Maugrabins, and Arnaouts; and while the first were restored to liberty, and sent back to their country, these last were placed under a strong guard. Provisions were distributed to them, and they were permitted to go by detachments in quest of water. According to all appearance they were considered and treated as prisoners of war. This was on the 7th of March. On the 9th, two days afterwards, this body of prisoners were marched out of Jaffa, in the centre of a large square battalion, commanded by General Bon. Miot assures us, that he himself mounted his horse accompanied the melancholy column, and witnessed the event. The Turks foresaw their fate, but used neither entreaties nor complaints to avert it. They marched on, silent and composed. Some of them, of higher

rank, seemed to exhort the others to submit, like servants of the Prophet, to the decree which, according to their belief, was written on their forehead. They were escorted to the sand-hills to the south-east of Jaffa, divided there into small bodies, and put to death by musketry. The execution lasted a considerable time, and the wounded, as in the *fusillades* of the Revolution, were despatched with the bayonet. Their bodies were heaped together, and formed a pyramid which is still visible, consisting now of human bones as originally of bloody corpses.

The cruelty of this execution occasioned the fact itself to be doubted, though coming with strong evidence, and never denied by the French themselves. Napoleon, however, frankly admitted the truth of the statement both to Lord Ebrington[1] and to Dr O'Meara.[2] Well might the author of this cruelty write to the Directory, that the storm of Jaffa was marked by horrors which he had never elsewhere witnessed. Buonaparte's defence was, that the massacre was justified by the laws of war —that the head of his messenger had been cut off by the governor of Jaffa, when sent to summon

[1] ["I asked him about the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa: he answered, 'C'est vrai; J'en fis fusiller à peu près deux mille'"—Memorandum of Two Conversations between the Emperor Napoleon and Viscount Ebrington at Porto-Ferraio, p. 12.]

[2] ["I observed, that Miot asserted that he (Napoleon) had caused between three and four thousand Turks to be shot, some days after the capture of Jaffa. He answered, 'It is not true that there were so many; I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done."— O'Meara, v. i. p. 328.]

him to surrender—that these Turks were a part of the garrison of El Arish, who had engaged not to serve against the French, and were found immediately afterwards defending Jaffa, in breach of the terms of their capitulation. They had incurred the doom of death, therefore, by the rules of war—Wellington, he said, would have, in his place, acted in the same manner.

To this plea the following obvious answers apply. If the Turkish governor had behaved like a barbarian, for which his country, and the religion which Napoleon meditated to embrace, might be some excuse, the French general had avenged himself by the storm and plunder of the town, with which his revenge ought, in all reason, to have been satisfied. If some of these unhappy Turks had broken their faith to Buonaparte, and were found again in the ranks which they had sworn to abandon, it could not, according to the most severe construction of the rules of war, authorize the dreadful retaliation of indiscriminate massacre upon a multitude of prisoners, without enquiring whether they had been all equally guilty. Lastly, and admitting them all to stand in the same decree of criminality, although their breach of faith might have entitled Buonaparte to refuse these men quarter while they had arms in their hands, that right was ended when the French general received their submission, and when they had given up the means of defence, on condition of safety for life at least.[1]

[1] [See Jomini, t. xi. p. 403; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 172; Savary, t. i. p. 100; Bourrienne, t. ii. p. 226; Martin, Hist. de l'Expédition d'Egypte, t. i. p. 289.]

This bloody deed must always remain a deep stain on the character of Napoleon. Yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty; for nothing in Buonaparte's history shows the existence of that vice, and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane. But he was ambitious, aimed at immense and gigantic undertakings, and easily learned to overlook the waste of human life, which the execution of his projects necessarily involved. He seems to have argued, not on the character of the action, but solely on the effect which it was to produce upon his own combinations. His army was small; it was his business to strike terror into his numerous enemies, and the measure to be adopted seemed capable of making a deep impression on all who should hear of it. Besides, these men, if dismissed, would immediately rejoin his enemies. He had experienced their courage, and to disarm them would have been almost an unavailing precaution, where their national weapon, the sabre, was so easily attained. To detain them prisoners would have required a stronger force than Napoleon could afford, would have added difficulty and delay to the movement of his troops, and tended to exhaust his supplies. That sort of necessity, therefore, which men fancy to themselves when they are unwilling to forego a favourite object for the sake of obeying a moral precept—that necessity which might be more properly termed a temptation difficult to be resisted—that necessity which has been called the tyrant's plea, was the cause of the massacre at Jaffa, and must remain its sole apology.

It might almost seem that Heaven set its vindictive brand upon this deed of butchery; for about the time it was committed the plague broke out in the army. Buonaparte, with a moral courage deserving as much praise as his late cruelty deserved reprobation, went into the hospitals in person, and while exposing himself, without hesitation, to the infection, diminished the terror of the disease in the opinion of the soldiers generally, and even of the patients themselves, who were thus enabled to keep up their spirits, and gained by doing so the fairest chance of recovery.[1]

Meanwhile, determined to prosecute the conquest of Syria, Buonaparte resolved to advance to Saint Jean d'Acre, so celebrated in the wars of Palestine. The Turkish Pacha, or governor of Syria, who, like others in his situation, accounted himself almost an independent sovereign, was Achmet; who, by his unrelenting cruelties and executions, had procured the terrible distinction of Djezzar, or the Butcher. Buonaparte addressed this formidable chief in two letters, offering his alliance, and threatening him with his vengeance if it should be rejected.[2] To neither did the pacha return any answer; in the second instance he put to death the messenger. The French general advanced against Acre, vowing revenge. There were, however, obstacles to the success of his enterprise, on which he had not calculated.

The pacha had communicated the approach of Napoleon to Sir Sidney Smith, to whom had been

[1] [O'Meara, v. ii. p. 128.]
[2] [See Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 372.]

committed the charge of assisting the Turks in their proposed expedition to Egypt, and who, for that purpose, was cruising in the Levant. He hastened to sail for Acre with the Tigre and Theseus, ships of the line; and arriving there two days ere the French made their appearance, contributed greatly to place the town, the fortifications of which were on the old Gothic plan, in a respectable state of defence.

Sir Sidney Smith, who so highly distinguished himself on this occasion, had been long celebrated for the most intrepid courage, and spirit of enterprise. His character was, besides, marked by those traits of enthusiasm at which cold and vulgar minds are apt to sneer, because incapable of understanding them; yet without which great and honourable actions have rarely been achieved. He had also a talent, uncommon among the English, that of acting easily with foreign, and especially with barbarous troops, and understanding how to make their efforts availing for the service of the common cause, though exerted in a manner different from those of civilized nations. This brave officer having been frequently intrusted with the charge of alarming the French coast, had been taken on one occasion, and, contrary to the laws of nations, and out of a mean spirit of revenge, was imprisoned in the Temple, from which he was delivered by a daring stratagem, effected by the French Royalist party. He had not been many hours at Acre, when Providence afforded him a distinguished mark of favour. The Theseus, which had been detached to intercept any French vessels that might be attend-

ing on Buonaparte's march, detected a small flotilla stealing under Mount Carmel, and had the good fortune to make prize of seven out of nine of them. They were a convoy from Damietta, bound for Acre, having on board heavy cannon, platforms, ammunition, and other necessary articles. These cannon and military stores, destined to form the siege of Acre, became eminently useful in its defence, and the consequence of their capture was eventually decisive of the struggle. General Philippeaux, a French royalist, and officer of engineers, immediately applied himself to place the cannon thus acquired, to the amount of betwixt thirty and forty, upon the walls which they had been intended to destroy. This officer, who had been Buonaparte's school-fellow, and the principal agent in delivering Sir Sidney Smith from prison, possessed rare talents in his profession. Thus strangely met under the walls of Acre, an English officer, late a prisoner in the Temple of Paris, and a French colonel of engineers, with the late general of the army of Italy, the ancient companion of Philippeaux,[1] and about to become almost the personal enemy of Smith.

On the 17th March, the French came in sight of

[1] Philippeaux died during the siege, of a fever brought on by fatigue. Buonaparte spoke of him with more respect than he usually showed to those who had been successful in opposing him. One reason might be, that the merit given to Philippeaux was in some degree subtracted from Sir Sidney Smith. The former was a Frenchman, and dead—the latter alive, and an Englishman. ["Sir Sidney Smith behaved very bravely, and was well seconded by Philippeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer."—NAPOLEON, *Voice*, &c. v. i. p. 210.]

Acre, which is built on a peninsula advancing into the sea, and so conveniently situated that vessels can lie near the shore, and annoy with their fire whatever advances to assault the fortification. Notwithstanding the presence of two British ships of war, and the disappointment concerning his battering cannon, which were now pointed against him from the ramparts, Buonaparte, with a characteristic perseverance which, on such an occasion, was pushed into obstinacy, refused to abandon his purpose, and proceeded to open trenches, although the guns which he had to place in them were only twelve pounders. The point of attack was a large tower which predominated over the rest of the fortifications. A mine at the same time was run under the extreme defences.

By the 28th March a breach was effected, the mine was sprung, and the French proceeded to the assault upon that day. They advanced at the charging step, under a murderous fire from the walls, but had the mortification to find a deep ditch betwixt them and the tower. They crossed it, nevertheless, by help of the scaling-ladders which they carried with them, and forced their way as far as the tower, from which it is said that the defenders impressed by the fate of Jaffa, were beginning to fly. They were checked by the example of Djezzar himself, who fired his own pistols at the French, and upbraided the Moslems who were retreating from the walls. The defences were again manned; the French, unable to support the renewed fire, were checked and forced back; and the Turks falling upon them in their retreat with sabre in

hand, killed a number of their best men, and Mailly, who commanded the party. Sorties were made from the place to destroy the French works; and although the cries with which the Turks carry on their military manœuvres gave the alarm to the enemy, yet, assisted by a detachment of British seamen, they did the French considerable damage, reconnoitred the mine which they were forming anew, and obtained the knowledge of its direction necessary to prepare a counter-mine.

While the strife was thus fiercely maintained on both sides, with mutual loss and increased animosity, the besiegers were threatened with other dangers. An army of Moslem troops of various nations, but all actuated by the same religious zeal, had formed themselves in the mountains of Samaria, and uniting with them the warlike inhabitants of that country, now called Naplous, formed the plan of attacking the French army lying before Acre on one side, while Djezzar and his allies should assail them upon the other. Kleber, with his division, was despatched by Buonaparte to disperse this assemblage. But though he obtained considerable advantages over detached parties of the Syrian army, their strength was so disproportioned, that at last, while he held a position near Mount Tabor, with two or three thousand men, he was surrounded by about ten times his own number. But his general-in-chief was hastening to his assistance. Buonaparte left two divisions to keep the trenches before Acre, and penetrated into the country in three columns. Murat, at the head of a fourth, occupied the pass called Jacob's Bridge.

The attack, made on various points, was every where successful. The camp of the Syrian army was taken; their defeat, almost their dispersion, was accomplished, while their scattered remains fled to Damascus. Buonaparte returned, crowned with laurels, to the siege of Acre.

Here, too, the arrival of thirty heavy pieces of cannon from Jaffa seemed to promise that success, which the French had as yet been unable to attain. It was about this time that, walking on the Mount which still retains the name of Richard Cœur de Lion, Buonaparte expressed himself to Murat in these terms, as he pointed to Saint Jean D'Acre: —"The fate of the East depends upon yonder petty town. Its conquest will ensure the main object of my expedition, and Damascus will be the first fruit of it."[1] Thus it would seem, that, while engaged in the enterprise, Buonaparte held the same language, which he did many years after its failure when at St Helena.

Repeated and desperate assaults proved, that the consequence which he attached to taking Acre was as great as his words expressed. The assailants suffered severely on these occasions, for they were exposed to the fire of two ravelins, or external fortifications, which had been constructed under Philippeaux's directions, and at the same time enfiladed by the fire of the British shipping. At length, employing to the uttermost the heavy

[1] Related by Miot as communicated to him by Murat. ["Le sort de l'Orient est dans cette bicoque; la chute de cette ville est le but de mon expédition; Damas doit en être le fruit."—Miot, p. 184.]

artillery now in his possession, Buonaparte, in spite of a bloody and obstinate opposition, forced his way to the disputed tower, and made a lodgment on the second story. It afforded, however, no access to the town; and the troops remained there as in a *cul-de-sac*, the lodgment being covered from the English and Turkish fire by a work constructed partly of packs of cotton, partly of the dead bodies of the slain, built up along with them.

At this critical moment, a fleet, bearing reinforcements long hoped for and much needed, appeared in view of the garrison. They contained Turkish troops under the command of Hassan Bey. Yet near as they were, the danger was imminent that Acre might be taken ere they could land. To prevent such a misfortune, Sir Sidney Smith in person proceeded to the disputed tower, at the head of a body of British seamen, armed with pikes. They united themselves to a corps of brave Turks, who defended the breach rather with heavy stones than with other weapons. The heap of ruins which divided the contending parties served as a breast-work to both. The muzzles of the muskets touched each other, and the spear-heads of the standards were locked together. At this moment one of the Turkish regiments of Hassan's army, which had by this time landed, made a sortie upon the French; and though they were driven back, yet the diversion occasioned the besiegers to be forced from their lodgment.

Abandoning the ill-omened tower, which had cost the besiegers so many men, Buonaparte now turned his efforts towards a considerable breach

that had been effected in the curtain, and which promised a more easy entrance. It proved, indeed, but too easy; for Djezzar Pacha opposed to the assault on this occasion a new mode of tactics. Confiding in his superior numbers, he suffered the French, who were commanded by the intrepid General Lannes, to surmount the breach without opposition, by which they penetrated into the body of the place. They had no sooner entered, than a numerous body of Turks mingled among them with loud shouts; and ere they had time or room to avail themselves of their discipline, brought them into that state of close fighting, where strength and agility are superior to every other acquirement. The Turks, wielding the sabre in one hand, and the poniard in the other, cut to pieces almost all the French who had entered. General Rambaud lay a headless corpse in the breach—Lannes was with difficulty brought off severely wounded. The Turks gave no quarter; and instantly cutting the heads off of those whom they slew, carried them to the pacha, who sat in public distributing money to those who brought him these bloody trophies, which now lay piled in heaps around him. This was the sixth assault upon these tottering and blood-stained ramparts. "Victory," said Napoleon, "is to the most persevering;"[1] and, contrary to the advice of Kleber, he resolved upon another and yet more desperate attack.

On the 21st May the final effort was made. The attack of the morning failed, and Colonel Veneux

[1] ["La victoire est au plus opiniâtre."—Miot, p. 199.]

renewed it at mid-day. "Be assured," said he to Buonaparte, "Acre shall be yours to-night, or Veneux will die on the breach."[1] He kept his word at the cost of his life. Bon was also slain, whose division had been the executioners of the garrison of Jaffa. The French now retreated, dispirited and despairing of success. The contest had been carried on at half a musket shot distance; and the bodies of the dead lying around, putrified under the burning sun, spread disease among the survivors. An attempt was made to establish a suspension of arms for removing this horrible annoyance. Miot says that the pacha returned no answer to the proposal of the French. According to Sir Sidney Smith's official reports, the armistice for this humane purpose was actually agreed on, but broken off by the French firing upon those who were engaged in the melancholy office, and then rushing on to make their last unsuccessful charge and assault upon the breach. This would have been a crime so useless, and would have tended so much to the inconvenience of the French themselves, that we cannot help suspecting some misunderstanding had occurred, and that the interruption was under a wrong conception of the purpose of the working party.

This is the more probable, as Sir Sidney Smith, who reports the circumstance, was not at this time disposed to put the best construction on any action of Buonaparte's, who, on the other hand, regarded the British seamen with peculiar dislike, and even

[1] [Miot, p. 199.]

malignity. The cause of personal quarrel betwixt them was rather singular.

Buonaparte had addressed the subjects of Achmet Djezzar's pachalik, in terms inviting them to revolt, and join the French; yet was much offended when, imitating his own policy, the pacha and Sir Sidney Smith caused letters to be sent into his camp before Acre, urging his soldiers to mutiny and desertion. Sir Sidney also published a proclamation to the Druses, and other inhabitants of the country, calling on them to trust the faith of a Christian knight, rather than that of an unprincipled renegado. Nettled at these insults, Buonaparte declared that the English commodore was mad; and according to his account, Sir Sidney replied by sending him a challenge. The French general scornfully refused this invitation, unless the challenger would bring Marlborough to meet him, but offered to send one of his grenadiers to indulge the Englishman's desire of single combat. The good taste of the challenge may be doubted, if indeed such was ever sent; but the scorn of the reply ought to have been mitigated, considering it was addressed to one, in consequence of whose dauntless and determined opposition Buonaparte's favourite object had failed, and who was presently to compel him, for the first time, to an inglorious retreat.

Another calumny, circulated by Buonaparte against the English commodore, was, that Sir Sidney Smith had endeavoured to expose his French prisoners to the infection of the plague, by placing them in vessels where that dreadful contagion prevailed. This charge had no other found-

ation, than in Buonaparte's wish, by spreading such a scandal, to break off all communication between the commodore and the discontented of his own army. After the heat excited by their angry collision had long subsided, it is amusing to find Napoleon, when in the island of Saint Helena, declaring, that his opinion of Sir Sidney Smith was altered for the better, since he had become acquainted with the rest of his countrymen, and that he now considered him as a worthy sort of man—for an Englishman.

The siege of Acre had now continued sixty days since the opening of the trenches. The besiegers had marched no less than eight times to the assault, while eleven desperate sallies were evidence of the obstinacy of the defence. Several of the best French generals were killed; among the rest Caffarelli,[1] for whom Buonaparte had particular esteem; and the army was greatly reduced by the sword and the plague, which raged at once among their devoted bands. Retreat became inevitable. Yet Buonaparte endeavoured to give it such a colouring as might make the measure seem voluntary. Sometimes he announced, that his purpose of go-

[1] Caffarelli was shot in the elbow, and died of the amputation of the limb. He had before lost a leg, which induced the French soldiers, who disliked him as one of the principal contrivers of the Egyptian expedition, to say, when they saw him hobble past, "He, at least, need care little about the matter—he is sure to have *one* foot in France." He had some days' delirium before he died; but Count Las Cases, reports, (vol. i. p. 220,) that whenever Buonaparte was announced, his presence—nay, his name alone—seemed to cure the wanderings of the patient's spirit, and that this phenomenon was renewed so often as he general made him a visit.

ing to Acre was sufficiently accomplished when he had battered down the palace of the pacha; at other times he affirmed he had left the whole town a heap of ruins; and finally, he informed the Directory that he could easily have taken the place, but the plague being raging within its walls, and it being impossible to prevent the troops from seizing on infected clothes for part of their booty, he had rather declined the capture of Acre, than run the risk of introducing this horrid malady among his soldiers. What his real feelings must have been, while covering his chagrin with such flimsy pretexts, may be conjectured from the following frank avowal to his attendants in Saint Helena. Speaking of the dependence of the most important affairs on the most trivial, he remarks, that the mistake of the captain of a frigate, who bore away, instead of forcing his passage to the place of his destination, had prevented the face of the world from being totally changed. "Acre," he said, "would otherwise have been taken—the French army would have flown to Damascus and Aleppo—in a twinkling of an eye they would have been on the Euphrates—the Syrian Christians would have joined us—the Druses, the Armenians would have united with us."—Some one replied, "We might have been reinforced to the number of a hundred thousand men."—"Say six hundred thousand," said the Emperor; "who can calculate the amount? I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies—I would have changed the face of the world."[1]

[1] Las Cases, t. i. partie seconde, p. 384. The extravagance of Napoleon's plan unavoidably reminds us of the vanity of human

wishes. The cause to which he ascribes it is the *mistake* of a captain of a frigate, who, instead of forcing his way to Acre, against the opposition of two ships of the line, was unfortunately taken by them. This is a mode of reasoning which Napoleon was very ready to adopt. The miscarriage of his plans was seldom imputed by him to the successful wisdom or valour of an enemy, but to some accidental circumstance, or blunder, which deranged the scheme which must otherwise have been infallible. Some of his best generals were of a different opinion, and considered the rashness of the attack upon Acre, as involving the certainty of failure. Kleber is reported to have said, that the Turks defended themselves with the skill of Christians, and that the French attacked like Turks.

CHAPTER XIV.

Discussion concerning the alleged Poisoning of the Sick in the Hospitals at Jaffa.—Napoleon acquitted of the charge. —French Army re-enter Cairo on the 14th June.—Retrospect of what had taken place in Upper and Lower Egypt during Napoleon's Absence.—Incursion of Murad Bey. —18,000 Turks occupy Aboukir—Attacked and defeated —This Victory terminates Napoleon's Career in Egypt.— Admiral Gantheaume receives Orders to make ready for Sea.—On the 22d August Napoleon embarks for France —Arrives in Ajaccio on the 30th September—and lands at Frejus on the 9th October.

THE retreat from before Acre was conducted with equal skill and secrecy, though Buonaparte was compelled to leave behind his heavy cannon, which he either buried or threw into the sea. But, by a rumour which long prevailed in the French army, he was alleged to have taken a far more extraordinary measure of preparation for retreat, by destroying with opium the sick in the hospitals, who could not march along with the army.

This transaction is said to have taken place under the following circumstances. The siege of Acre being raised on the 21st of May, 1799, the French army retreated to Jaffa, where their military hospitals had been established during the siege. Upon the 27th, Buonaparte was under the necessity of

continuing his retreat, and in the mean time such of the patients as were convalescent were sent forward on the road to Egypt, under the necessary precautions for their safety. There remained an indefinite number, reaching at the greatest computation to betwixt twenty and thirty, but stated by Buonaparte himself to be only seven, whose condition was desperate. Their disease was the plague, and to carry them onward, seemed to threaten the army with infection; while to leave them behind was abandoning them to the cruelty of the Turks, by whom all stragglers and prisoners were cruelly murdered, often with protracted torture. It was on this occasion that Buonaparte submitted to Desgenettes, chief of the medical staff, the propriety of ending the victims' misery by a dose of opium. The physician answered, with the heroism belonging to his profession, that his art taught him how to cure men, not to kill them.[1]

The proposal was agreeable to Buonaparte's principles, who, advocating the legality of suicide, naturally might believe, that if a man has a right to relieve himself of intolerable evils by depriving himself of life, a general or a monarch may deal forth that measure to his soldiers or subjects, which he would think it advisable to act upon in his own case. It was consistent, also, with his character, rather to look at results than at the measures which were to produce them, and to consider in many cases the end as an excuse for the means. "I would have desired such a relief for myself in

[1] [O'Meara, v. i. p. 331.]

the same circumstances," he said to Mr Warden.[1] To O'Meara he affirmed, "that he would have taken such a step even with respect to his own son.[2] The fallacy of this reasoning is demonstrable; but Buonaparte was saved from acting on it by the resistance of Desgenettes. A rear-guard was left to protect these unhappy men; and the English found some of them alive, who, if Desgenettes had been more compliant, would have been poisoned by their physician. If Buonaparte was guilty of entertaining such a purpose, whether entertained from indifference to human life, or from wild and misdirected ideas of humanity, he met an appropriate punishment in the general belief which long subsisted, that the deed had been actually carried into execution, not in the persons of a few expiring wretches only, but upon several hundred men. Miot says the report was current in the French army,—Sir Robert Wilson found it credited among their officers, when they became the English prisoners,—and Count Las Cases admits it was generally believed by the soldiers. But though popular credulity eagerly receives whatever stories are marked by the horrible and wonderful, history, on the contrary, demands direct evidence, and the existence of powerful motives,[3] for whatever is beyond the ordinary bounds of credibility. The poisoning of five or six hundred men is neither easily managed nor easily concealed; and why should the French leader have had re-

[1] [Warden's Letters, p. 156.]
[2] [Voice from St Helena, v. ii. p. 333.]
[3] [History of the British Expedition to Egypt, vol. i. p. 127.]

course to it, since, like many a retreating general before him, he had only to leave the patients for whom he had not the means of transportation? To poison the sick and helpless, must have destroyed his interest with the remainder of his soldiers; whereas, to have left them to their fate, was a matter too customary, and too much considered as a point of necessity, to create any discontent[1] among those, whose interest, as well as that of their general, consisted in moving on as fast as possible. Again, had such a horrible expedient been had recourse to, it could not have escaped the knowledge of Sir Sidney Smith, who would not have failed to give the horrid fact publicity, were it only to retaliate upon Buonaparte for the scandalous accusations which he had circulated against the English. But though he mentions various complaints which the prisoners made against their general, and though he states himself to have found

[1] Miot gives a melancholy, but too true a picture, of the indifference with which soldiers, when on a retreat, regard the sufferings of those whose strength does not enable them to keep up with the march. He describes a man, affected by the fear of being left to the cruelties of the Turks, snatching up his knapsack, and staggering after the column to which he belonged, while his glazed eye, uncertain motion, and stumbling pace, excited the fear of some, and the ridicule of others. "His account is made up," said one of his comrades, as he reeled about amongst them like a drunkard. "He will not make a long march of it," said another. And when, after more than one fall, he at length became unable to rise, the observation that "he had taken up his quarters," was all the moan which it was thought necessary to make. It is in these cases, as Miot justly observes, that indifference and selfishness become universal; and he that would be comfortable must manage to rely on his own exertions, and, above all, to remain in good health.

seven men alive in the hospitals at Jaffa, (being apparently the very persons whom it had been proposed to despatch by opium,) he says not a word of what he would doubtless have told not unwillingly, had there been ground for believing it. Neither, among the numerous persons to whom the truth must be known, has any one come forward since Buonaparte's fall, who could give the least evidence to authenticate the report otherwise than as a rumour, that had sprung out of the unjustifiable proposal which had indeed been made by Buonaparte to Desgenettes, but never acted upon. The same patient and impartial investigation, therefore, which compels us to record that the massacre of the Turkish prisoners in cold blood is fully proved, induces us to declare, that the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa has been affirmed without sufficient evidence.[1]

[1] [See Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 272; Martin, t. i. p 315; Desgenettes, *Hist. Médicale de l'Armée de' Orient*, p. 97; Larrey, *Relation Chirurgicale de l'Armée d' Orient*, p. 117; Lacretelle, t. xiv. p. 299. "I feel ashamed," says Savary, "to advert to the atrocious calumny; but the man whose simple assertion was found sufficient to give it currency, has not been able to stifle it by his subsequent disavowal. The necessity to which we were reduced of using roots as a substitute for opium, is a fact known to the whole army. Supposing, however, that opium had been as plentiful as it was scarce, and that General Buonaparte could have contemplated the expedient attributed to him, where could there be found a man sufficiently determined in mind, or so lost to the feelings of human nature, as to force open the jaws of fifty wretched men on the point of death, and thrust a deadly preparation down their throats? The most intrepid soldier turned pale at the sight of an infected person; the warmest heart dared not relieve a friend afflicted with the plague; and is it to be credited that brutal ferocity could execute what the noblest feelings recoiled at? or that there should have been a creature

Buonaparte continued his retreat from Syria, annoyed by the natives, who harassed his march, and retaliating the injuries which he received, by plundering and burning the villages which lay in the course of his march. He left Jaffa on the 28th May, and upon the 14th June re-entered Cairo, with a reputation not so much increased by the victory at Mount Tabor, as diminished and sullied, for the time, by the retreat from Acre.

Lower Egypt, during the absence of Buonaparte, had remained undisturbed, unless by partial insurrections. In one of these an impostor personated that mysterious individual, the Imaum Mohadi, of whom the Orientals believe that he is not dead, but is destined to return and combat Antichrist, before the consummation of all things takes place. This pretender to supernatural power, as well as others who placed themselves at the head of insurrections without such high pretensions, was completely defeated; and the French showed the greatest severity in punishing their followers, and the country which had furnished them with partisans.[1]

In Upper Egypt there had been more obstinate contention. Murad Bey, already mentioned as the ablest chief of the Mamelukes, had maintained himself in that country with a degree of boldness and sagacity, which gave the French much trouble. His fine force of cavalry enabled him to advance or retreat at pleasure, and his perfect acquaintance with the country added much to his advantage.

savage or mad enough to sacrifice his own life, in order to enjoy the satisfaction of hastening the death of fifty dying men, wholly unknown to him?"—*Memoirs*, t. ii. p. 106.]

[1] [Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 323.]

Desaix, sent against Murad after the battle of the Pyramids, had again defeated the Mameluke chief at Sedinan, where was once more made evident the superiority of European discipline over the valour of the irregular cavalry of the East. Still the destruction of the enterprising bey was far from complete. Reinforced by a body of cavalry, Desaix,[1] in the month of December 1798, again attacked him, and, after a number of encounters, terminating generally to the advantage of the French, the remaining Mamelukes, with their allies the Arabs, were at length compelled to take shelter in the Desert. Egypt seemed entirely at the command of the French; and Cosseir, a seaport on the Red Sea, had been taken possession of by a flotilla, fitted out to command that gulf.[2]

Three or four weeks after Buonaparte's return from Syria, this flattering state of tranquillity seemed on the point of being disturbed. Murad Bey, re-entering Upper Egypt with his Mamelukes and allies, descended the Nile in two bodies, one occupying each bank of the river. Ibrahim Bey, formerly his partner in the government of Egypt, made a corresponding movement towards the frontiers of Syria, as if to communicate with the right-hand division of Murad's army. La Grange was despatched against the Mamelukes who occupied the right bank, while Murat marched

[1] ["Brave Desaix! He would have conquered any where. He was skilful, vigilant, daring—little regarding fatigue, and death still less. He would have gone to the end of the world in quest of victory."—NAPOLEON, *Antommarchi*, v. i., p. 376.]

[2] [Jomini, t. xi. p. 420; Thibaudeau, t. ii. p. 297; Gourgaud, t. ii. p. 320.]

against those who, under the bey himself, were descending the Nile. The French were entertained at the idea of the two Murats, as they termed them, from the similarity of their names, meeting and encountering each other; but the Mameluke Murad retreated before *Le Beau Sabreur*—the handsome swordsman—of the French army.[1]

Mean time, the cause of this incursion was explained by the appearance of a Turkish fleet off Alexandria, who disembarked eighteen thousand men at Aboukir. This Turkish army possessed themselves of the fort, and proceeded to fortify themselves, expecting the arrival of the Mamelukes, according to the plan which had previously been adjusted for expelling the French from Egypt. This news reached Buonaparte near the Pyramids, to which he had advanced, in order to ensure the destruction of Murad Bey. The arrival of the Turks instantly recalled him to Alexandria, whence he marched to Aboukir to repel the invaders. He joined his army, which had assembled from all points, within a short distance of the Turkish camp, and was employed late in the night making preparations for the battle on the next morning. Murat was alone with Buonaparte, when the last suddenly made the oracular declaration, "Go how it will, this battle will decide the fate of the world."

"The fate of this army, at least," replied Murat, who did not comprehend Buonaparte's secret meaning. "But the Turks are without horse, and if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by cavalry, they shall be so charged to-morrow by mine."[2]

[1] [Gourgaud, t. iii. p. 328.]

[2] [Miot, p. 249.]

Napoleon's meaning, however, referred not to Egypt alone, but to Europe; to which he probably already meditated an unexpected return, which must have been prevented had he not succeeded in obtaining the most complete triumph over the Turks. The leaving his Egyptian army, a dubious step at best, would have been altogether indefensible had there remained an enemy in their front.

Next morning, being the 25th July, Buonaparte commenced an attack on the advanced posts of the enemy, and succeeded in driving them in upon the main body, which was commanded by Seid Mustapha Pacha. In their first attack, the French were eminently successful, and pursued the fugitive Turks to their intrenchments, doing great execution. But when the batteries opened upon them from the trenches, while they were at the same time exposed to the fire from the gun-boats in the bay, their impetuosity was checked, and the Turks sallying out upon them with their muskets slung at their backs, made such havoc among the French with their sabres, poniards, and pistols, as compelled them to retreat in their turn.[1] The advantage was lost by the eagerness of the barbarians to possess themselves of the heads of their fallen enemies, for which they received a certain reward. They threw themselves confusedly out of the intrenchments to obtain these bloody testimonials, and were in considerable disorder, when the

[1] [" Les Turcs maintenaient le combat avec succès; mais Murat, par un mouvement *rapide comme la pensée*, dirigea sa gauche sur les derrières de leur droit," &c.—BUONAPARTE *to the Directory.*]

French suddenly rallied, charged them with great fury, drove them back into the works, and scaled the ramparts along with them.

Murat had made good his promise of the preceding evening, and had been ever in the front of the battle. When the French had surmounted the intrenchments, he formed a column which reversed the position of the Turks, and pressing them with the bayonet, threw them into utter and inextricable confusion. Fired upon and attacked on every point, they became, instead of an army, a confused rabble, who, in the impetuosity of animal terror, threw themselves by hundreds and by thousands into the sea, which at once seemed covered with turbans.[1] It was no longer a battle, but a massacre; and it was only when wearied with slaughter that quarter was given to about six thousand men; the rest of the Turkish army, originally consisting of eighteen thousand, perished on the field or in the waves. Mustapha Pacha was taken, and carried in triumph before Buonaparte. The haughty Turk had not lost his pride with his fortunes. "I will take care to inform the Sultan," said the victor, meaning to be courteous, "of the courage you displayed in this battle, though it has been your mishap to lose it." "Thou mayst save thyself the trouble," answered the prisoner haughtily; "my master knows me better than thou canst."

Buonaparte returned in triumph to Cairo on the

[1] [Gourgaud states, that from three to four thousand Turks were driven into the sea. Berthier calculates the number at ten thousand: "L'ennemi ne croit avoir de ressource que dans la mer; dix mille hommes s'y précipitent; ils y sont fusilés et mitraillés. Jamais spectacle aussi terrible ne s'est presenté."]

9th August; having, however, as he continued to represent himself friendly to the Porte, previously set on foot a negotiation for liberation of the Turkish prisoners.

This splendid and most decisive victory of Aboukir[1] concluded Napoleon's career in the East. It was imperiously necessary, ere he could have ventured to quit the command of his army, with the hope of preserving his credit with the public; and it enabled him to plead that he left Egypt for the time in absolute security. His military views had, indeed, been uniformly successful; and Egypt was under the dominion of France as completely as the sword could subject it. For two years afterwards, like the strong man in the parable, they kept the house which they had won, until in there came a stronger, by whom they were finally and forcibly expelled.

But, though the victory over the Turks afforded the French for the time undisturbed possession of Egypt, the situation of Buonaparte no longer permitted him those brilliant and immense prospects, in which his imagination loved to luxuriate. His troops were considerably weakened, and the miscarriage at Acre dwelt on the recollection of the survivors. The march upon Constantinople was now an impossibility,—that to India an empty dream. To establish a French colony in Egypt,

[1] ["This is probably the only instance, in the history of warfare, in which an army has been entirely destroyed. It was upon this occasion that Kleber, clasping Buonaparte round the waist, exclaimed, '*General, vous étés grand comme le monde!*'"—THIERS, t. x. p. 323.]

of which Buonaparte sometimes talked, and to restore the Indian traffic to the shores of the Red Sea, thus sapping the sources of British prosperity in India, was a work for the time of peace, when the necessary communication was not impeded by the naval superiority of England. The French general had established, indeed, a chamber of commerce; but what commerce could take place from a closely blockaded harbour? Indeed, even in a more propitious season, the establishment of a pacific colony was no task for the ardent and warlike Napoleon; who, although his active spirit was prompt in striking out commercial schemes, was not possessed of the patience or steadiness necessary to carry them to success. It follows, that if he remained in Egypt, his residence there must have resembled the situation of a governor in a large city, threatened indeed, but as yet in no danger of being besieged, where the only fame which can be acquired is that due to prudent and patient vigilance. This would be a post which no young or ambitious soldier would covet, providing he had the choice of being engaged in more active service. On the other hand, from events which we shall endeavour to trace in the next chapter, there opened a scene of ambition in France, which permitted an almost boundless extent of hopes and wishes. Thus, Napoleon had the choice either of becoming a candidate for one of the greatest prizes which the world afforded—the supreme authority in that fine country—or of remaining the governor of a defensive army in Egypt, waiting the arrival of some new invaders—English, Russians, or Turks,

to dispute his conquest with him. Had he chosen this latter line of conduct, he might have soon found himself the vassal of Moreau, or some other military adventurer, (perhaps from his own Italian army,) who, venturing on the course from which he had himself withdrawn, had attained to the government of France, and might soon have been issuing orders from the Luxembourg or the Tuileries to General Buonaparte, in the style of a sovereign to his subject.

There remained to be separated those strong ties, which were formed betwixt Napoleon and the army which he had so often led to victory, and who unquestionably thought he had cast his lot to live or die with them. But, undoubtedly, he might palliate his departure by the consideration, that he left them victorious over their boastful enemy, and without the chance of being speedily summoned to the field; and we can see no reason for supposing, as has been alleged, that any thing like fear had an influence in inducing Napoleon's desertion, as it has been termed, of his army. We cannot, indeed, give him credit for the absolute and pure desire of serving and saving France, which is claimed by his more devoted adherents, as the sole motive of his return to Europe; but we have no doubt that some feelings of this kind—to which, as we are powerful in deceiving ourselves, he himself might afford more weight than they deserved —mingled with his more selfish hopes, and that he took this important step with the desire of serving his country, as well as of advancing his own interest. Nor should it be forgotten, that the welfare

even of the Egyptian army, as well as his own ambitious views, required that he should try his fortune at Paris. If he did not personally exert himself there, it seemed highly probable some revolution might take place, in which one of the consequences might be, that the victors of Egypt, deserted by their countrymen, should be compelled to lay down their arms.

The circumstances in which Buonaparte's resolution is said to have originated, as related by himself, were singularly fortuitous. Some intercourse took place with the Turkish fleet, in consequence of his sending the wounded Turks on board, and Sir Sidney Smith,[1] by way of taunting the French general with the successes of the Russians in Italy, sent him a set of newspapers containing an account of Suwarrow's victories, and a deplorable view of the French affairs on the continent.[2] If we may trust other authorities, however, to be quoted in their proper place, he already knew the state of affairs, both in Italy and France, by his own secret correspondence with Paris,[3] informing him, not only of the military reverses which the armies of the latter country had sustained, but of the state of parties, and of the public mind,—intelligence of

[1] ["Notwithstanding his unheard-of destiny, Napoleon has often been heard to say, in speaking of Sir Sidney Smith, 'Cet homme m'a fait manquer ma fortune.'"—THIERS, t. x. p. 314.]

[2] [See Las Cases, v. iii. p. 11; Savary's Memoirs, v. i. p. 112; and Miot, p. 265.]

[3] ["There existed no secret correspondence, whether private or official. Ten months had already elapsed, and we were still without news from Egypt."—BOURRIENNE, t. ii. p. 309.]

greater utility and accuracy than could have been communicated by the English newspapers.

However his information was derived, Buonaparte lost no time in acting upon it, with all the secrecy which a matter of such importance required. Admiral Gantheaume, who had been with the army ever since the destruction of the fleet, received the general's orders to make ready for sea, with all possible despatch, two frigates then lying in the harbour of Alexandria.

Mean time, determined to preserve his credit with the Institute, and to bring evidence of what he had done for the cause of science, Buonaparte commanded Monge, who is said to have suggested the expedition, and the accomplished Denon, who became its historian, with Berthollet, to prepare to accompany him to Alexandria. Of military chiefs, he selected the Generals Berthier, Murat, Lannes, Marmont, Desaix, Andréossy, and Bessieres, the best and most attached of his officers. He left Cairo as soon as he heard the frigates were ready and the sea open, making a visit to the Delta the pretext of his tour. Kleber and Menou, whom he meant to leave first and second in command, were appointed to meet him at Alexandria. But he had an interview with the latter only.

Kleber, an excellent soldier, and a man of considerable parts, was much displeased at the hasty and disordered manner in which the command of an important province, and a diminished army were thrust upon him, and remonstrated in a letter to the Directory, upon the several points of the

public service, which, by his conduct on this occasion, Buonaparte had neglected or endangered.[1] Napoleon afterwards laboured hard to answer the accusations which these remonstrances implied, and to prove, that, in leaving the Egyptian army, he had no intention of abandoning it; on the contrary, that he intended either to return in person, or to send powerful succours. He blamed Gantheaume, at a later period, for not having made his way from Toulon to Alexandria, with reinforcements and supplies. But Buonaparte, slow to see what contradicted a favourite project, could never be made to believe, unless when in the very act of experiencing it, that the superiority of the British naval power depends upon circumstances totally different from those which can be removed by equal courage, or even equal skill, on the part of the French naval officers; and that, until it be removed, it will be at great hazard that France shall ever attempt to retain a province so distant as Egypt.[2]

Napoleon left behind him a short proclamation,[3]

[1] [Intercepted Letters, part iii. p. 38.]

[2] [General Menou was the last person to whom Napoleon spoke on shore. He said to him, "My dear general, you must take care of yourselves here. If I have the happiness to reach France, the reign of ranting shall be at an end."—Las Cases, t. iii. p. 13.]

[3] ["In consequence of the news from Europe, I have determined to return to France. I leave the command of the army to General Kleber. The army will soon hear news of me: I cannot explain more fully. It grieves me to the heart to separate myself from the soldiers, to whom I am so tenderly attached: but the separation shall be but for a moment; and the general whom I leave at your head possesses the confidence of the government, and mine."]

apprising the army, that news of importance from France had recalled him to Europe, but that they should soon hear tidings of him. He exhorted them, in the mean time, to have confidence in their new commander; who possessed, he said, his good opinion, and that of the government; and in these terms he bade them farewell. Two frigates, La Muiron and La Carére, being ready for sea, the general embarked, from an unfrequented part of the beach, on the 22d August. Menou, who had met him there, came to Denon and others, who had attended the rendezvous without knowing exactly its purpose, as they were gazing in surprise at the unusual sight of two French frigates ready to put to sea, and informed them with agitation, that Buonaparte waited for them. They followed, as in a dream; but Denon had already secured that mass of measurements, drawings, manuscripts, and objects of antiquarian and scientific curiosity, which afterwards enabled him to complete the splendid work, which now contains almost the only permanent or useful fruits of the memorable expedition to Egypt.

Ere the frigates were far from land, they were reconnoitred by an English corvette—a circumstance which seemed of evil augury. Buonaparte assured his companions, by his usual allusions to his own destiny. "We will arrive safe," he said; "Fortune will never abandon us—we will arrive safe in despite of the enemy."

To avoid the English cruizers, the vessels coasted the shores of Africa, and the wind was so contrary, that they made but a hundred leagues in twenty days. During this time, Buonaparte studied alter-

nately the Bible and the Koran ;[1] more solicitous, it seemed, about the history of the countries which he had left behind, than the part which he was to play in that to which he was hastening. At length, they ventured to stand northward, and on the 30th September, they entered, by singular chance, the port of Ajaccio in Corsica, and Buonaparte found himself in his native city.[2] On the 7th October, they again put to sea, but, upon approaching the French coast, they found themselves in the neighbourhood of a squadron of English men-of-war. The admiral would have tacked about, to return to Corsica. "To do so," said Buonaparte, "would be to take the road to England—I am seeking that to France." He probably meant that the manœuvre would attract the attention of the English. They kept on their course ; but the peril of being captured seemed so imminent, that, though still several leagues from the shore, Gantheaume proposed to man his long-boat, in order that the general might attempt his escape in her. Buonaparte observed, that that measure might be deferred till the case was more desperate.[3]

At length, they passed, unsuspected and unquestioned, through the hostile squadron, and on the 9th October, at ten in the morning, he on whose fate

[1] [Las Cases, t. iii. p. 13.]

[2] ["Gantheaume informed me, that he saw, at Ajaccio, the house that was occupied by Napoleon's family, the patrimonial abode. The arrival of their celebrated countryman immediately set all the inhabitants of the island in motion. A crowd of cousins came to welcome him, and the streets were thronged with people."—Las Cases, t. iii. p. 14.]

[3] [Bourrienne, t. iii. p. 4 ; Miot, p. 269.]

the world so long seemed to depend, landed at St Rapheau, near Frejus. He had departed at the head of a powerful fleet, and a victorious army, on an expedition designed to alter the destinies of the most ancient nations of the world. The result had been far from commensurate to the means employed. The fleet had perished—the army was blockaded in a distant province, when their arms were most necessary at home. He returned clandestinely, and almost alone; yet Providence designed that, in this apparently deserted condition, he should be the instrument of more extensive and more astonishing changes, than the efforts of the greatest conquerors had ever before been able to effect upon the civilized world.

CHAPTER XV.

Retrospect of Public Events since the Departure of Napoleon for Egypt.—Invasion and Conquest of Switzerland,—Seizure of Turin.—Expulsion of the Pope.—The Neapolitans declare War against France.—The French enter Naples.—Disgraceful Avarice exhibited by the Directory—particularly in their Negotiations with the United States of America.—Russia comes forward in the general Cause.—Her Strength and Resources.—Reverses of the French in Italy, and on the Rhine.—Insurrections in Belgium and Holland against the French.—Anglo-Russian Expedition sent to Holland.—The Chouans again in the Field.—Great and Universal Unpopularity of the Directory.—State of Parties in France.—Law of Hostages.—Abbé Siêyes becomes one of the Directory—His Character and Genius.—Description of the Constitution proposed by him for the Year Three.—Ducos, Gohier, and Moulins, also introduced into the Directory.—Family of Napoleon strive to keep him in the Recollection of the People.—Favourable Change in the French Affairs.—Holland evacuated by the Anglo-Russian Army.—Korsakow defeated by Massena—and Suwarrow retreats before Lecourbe.

When Napoleon accepted what was to be considered as a doom of honourable banishment, in the command of the Egyptian expedition, he answered to those friends who advised him rather to stay and assert a preeminent station in the govern-

ment at home, " that the fruit was not ripe." The seventeen months, or thereabouts, of his absence, had done much to complete the maturity which was formerly imperfect. The French Government had ceased to be invariably victorious, and at times had suffered internal changes, which, instead of restoring the national confidence, had only induced a general expectation of some farther and decisive revolution, that should for ever overthrow the Directorial system.

When Buonaparte sailed for Egypt, he left France at peace with Austria, and those negotiations proceeding at Radstadt, which no one then doubted would settle on a pacific footing the affairs of Germany. England alone remained hostile to France; but the former being victorious on the sea, and the latter upon the land, it seemed as if the war must languish and die of itself, unless there had been a third element, of which the rivals might have disputed the possession. But though the interests of France, as well as of humanity, peremptorily demanded peace, her rulers, feeling that their own tottering condition would be rendered still more precarious by the disbanding their numerous armies, resolved to continue the war in a new quarter.

Under the most flimsy and injurious pretexts, they attacked the neutral States of Switzerland, so eminent for their moderation; and the French troops, levied in the name of Freedom, were sent to assail that country which had been so long her mountain fortress. The ancient valour of the Switzers was unable to defend them against the

new discoveries in the art of war, by which the strongest defiles can be turned, and therefore rendered indefensible. They fought with their ancient courage, particularly the natives of the mountain cantons, and only gave way before numbers and discipline. But these gallant mountaineers sacrificed more than thrice their own amount, ere they fell in their ranks, as became the countrymen of William Tell. The French affected to give the Swiss a constitution on the model of their own, but this was a mere farce. The arsenals, fortresses, and treasures of the cantons, were seized without scruple or apology, and the Swiss were treated in all respects like a conquered nation. The fate of this ancient and unoffending people excited deep and general fear and detestation, and tended more perhaps than any other event to raise the animosity of Europe in general against France, as a country which had now plainly shown, that her ambition could be bounded by no consideration of justice or international law.[1]

The King of Sardinia, who had first acknowledged the superiority of Buonaparte, and purchased his existence as a continental sovereign, by surrendering all his fortresses to France, and permitting her troops to march through his country as their own, had surely some claim to forbearance; but now, without even a pretext for such violence, the French seized upon Turin, the capital of this their vassal monarch, and upon all his continental

[1] [Lacretelle, t. xiv. p. 230; Madame de Staël, t. ii. p. 211.]

dominions, sending him and his family to the island of Sardinia.[1]

Another victim there was of the French grasping ambition, in whose fate the Catholic world was deeply interested. We have seen already that Buonaparte, though he despoiled the Pope of power and treasure, judged it more prudent to permit him to subsist as a petty prince, than by depriving him of all temporal authority, to drive him to desperation, and oblige him to use against the Republic those spiritual weapons, to which the public opinion of Catholic countries still assigned strength. But the Directory were of a different opinion; and though the Pope had submitted passively to every demand which had been made by the French ambassador, however inconsistent with the treaty of Tolentino, the Directory, with the usual policy of their nation, privately encouraged a party in Rome which desired a revolution. These conspirators arose in arms, and, when dispersed by the guards, fled towards the hotel of Joseph Buonaparte, then the ambassador of the French to the Pope. In the scuffle which ensued, the ambassador was insulted, his life endangered, and General Duphot actually killed by his side. This outrage of course sealed the fall of the Pope, which had probably long been determined on. Expelled from his dominions, the aged Pius VI. retired to Sienna, more the object of respect and veneration in his condition of a dethroned exile, than when holding the semblance of

[1] [Lacretelle, t. xiv. p. 176; Montgaillard, t. v. p. 126; Jomini, t. xi. p. 380.]

authority by permission of France. In place of the Pontiff's government arose the shadow of a mighty name, The Roman Republic. But the Gauls were in possession of the Capitol, nor did the ancient recollections, connected with the title of the new commonwealth, procure for the Romans more independent authority than was possessed by any of the other ephemeral republican governments.[1]

In the fall of the Pope, and the occupation of the Roman territories by a French army, the King of Naples saw the nation whom he feared and hated, and by whom he knew he was considered as a desirable subject of plunder, approach his frontiers, and become his neighbours. War he perceived was unavoidable; and he formed the resolution to be the first in declaring it. The victory of Nelson, and the interest which that distinguished hero acquired at what might be called a female court, with the laurels of the Nile fresh upon his brow, confirmed the Neapolitan government in the resolution. Mack, an Austrian general, who had got the reputation of a great tactician, and a gallant soldier, was sent by the emperor to discipline and command the Neapolitan army. Nelson's falcon eye measured the man's worth at once. "General Mack," said he, "cannot move without five carriages—I have formed my opinion —I heartily pray I may be mistaken." He was *not* mistaken. The Neapolitan army marched to Rome, was encountered by the French, fought just

[1] [Botta, t. ii. p. 571; Lacretelle, t. xiv. p. 145; Thiers, t. x. p. 26; Annual Register, vol. xl. p. 38.]

long enough to lose about forty men, then fled, abandoning guns, baggage, arms, and every thing besides. "The Neapolitan officers did not lose much honour," said Nelson, "for God knows they had little to lose—but they lost what they had."[1] The prescient eye, which was as accurate by land as by sea, had also foreseen the instant advance of the French to Naples. It took place accordingly, but not unresisted. The naked rabble, called Lazzaroni, showed the most desperate courage. They attacked the French ere they came to the city; and notwithstanding a murderous defeat, they held out Naples for two days with their irregular musketry only, against regular forces amply supplied with artillery. What can we say of a country, where the rabble are courageous and the soldiers cowards? what, unless that the higher classes, from whom the officers are chosen, must be the parties to be censured.[2]

The royal family fled to Sicily; and in Naples a new classical-sounding government was created at the command of the French general,—The Parthenopean Republic. The French were now possessed of all Italy, excepting Tuscany, and that was exempted from their authority in name only, and not in effect.

The French people, notwithstanding the success of these several undertakings, were not deceived or flattered by them in a degree equal to what probably their rulers expected. Their vanity was alarmed at the meanness of the motives which the

[1] [See Southey's Life of Nelson.]
[2] [Jomini, t. xiv. p. 316; Lacretelle, t. xiv. p. 241.]

Directory exhibited on almost every occasion. Even the dazzling pride of conquest was sullied by the mercenary views with which war was undertaken. On one occasion the veil was raised, and all Frenchmen who had feelings of decency, not to say of probity or honour, remaining, must have held themselves disgraced by the venal character of their Government.

Some disputes existing between France and the United States of America, commissioners were sent by the latter country to Paris, to endeavour to restore a good understanding. They were not publicly acknowledged by France in the character of ambassadors; but were distinctly given to understand, that they could only be permitted to treat, on condition that the States of America should lend to the Republic the sum of a million sterling; to which was added, the unblushing demand of fifty thousand pounds, as a douceur for the private pocket of the directors. The astonishment of the envoys was extreme at this curious diplomatic proposal, and they could hardly credit their ears when they heard it repeatedly and grossly urged. "The essential part of the treaty," said one of the French agents, "is, *il faut de l'argent—il faut beaucoup d'argent;*" and to render the matter palatable, he told the Americans of other countries which had paid large sums to obtain peace, and reminded them of the irresistible power of France. The Transatlantic republicans, unmoved by these arguments, stoutly answered, "That it belonged only to petty states to purchase independence by payment of tribute—that Ame-

rica was willing and able to protect herself by arms, and would not purchase with money what she possessed by her powerful means of self-defence." They added, "that they had no power whatever to enter into any engagements concerning a loan."

The agents of France lowered their tone so far as to say, that if the commissioners would pay something in the way of fees, they might be permitted to remain in Paris, whilst one of their number returned to America to obtain instructions from their government; but not even to that modification of bribery would the Americans listen. They would not, according to the expression used in incendiary letters, "put five pounds in a certain place." The treaty became public, to the scandal alike of France and of Europe, which joined in regarding a government that made war on such base principles, as standing, in comparison to those who warred in the spirit of conquest, in the relation of footpads to highwaymen. The only attempt made by Talleyrand towards explanation of this singular transaction, was a shuffling denial of the fact, which he strengthened by an insinuation, that the statement of the American envoys was a weak invention, suggested to them by the English.[1]

Not to multiply instances, the rapacity and domineering insolence with which the Directory conducted themselves towards the new republics, who were at every moment made sensible of their

[1] [Annual Register, vol. xl. p. 244.]

total dependence on the Great Nation—the merciless exactions which they imposed, together with the rapacious peculations of many of their generals and agents, made them lose interest almost as fast as they could acquire territory. Their fair pretexts of extending freedom, and the benefits of a liberal government, to states which had been oppressed by the old feudal institutions, were now valued at no more than their worth; and it was seen, that the only equality which republican France extended to the conquered countries, was to render all classes alike degraded and impoverished. Thus, the successes which we have hastily enumerated rather endangered than strengthened the empire of France, as they rendered her ambition the object of fear and suspicion to all Europe. The Catholic nations beheld the degradation of the supreme Pontiff with abhorrence—every king in Europe feared a similar fate with the sovereigns of Sardinia and Naples—and, after the fate of Switzerland, no people could rely upon a peaceful, unoffending, and strictly neutral character, as ground sufficient to exempt them from French aggression. Thus a general dread and dislike prepared for a new coalition against France, in which Russia, for the first time, was to become an active co-operator.

The troops of this powerful empire were eminently qualified for encountering with the French; for, added to their hardihood, courage, and discipline, they had a national character—a distinction less known to the Germans, whose subdivision into different states, often at war with each other, has

in some degree diminished their natural spirit or patriotism. Accustomed also to warfare on a great scale, and to encounter such an enemy as the Turk, the Russians, while they understood the modern system of tactics, were less servilely bigoted to it than the Austrians. Their ideas more readily went back to the natural and primitive character of war, and they were better prepared either to depart from strict technical rules themselves, or to see them departed from, and calculate the results. These new enemies of France, moreover, were full of confidence in their own character, and unchecked in their military enthusiasm by the frequent recollections of defeat, which clouded the spirit of the Austrians. Above all, the Russians had the advantage of being commanded by Suwarrow, one of the most extraordinary men of his time, who, possessed of the most profound military sagacity, assumed the external appearance of fanatical enthusiasm, as in society he often concealed his perfect knowledge of good-breeding under the show of extravagant buffoonery. These peculiarities, which would not have succeeded with a French or English army, gained for him an unbounded confidence among his countrymen, who considered his eccentric conduct, followed, as it almost always was, by brilliant success, as the result of something which approached to inspiration.[1]

[1] ["Suwarrow is a most extraordinary man. He dines every morning about nine. He sleeps almost naked: he affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold; and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer is at ten degrees be-

The united forces of Austria and Russia, chiefly under the command of this singular character, succeeded, in a long train of bloody battles, to retake and re-occupy those states in the north of Italy, which had been conquered in Buonaparte's first campaigns. It was in vain that Macdonald, whose name stood as high among the Republican generals, as his character for honour and rectitude among French statesmen, marched from Naples, traversing the whole length of Italy, to arrest the victorious progress of the allies. After a train of stubborn fighting, it was only by displaying great military talent that he could extricate the remains of his army. At length the decisive and desperate battle of Novi seemed to exclude the French from the possession of those fair Italian provinces, which had been acquired by such expense of life.[1]

On the Rhine, though her defeats were not of such a decided character, France also lost reputation and territory. Jourdan proved no match for the Archduke Charles, who having no longer Buonaparte to encounter, asserted his former superiority over inferior French generals. His royal highness finally compelled the French to recross the Rhine, while the Austrian generals Bellegarde and Hotze, supported by a Russian division under

low freezing. A great deal of his whimsical manner is affected: He finds that it suits his troops, and the people he has to deal with. I dined with him this morning He cried to me across the table, 'Tweddell, the French have taken Portsmouth. I have just received a courier from England. The king is in the tower, and Sheridan protector!'"—TWEDDELL'S *Remains*, p. 135.]

[1] [Jomini, t. xi. p. 275; Thiers, t. x. p. 279.]

Korsakow, advanced to the line of the Limmat, near Zurich, and waited the junction of Suwarrow to occupy Switzerland, and even to menace France, who, in a great measure despoiled of her foreign conquests, had now reason to apprehend the invasion of her own territory.

In the Netherlands, the French interest seemed equally insecure. Insurrections had already taken place in what they called Belgium, and it seemed that the natives of these populous districts desired but opportunity and encouragement for a general revolt. Holland, through all its provinces, was equally disaffected; and the reports from that country encouraged England to send to the coast an expedition, consisting of British and Russian forces, to which two divisions of the Dutch fleet delivered up their vessels, hoisting at the same time the colours of the Stadtholder. Here was another risk of an imminent and pressing description, which menaced France and its Directorial government.

It remains to be added to the tale of these foreign calamities, that the Chouans, or Royalists of Bretagne, were again in the field with a number of bands, amounting, it is said, to forty thousand men in all. They had gained several successes, and, though falling short of the chivalrous spirit of the Vendéans, and having no general equal in talents to Charette, were nevertheless sufficiently brave and well commanded, to become extremely formidable, and threaten a renewal of all the evils which had been occasioned by the former civil war.

Amidst these louring appearances, the dislike

and disrespect with which the directors were regarded, occasioned their being loaded with every species of accusation by the public. It was not forgotten that it was the jealousy of Barras, Rewbel, and the other directors, which had banished from France the most successful of her generals, at the head of a gallant army, who were now needed to defend the provinces which their valour had gained. The battle of Aboukir, while it annihilated their fleet, had insulated the land forces, who, now cut off from all communication with their mother country, and shut up in an insalubrious province, daily wasted in encounters with the barbarous tribes that valour, and those lives, which, hazarded on the frontiers of France, might have restored victory to their standards.

To these upbraiding complaints, and general accusations of incapacity, as well as of peculation, the directors had little to answer. What was a still greater deficiency, they had no party to appeal to, by whom their cause, right or wrong, might have been advocated with the stanch adherence of partisans. They had undergone, as we shall presently show, various changes in their own body, but without any alteration in their principles of administration, which still rested on the principle of *Bascule*, or see-saw,[1] as it is called in English; the attempt, in short, to govern two contending factions in the

[1] The term, it is scarcely necessary to say, is derived from the childish amusement, where two boys swing at the opposite ends of a plank, moving up and down, in what Dr Johnson calls "a reciprocating motion," while a third urchin, placed in the centre of motion, regulates their movements.

state, by balancing the one against the other, without adhering to either. In consequence of this mean and temporizing policy, which is always that of weak minds, the measures of the government were considered, not with reference to the general welfare of the state, but as they should have effect upon one or other of the parties by which it was divided. It followed also, that having no certain path and plan, but regulating their movements upon the wish to maintain an equality between the factions, in order that they might preserve their authority over both, the directors had no personal followers or supporters, save that most sordid class, who regulate their politics on their interest, and who, though faithful adherents of every settled administration, perceive, by instinctive sagacity, the moment that their patrons are about to lose their offices, and desert their cause on such occasions with all convenient speed.

Yet the directors, had they been men of talent, integrity, and character—above all, had they been united among themselves, and agreed on one steady course of policy, might have governed France with little difficulty. The great body of the nation were exhausted by the previous fury of the revolutionary movements, had supped full with politics, and were much disposed to sit down contented under any government which promised protection for life and property. Even the factions had lost their energy. Those who inclined to a monarchical form, were many of them become indifferent by whom the sceptre was wielded, providing that species of government, supposed by them most suitable to the

habits and character of the French, should be again adopted. Many who were of this opinion saw great objection to the restoration of the Bourbons, for fear that along with their right might revive all those oppressive feudal claims which the Revolution had swept away, as well as the pretensions of the emigrants to resume their property. Those who entertained such sentiments were called *Modérés*. The ancient blood-red Jacobins could hardly be said to exist. The nation had had a surfeit of blood, and all parties looked back with disgust on the days of Robespierre. But there existed a kind of white Jacobins; men who were desirous to retain a large proportion of democratical principle in the constitution, either that they might not renounce the classical name of a Republic, or because they confided in their own talents, to "wield at will the fierce democracy;" or because they really believed that a potent infusion of such a spirit in the forms of government, was necessary for the preservation of liberty. This party was greatly inferior in numbers to the others; and they had lost their authority over the populace, by means of which they had achieved such changes during the early periods of the Revolution. But they were bold, enterprising, active; and their chiefs, assuming at first the name of the Pantheon, afterwards of the Manège Club, formed a party in the state which, from the character of the leaders, gave great subject of jealousy to the Directory.[1]

The rapacity and insolent bearing of the French

[1] [Gourgaud, t. i. p. 58.]

Government having, as we have seen, provoked a new war with Austria and Russia, the means to which the directors had recourse for maintaining it were a forced loan imposed on the wealthy, which gave alarm to property, and a conscription of two hundred thousand men, which was alike distressing to poor and rich. Both measures had been submitted to during the Reign of Terror; but then a murmur cost the complainer his head. The Directory had no such summary mode of settling grievances. These two last inflictions greatly inflamed the public discontent. To meet the general tendency to insurrection, they had recourse to a measure equally harsh and unpopular. It was called the Law of Hostages, by which the unoffending relatives of emigrants, or royalists, supposed to be in arms, were thrown into prison, and rendered responsible for the acts of their connexions. This unjust law filled the prisons with women, old men, and children,—victims of a government which, because it was not strong enough to subdue insurrection by direct force, visited the consequences of its own weakness on age, childhood, and helpless females.[1]

Mean time the dissensions among the directors themselves, which continued to increase, led to various changes within their own body. When Buonaparte left Europe, the Directory consisted of Barras, Rewbel, Treilhard, Merlin, Reveillière-Lepaux. The opposition attacked them with so much fury in the Legislative Assemblies, Boulay de la Meurthe, Lucien Buonaparte, François, and other men of talent leading the way, that at length

[1] [Thiers, t. x. p. 269; Lacretelle, xiv. p. 397.]

the directors appear to have become afraid of being made personally responsible by impeachment for the peculations of their agents, as well as for the result of the insolences by which they had exasperated the friends and allies of France. Rewbel, he whose character for talent and integrity stood most fair with the public, was removed from office by the lot which announced him as the director who was to retire. It has been said some art was used to guide fortune on this occasion. His name in the list was succeeded by one celebrated in the Revolution; that of the Abbé Siêyes.

This remarkable statesman had acquired a high reputation, not only by the acuteness of his metaphysical talent, but by a species of mystery in which he involved himself and his opinions. He was certainly possessed of great knowledge and experience in the affairs of France, was an adept in the composition of new constitutions of all kinds, and had got a high character, as possessed of secrets peculiarly his own, for conducting the vessel of the state amidst the storms of revolution. The abbé, in fact, managed his political reputation as a prudent trader does his stock; and, by shunning to venture on any thing which could in any great degree peril his credit, he extended it in the public opinion, perhaps much farther than his parts justified. A temper less daring in action than bold in metaphysical speculation, and a considerable regard for his own personal safety, accorded well with his affected air of mystery and reserve. In the National Assembly he had made a great impression, by his pamph-

let explaining the nature of the Third Estate ;[1] and he had the principal part in procuring the union of the three separate Estates into the National Assembly. A flaming patriot in 1792–3, he voted for the death of the unfortunate Louis ; and, as was reported, with brutal levity, using the celebrated expression, " *Mort sans phrase.*" He was no less distinguished for bringing forward the important measure for dividing France into departments, and thus blending together and confounding all the ancient distinctions of provinces.[2] After this period he became passive, and was little heard of during the Reign of Terror ; for he followed the maxim of Pythagoras, and worshipped the Echo (only found in secret and solitary places) when he heard the tempest blow hard.

After the revolution of 9th Thermidor, Siêyes came in with the moderate party, and had the merit to propose the recall of the members who had been forcibly expelled by the Jacobin faction on the fall of the Girondists. He was one of the committee of eleven, to whom was given the charge of forming the new constitution, afterwards called that of the year Three. This great metaphysical philosopher and politician showed little desire to share with any colleagues the toil and honour of a task to which he esteemed himself exclusively competent ; and he produced, accordingly, a model entirely of his own composition, very ingenious, and evincing a wonderfully intimate acquaintance with political

[See *ante*, vol. viii. p. 105.] [2][Gourgaud, t. i p. 61.]

doctrines, together with a multitude of nice balances, capacities, and disqualifications, so constituted as to be checks on each other. As strongly characteristic of the genius of the man, we shall here give an account of his great work.

His plan provided that the constitution, with its powers of judicature and of administration, should emanate from the people; but lest, like that unnatural parent the sow, the people should devour their own nine farrow, the functionaries thus invested with power were to be placed, when created, out of the reach of the parents who had given them birth. The mode in which it was proposed to affect this, was both singular and ingenious. The office-bearers were thus to be selected out of three orders of the state, forming a triple hierarchy. 1. The citizens of each commune were to name one-tenth of their number, to be called the Communal Notables. From these were to be selected the magistrates of the communes, and the justices of peace. 2. The Communal Notables were again to choose a tenth part of their number, who were called the Departmental Notables. The prefects, judges, and provincial administrators, were selected from this second body. 3. The Departmental Notables, in like manner, were to elect a tenth of their number, computed to amount to about six thousand persons; and from this highest class of citizens were to be filled the most dignified and important situations in the state,—the ministers and members of government, the legislature, the senate, or grand jury, the principal judges, ambassadors, and the like. By this system it will be perceived, that instead of equality,

three ranks of privileged citizens were to be established, from whose ranks alone certain offices could be filled. But this species of nobility, or, as it was called, Notability, was dependent not on birth, but on the choice of the people, from whom, though more or less directly, all officers without exception received their commissions. The elections were to take place every five years.

To represent the national dignity, power, and glory, there was to be an officer called the Grand Elector, who was to have guards, a revenue, and all the external appendages of royalty; all acts of government, laws, and judicial proceedings, were to run in his name. This species of *Roi-fainéant* was to possess no part of the royal authority, except the right of naming two consuls, one for peace, and the other for war; and the farther right of selecting, from lists of candidates to be supplied by the three ranks of the hierarchy, the individuals who were to fill official situations as they should become vacant. But having exercised this privilege, the grand elector, or proclaimer general, was *functus officio*, and had no active duties to perform, or power to exercise. The two consuls, altogether uncontrolled by him or each other, were to act each in their own exclusive department of peace or war; and the other functionaries were alike independent of the grand proclaimer, or elector, so soon as he had appointed them. He was to resemble no sovereign ever heard of but the queen bee, who has nothing to do but to repose in idleness and luxury, and give being to the active insects by whose industry the business of the hive is carried on.

The government being thus provided for, the Abbé Siêyes's system of legislature was something like that of France in the time of the Parliament. There was to be a Legislative Body of two hundred and fifty deputies; but they were to form rather a tribunal of judges, than a popular and deliberative assembly. Two other bodies, a Council of State on the part of the Government, and a Tribunate of one hundred deputies, on the part of the people, were to propose and discuss measures in presence of this Legislative Council, who then proceeded to adopt or reject them upon scrutiny and by vote, but without any oral delivery of opinions. The Tribunate was invested with the right of guarding the freedom of the subject, and denouncing to the Convocative Senate such misconduct of office-bearers, or ill-chosen measures, or ill-advised laws, as should appear to them worthy of reprobation.

But, above all, Abbé Siêyes piqued himself upon the device of what he determined a Conservative Senate, which, possessing in itself no power of action or legislation of any kind, was to have in charge the preservation of the constitution. To this Senate was given the singular power, of calling in to become a member of their own body, and reducing of course to their own state of incapacity, any individual occupying another situation in the constitution, whose talents, ambition, or popularity, should render him a subject of jealousy. Even the grand elector himself was liable to this fate of *absorption*, as it was called, although he held his crown of Cocaign in the common case for life. Any exertion on his part of what might seem to the Senate

an act of arbitrary authority, entitled them to adopt him a member of their own body. He was thus removed from his palace, guards, and income, and made for ever incapable of any other office than that of a senator. This high point of policy was carrying the system of checks and balances as far as it could well go.

The first glance of this curious model must have convinced a practical politician that it was greatly too complicated and technical to be carried into effect. The utility of laws consists in their being a character which compels the respect and obedience of those to whom they relate. The very delicacy of such an ingenious scheme rendered it incapable of obtaining general regard, since it was too refined to be understood save by profound philosophers. To the rest of the nation it must have been like a watch to a savage, who, being commanded to regulate his time by it, will probably prefer to make the machine correspond with his inclinations, by putting backward and forward the index at pleasure. A man of ordinary talent and honest disposition might have been disqualified for public life by this doctrine of absorption, just as a man ignorant of swimming would perish if flung into a lake. But a stout swimmer would easily gain the shore, and an individual like Buonaparte would set at defiance the new species of ostracism, and decline to be neutralized by the absorption of the Senate. Above all, the plan of the abbé destroyed the true principle of national representation, by introducing a metaphysical election of members of legislation, instead of one immediately

derived from the direct vote of the people themselves. In the abbé's alembic, the real and invaluable principle of popular representation was subtilized into smoke.

For these, or other reasons, the commissioners of the year Three did not approve of the plan proposed by Siêyes; and, equally dissatisfied with the constitution which they adopted, he withdrew himself from their deliberations, and accepted the situation of ambassador to Prussia, where he discharged with great ability the task of a diplomatist.

In 1799, Siêyes returned from Berlin to Paris, full of hope to establish his own favourite model on the ruins of the Directorial Constitution, and, as a preliminary, obtained, as we have said, Rewbel's seat in the Directory. Merlin and Lepaux, menaced with impeachments, were induced to send in their resignation. Treilhard had been previously displaced, on pretext of an informality in the choice. Instead of them were introduced into the Directory Roger Ducos, a Modéré, or rather a Royalist, with Gohier and Moulins, men of talents too ordinary to throw any opposition in the path of Siêyes.[1] Barras, by his expenses and his luxurious mode of life, his connexion with stock-jobbers, and encouragement of peculation, was too much in danger of

[1] ["Ducos was a man of narrow mind, and easy disposition. Moulins, a general of division, had never served in war: he was originally in the French guards, and had been advanced in the army of the interior. He was a worthy man, and a warm and upright patriot. Gohier was an advocate of considerable reputation, and exalted patriotism—an eminent lawyer, and a man of great integrity and candour."—Napoleon, *Gourgaud*, t. i. p. 60.]

impeachment, to permit him to play a manly part. He truckled to circumstances, and allied himself with, or rather subjected himself to, Siêyes, who saw the time approaching when the constitution of the year Three must fall, and hoped to establish his own rejected model in its stead. But the revolution which he meditated could only be executed by force.

The change in the Directory had destroyed the government by bascule, or balance, and that intermediate and trimming influence being removed, the two parties of the Modérés and the Republicans stood full opposed to each other, and ready to try their strength in a severe struggle. Siêyes, though no Royalist, or at least certainly no adherent of the House of Bourbon, stood, nevertheless, at the head of the Modérés, and taxed his sagacity for means of ensuring their victory. The Modérés possessed a majority in the Council of the Ancients; but the Society of the Manège, Republicans if not Jacobins, had obtained, at the last election, a great superiority of numbers in the Council of Five Hundred. They were sure to be in decided opposition to any change of the constitution of the year Three; and such being the case, those who plotted the new revolution, could not attempt it without some external support. To call upon the people was no longer the order of the day. Indeed it may be supposed that the ancient revolutionary columns would rather have risen against Siêyes, and in behalf of the Society of the Manège. The proposers of a new change had access, however, to the army, and to that they determined to appeal. The assist-

ance of some military chief of the first reputation was necessary. Siêyes cast his eyes upon Joubert, an officer of high reputation, and one of the most distinguished among Buonaparte's generals. He was named by the Directors to the command of the department of Paris, but shortly after was sent to Italy, with hopes that, acquiring a new fund of glory by checking the progress of Suwarrow, he might be yet more fitted to fill the public eye, and influence the general mind, in the crisis when Siêyes looked for his assistance. Joubert lost his life, however, at the great battle of Novi, fought betwixt him and Suwarrow; and so opportunely did his death make room for the pretensions of Buonaparte, that it has been rumoured, certainly without the least probability, that he did not fall by the fire of the Austrians, but by that of assassins hired by the family of Napoleon, to take out of the way a powerful competitor of their brother. This would have been a gratuitous crime, since they could neither reckon with certainty on the arrival of Buonaparte, nor upon his being adopted by Siêyes in place of Joubert.

Mean while, the family of Napoleon omitted no mode of keeping his merits in public remembrance. Reports from time to time appeared in the papers to this purpose, as when, to give him consequence doubtless, they pretended that the Tower guns of London were fired, and public rejoicings made, upon a report that Napoleon had been assassinated. Madame Buonaparte, in the mean while, lived at great expense, and with much elegance, collecting around her whoever was remarkable for talent

and accomplishment, and many of the women of Paris who were best accustomed to the management of political intrigue. Lucien Buonaparte distinguished himself as an orator in the Council of Five Hundred, and although he had hitherto affected Republican zeal, he now opposed, with much ability, the reviving influence of the democrats. Joseph Buonaparte, also, a man of talent, and of an excellent character, though much aspersed afterwards, in consequence of the part in Spain assigned him by his brother, lived hospitably, saw much company, and maintained an ascendance in Parisian society. We cannot doubt that these near relatives of Buonaparte found means of communicating to him the state of affairs in Paris, and the opening which it afforded for the exercise of his distinguished talents.

The communication betwixt Toulon and Alexandria was, indeed, interrupted, but not altogether broken off, and we have no doubt that the struggle of parties in the interior, as well as the great disasters on the frontier, had their full influence in determining Buonaparte to his sudden return. Miot, though in no very positive strain, has named a Greek called Bambuki, as the bearer of a letter from Joseph to his brother, conveying this important intelligence. The private memoirs of Fouché pretend that that minister purchased the secret of Napoleon's return being expected, from Josephine herself, for the sum of a thousand louis, and that the landing at Frejus was no surprise to him. Both these pieces of private history may be safely doubted; but it would be difficult to convince us

that Buonaparte took the step of quitting Egypt on the vague intelligence afforded by the journals, and without confidential communication with his own family.

To return to the state of the French Government. The death of Joubert not only disconcerted the schemes of Siêyes, but exposed him and his party to retaliation. Bernadotte was minister of war, and he, with Jourdan and Augereau, were all warm in the cause of Republicanism. Any of these distinguished generals was capable of leading the military force to compel such an alteration in the constitution as might suit the purpose of their party, and thus reversing the project of Siêyes, who, without Joubert, was like the head without the arm that should execute. Already Jourdan had made in the Council of Five Hundred a speech on the dangers of the country, which, in point of vehemence, might have been pronounced in the ancient hall of the Jacobins. He in plain terms threatened the Modérés with such a general insurrection as had taken place in the year 1792, and proposed to declare the country in danger. He was answered by Lucien Buonaparte, Chenier, and Boulay, who had great difficulty to parry the impetuosity with which the motion was urged forward. Though they succeeded in eluding the danger, it was still far from being over, and the democrats would probably have dared some desperate movement, if any additional reverse had been sustained on the frontier.

But as if the calamities of France, which of late

had followed each other in quick succession, had attained their height of tide, the affairs of that country began all of a sudden to assume a more favourable aspect. The success of General Brune in Holland against the Anglo-Russian army, had obliged the invaders of Holland to retreat, and enter into a convention for evacuation of the country on which they had made their descent. A dispute, or misunderstanding, having occurred between the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Archduke Charles, in order, it was alleged, to repel an incursion of the French into the countries on the Maine, withdrew a great part of his army from the line of the Limmat, which was taken up by the Russians under Korsakow. Massena took the advantage of this imprudent step, crossed the Limmat, surprised the Russians, and defeated Korsakow, whilst the formidable Suwarrow, who had already advanced to communicate with that general, found his right flank uncovered by his defeat, and had the greatest difficulty in executing a retrograde movement before General Lecourbe.

The news of these successes induced the Republicans to defer their attack upon the moderate party; and on so nice a point do the greatest events hang, that had a longer period intervened between these victories and the arrival of Buonaparte, it is most probable that he would have found the situation of military chief of the approaching revolution, which became vacant on the death of Joubert, filled up by some one of those generals, of whom success had extended the fame. But he landed at the

happy crisis, when the presence of a chief of first-rate talents was indispensable, and when no favourite name had yet been found, to fill the public voice with half such loud acclaim as his own.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

LETTERS OF NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE.

[See p. 235.]

[In the first Edition of this Work, Sir Walter Scott introduced, by way of foot notes, a few translations from the Letters of Napoleon and Josephine during the campaign of 1796, published in 1824 by Mr Tennant. But the larger collection of those letters, edited by Josephine's daughter, the Duchess of St Leu, had not then appeared. We now reprint the *versions* which Sir Walter thought fit to give; and append to them some specimens of the native style and orthography of the correspondence.]

(1.)

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE.

(*Translation.*)

"*Port Mauriee, the* 14*th Germinal* (*April* 4,) 1796.

"I have received all thy letters: but not one of them has affected me so much as thy last. Dost thou think, my adorable love, of writing to me in such terms? Dost thou imagine, then, that my position is not already cruel enough, without an increase of my sorrows, and an overthrow of my soul? What a style!

what sentiments dost thou describe. They are of fire—they burn my poor heart. My only Josephine;—far from thee there is no joy;—far from thee the world is a desert, where I remain an isolated being, without enjoying the sweets of confidence. Thou hast deprived me of more than my soul; thou art the only thought of my life. If I am tired of the troubles of business—if I dread the result—if mankind disgust me—if I am ready to curse this life—I place my hand upon my heart—there thy portrait beats—I look at it, and love becomes to me absolute happiness; all is smiling, save the time when I am separated from my beloved.

"By what is it that thou hast been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in thyself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach thee,—I am dying to be near thee. Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul in which you reign! Ah! my adorable wife! I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from thee, it will be insupportable,—my courage will not go so far. There was a time when I was proud of my courage; and sometimes, when contemplating on the ills that man could do me, on the fate which destiny could reserve for me, I fixed my eyes steadfastly on the most unheard-of misfortunes without a frown, without alarm. But now, the idea that my Josephine may be unwell, the idea that she may be ill, and, above all, the cruel, the fatal thought, that she may love me less, withers my soul, stops my blood, renders me sad, cast down, and leaves me not even the courage of fury and despair. Formerly I used often to say to myself, men cannot hurt him who can die without regret; but now, to die without being loved by thee, to die without that certainty, is the torment of hell; it is the lively and striking image of absolute annihilation—I feel as if I were stifled. My incomparable companion, thou whom fate has destined to make along with me the painful journey of life, the day on which I shall cease to possess thy heart will be the day on which parched nature will be to me without warmth or vegetation.

"I stop, my sweet love, my soul is sad—my body is fatigued—my head is giddy—men disgust me—I ought to hate them—they separate me from my beloved.

"I am at Port Maurice, near Oneille; to-morrow I shall be

at Albenga; the two armies are in motion—We are endeavouring to deceive each other—Victory to the most skilful! I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu—If he alarm me much he is a better man than his predecessor. I shall beat him I hope in good style. Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, than your thought, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me,—I am sinking. Nature is weak for him who feels strongly, for him whom you love!!"

(2.)

"*Albenga*, 16*th Germinal*, (*April* 6.)

"[It is one hour after midnight. They have just brought me a letter. It is sad—my soul is affected by it: It is the death of Chauvet. He was commissary-in-chief of the army. You have seen him sometimes with Barras. My love, I feel the want of consolation that is to be obtained by writing to thee—to thee alone!—Chauvet is dead! He was attached to me. He has rendered essential services to his country. His last words were, that he was setting off to join me. Soul of my existence! write to me by every courier, otherwise I cannot live. I am here very much occupied; Beaulieu moves his army. We are in sight. I am a little fatigued; I am every day on horseback. Adieu, adieu, adieu. I am going to sleep. Sleep consoles me—it places me at thy side. But, alas! on waking, I find myself three hundred leagues from thee!"

(3.)

"*Albenga*, 18 *Germinal*, (*April* 8.)

"My brother [Joseph] is here. He has heard of my marriage with pleasure. He is most anxious to know thee. I am trying to decide him to go to Paris. His wife has been brought to bed of a girl. He sends you a present of a box of Genoese sugar-plums. You will receive some oranges, perfumes, and orange-flower water, which I send you. Junot and Murat present you their respects."]

(4.)

"*Headquarters, Carru, April* 24.

"To my Sweet Love,

"My brother [Joseph] will give you this letter. I have the warmest regard for him. I hope he will obtain yours. He merits it. Nature has endowed him with a character, gentle, equal, and

unchangeably good. He is made up of good qualities. I have written to Barras, that he may be appointed consul in some part of Italy. He wishes to live with his little wife, far away from the great whirlwind, and from great affairs. I recommend him to thee.

"Junot carries to Paris twenty-two standards. You must return with him. Should he come without thee—misfortune without remedy, grief without consolation, endless sufferings!—My adorable love, he will see thee—he will breathe in thy temple—perhaps even thou wilt accord him the rare and invaluable favour of a kiss on thy cheek. And I—I shall be alone, and far, very far away. But thou art coming, art thou not? Take wings!—come! come! but travel gently—the road is long, bad, fatiguing. If you were to be overturned, or to be taken ill! If the fatigue * * *. Go gently, my adorable love: but be often and rapidly with me in your thoughts.

"I have received a letter from Hortense. She is altogether lovely. I am going to write to her. I love her dearly, and I will soon send her the perfumes she wishes to have.

"I do not know whether you want money, for you have never spoken to me of these matters. If you do, speak to my brother, who has 200 Louis of mine.—N. B."

(5.)

tortone midi le 27 prarial

A Josephine

Ma vie est un cochemar perpetuel un presentiment funeste m empeche de respirer. je ne vis plus j'ai perdu plus que la vie plus que le bonheur plus que le repos je suis presque sans espoir. je t expedie un courrier. il ne restera que 4 heure a paris et puis m aportera ta reponse—ecris moi 10 pages cela seul peut me consoler un peu - - tu es malade, tu m aime, je t ai affligé, tu es grosse et je te ne vois pas! cett idée me confond. j'ai tant de tord avec toi que je ne sais comment les expier je t accuse de rester a paris et tu y etois malade—pardonne moi ma bonne amie l amour que tu m a inspiré m a ote la raison je ne la retrouverai jamais l 'on ne guerit pas de ce mal la. mes presentimens sont si funestes que je me bornerois a te voir te presser 2 heures contre mon cœur et mourir ensemble! qu est ce qui a soin de toi. j' imagine que tu a fait appeller hortense j aime mille fois plus cet aimable enfant depuis que je pense qu'elle peut te consoler un peu quand a moi point de consolation point de repos, point d espoir jusqu 'a ce que j' ai reçu le courrier que je t expedie et que par une longue lettre tu m explique ce que

c est que ta maladie et jusqu' a quel point elle doit etre serieuse—si elle est dangereuse, je t en previens je pars de suite pour paris. mon arrivé vaudra ta maladie. J 'ai ete toujours heureux. jamais mon sort n a resiste a ma volonte et aujourdhui je suis frappe dans ce qui me touche uniquement. Josephine comment peut tu rester tant de tems sans m ecrire—ta derniere lettre laconique est du 3 du mois encore est elle affligante pour moi je l ai cependant toujours dans ma poche—ton portrait et tes lettres sont sans cesse devant mes yeux.

je ne suis rien sans toi je concois a peine comment j ai existe sans te connoitre ah! Josephine si tu eusse connu mon cœur serois tu rester depuis le 29 au 16 pour partir ? aurois tu prete l oreil a des amis perfides qui vouloient peutetre te tenir eloignée de moi ? je l avoue* tout le monde, j en veux a tout ce qui t entourre je te calculois partie depuis le 5 et le 15 arrivé a Milan.

josephine si tu m 'aime si tu crois que tout depend de ta conservation, ménage toi, je n ose pas te dire de ne pas entreprendre un voyage si long et dans les chaleurs a moins si tu es dans le cas de faire la route va a petites journées ecris moi a toutes les couchés et expedie moi d avance tes lettres.

toutes mes pensées sont concentrées dans ton alcove dans ton lit sur ton cœur ta maladie voyla ce qui m occupe la nuit et le jour—sans apetit, sans someil, sans interet pour l amitie, pour la gloire, pour la patrie, toi, toi et le reste du monde n existe pas plus pour moi que s il etoit anneanti je tiens a l honneur puisque tu y tiens, a la victoire puisque cela te fait plaisir sans quoi j aurois tout quitte pour me rendre a tes pieds.

quelquefois je me dis je m allarme sans raison deja elle est guerie elle part elle est partie, elle est peutetre deja a lion—vaine imagination—tu es dans ton lit souffrante, plus belle, plus interessante plus adorable tu es palle et tes yeux sont plus languissans mais quand sera tu guerie ? si un de nous deux devoit etre malade ne doit il pas etre moi, plus robuste et plus courageux jeusse suporte la maladie plus facilement la destinée est cruelle elle me frappe dans toi.

ce qui me console quelque fois c est de penser qu il depend du sort de te rende malade mais qu il ne depend de personne de m obliger a te survivre.

dans ta lettre ma bonne amie aie soin de me dire que tu est convaincue que je t aime au dela de ce qu il est possible d imaginer, que tu es persuade que tous mes instans te sont consacrés que jamais il ne se passe une heure sans penser à toi, que jamais

il ne m est venu dans l idée de penser a une autre femme qu elles sont toutes a mes yeux sans grace sans beauté et sans esprit que toi toi toute entière telle que je te vois telle que tu est pouvoit me plaire et absorber toutes les facultes de mon ame que tu en a touché toute l etendue que mon cœur n a point de replis que tu ne voye, point de pensées qui ne te sont subordonnes, que mes forces mes bras mon esprit sont tout a toi, que mon ame est dans ton corps, et que le jour ou tu aurois change ou ou tu cesserois de vivre seroit celui de ma mort, que la nature, la terre n est belle a mes yeux que parceque tu l habite — si tu ne crois pas tout cela si ton ame n'en est pas convaincue penetree, tu m afflige, tu ne m aime pas — il est un fluide magnetique entre les personnes qui s aiment — — tu sais bien que jamais je ne pourrois te voir un amant encore moins t en offrir un, lui dechirois le cœur et le voir seroit pour moi la meme chose et puis si je + porter la main sur ta personne sacrée—non je ne l'oserai jamais mais je sorterois d une vie ou ce qui existe de plus vertueuse m auroit trompé.

Mais je suis sur et fier de ton amour — les malheurs sont des epreuves qui nous decellent mutuelment toute la force de notre passion un enfant adorable comme la maman va voir le jour et pourroit passer plusieurs ans dans tes bras—infortuné! je me contenterois d une journée — Mille baise sur tes yeux, sur tes levres sur ta langue sur ton cœur—adorable femme quelle est ton ascendant je suis bien malade de ta maladie, j ai encore une fiévre brulante! ne garde pas plus de 6 heure le Simple* et qu il retourne de suite me porter la lettre cherie de ma Souveraine.

te souviens tu de ce reve ou j etois tes souliers tes chiffons et je te faisois entrer toute entière dans mon cœur—pourquoi la nature n a-t-elle pas arrange cela comme cela—il y a bien des choses a faire.

N. B.

A la Citoyenne
Bonaparte,
Rue Chautreine, No. 6
Paris.

(6.)

de Pistoa en toscane le 8 *messidor.*

A Josephine,

Depuis un mois je n'ai reçu de ma bonne amie que 2 billets de trois lignes chacun—a-t-elle des affaires? celle d'écrire a son bon ami n'est donc pas un besoin pour elle des lors celle d'y penser—vivre sans penser a josephine ce seroit pour ton mari etre mort et

ne pas exister—ton image embelit ma pensée et egaye le tableau sinistre et noire de la melancolie et de la douleur — — un jour peutetre viendra ou je te verai, car je ne doute pas que tu ne sois encore a paris et bien ce jour la je te montrerai mes poches pleines de lettres que je ne t'ai pas envoyé par qu'elles etoient trop bete, bien c'est le mot . bon dieu dis mois toi qui sais si bien faire aimer les autres sans aimer saurez tu me guerir de l'amour ? ? ? je pairai ce remede bien chère tu devois partir le 5 prairal—bon que j'etois je tendois le 13 comme si une jolie femme pouvoit abandoner ses habitudes, ses amis, et Me. tallien et un diné chez baras, et une representation d'une piece nouvelle et fontane* oui fontane* tu aime tout plus que ton mari tu n a pour lui qu'un peu d'estime et une portion de cette bienveillance dont ton cœur abonde tous les jours † † recapituler tes tord, tes fautes je me bat le flanc pour ne te plus aimer bah n' est* ce* pas que je taime davantage enfin mon incomparable petite mere je vais te dire mon secret. Mocque toi de moi reste a Paris, aie des amans, que tout le monde le sache, n ecris jamais eh ! bien je t en aimerai 10 fois davantage —et ce n est pas folie, fiévre delire ! ! et je ne guerirai pas de cela —oh si par dieu j'en guerirai—mais ne vas pas me dire que tu es malade— n entrepend pas de te justifie bon dieu tu es pardonnée je t aime a la folie et jamais mon pauvre cœur ne cessera de donner tout* a* l'*amour* si tu ne m aimois pas mon sort seroit bien byzare. tu ne m'a pas ecrit — tu etois malade — tu n es pas venue. † † n'a pas voulu et puis ta maladie et puis ce petit enfant qui se remuoit si fort qu il te faisoit mal ? mais tu as passe lion tu seras le 10 a turin le 12 a milan ou tu m atendira. tu seras en italie et je serois encore loin de toi—adieu, ma bien aimé, un baisé sur ta bouche—un autre sur ton cœur—et un autre sur ton petit enfants.

Nous avons fait la paix avec Rome qui nous donne de l'argent —nous serons demain a livourne et le plutot que je pourrois dans tes bras, a tes pieds, sur ton sein.

A la Citoyenne
Bonaparte,
Rue chautreinne No. 6
Paris.

No. II.

DESCENT OF THE FRENCH IN SOUTH WALES, UNDER GENERAL TATE.

[See p. 297.]

We have found some curious particulars respecting Tate's descent in the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, one of the unfortunate and misguided Irish gentlemen who were engaged in the Rebellion 1796, and who, being taken on his return to Ireland with a French expedition, was condemned and executed there. The author, for whom we entertain much compassion, seems to have been a gallant light-hearted Irishman, his head full of scraps of plays, and his heart in a high fever on account of the supposed wrongs which his country had sustained at the hands of Great Britain. His hatred, indeed, had arisen to a pitch which seems to have surprised himself, as appears from the conclusion of the following extracts, which prove that nothing less than the total destruction of Bristol was expected from Tate and his merry-men, who had been industriously picked out as the greatest reprobates of the French army.

We have that sort of opinion of Citizen Wolfe Tone, which leads us to think he would have wept heartily had he been to witness the havoc of which he seems ambitious to be an instrument. The violence of his expressions only shows how civil war and political fury can deform and warp the moral feelings. But we should have liked to have seen Pat's countenance when he learned that the Bande Noire had laid down their arms to a handful of Welsh militia, backed by the appearance of a body of market women, with red cloaks, (such was the fact,) whom they took for the head of a supporting column. Even these attempts at pillage, in which they were supposed so dexterous, were foiled by the exertions of the sons of Owen Glendower. The only blood spilt was that of a French straggler, surprised by a Welsh farmer in the act of storming his hen-roost. The bold Briton knocked the assailant on the head with his flail, and, not knowing whom he had slain, buried him in the dunghill, until he learned by the report of the country that he had slain a French invader, when he was much astonished and delighted with his own valour. Such was the event of the invasion; Mr Tone will tell us what was expected.

Nov. 1*st and* 2*d*, 1796, (*Brest*).

Colonel Shee tells me that General Quantin has been dispatched from Flushing with 2000 of the greatest reprobates in the French army, to land in England, and do as much mischief as possible, and that we have 3000 of the same stamp, whom we are also to disgorge on the English coast. - - - - - -

Nov. 24*th and* 25*th.*

Colonel Tate, an American officer, has offered his services, and the general has given him the rank of chef-de-brigade, and 1050 men of the Legion Noire, in order to go on a buccaneering party into England. Excepting some little errors in the locality, which, after all, may seem errors to me from my own ignorance, the instructions are incomparably well drawn; they are done, or at least corrected, by the general himself; and if Tate be a dashing fellow, with military talents, he may play the devil in England before he is caught. His object is Liverpool; and I have some reason to think the scheme has resulted from a conversation I had a few days since with Colonel Shee, wherein I told him that, if we were once settled in Ireland, I thought we might make a piratical visit in that quarter; and, in fact, I wish it was we that should have the credit and profit of it. I should like, for example, to pay a visit to Liverpool myself, with some of the gentlemen from Ormond Quay, though I must say the citizens of the Legion Noire are very little behind my countrymen either in appearance or morality, which last has been prodigiously cultivated by three or four campaigns in Bretagne and La Vendée. A thousand of these desperadoes, in their black jackets, will edify John Bull exceedingly, if they get safe into Lancashire.

Nov. 26*th.*

To-day, by the general's orders, I have made a fair copy of Colonel Tate's instructions, with some alterations from the rough draught of yesterday, particularly with regard to his first destination, which is now fixed to be Bristol. If he arrives safe, it will be very possible to carry it by a *coup de main*, in which case he is to burn it to the ground. I cannot but observe here that I transcribed, with the greatest *sang froid*, the orders to reduce to ashes the third city of the British dominions, in which there is, perhaps, property to the amount of L.5,000,000.

No. III.

BUONAPARTE'S CAMP LIBRARY.

[See p. 304.]

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No. IV.

BUONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, TO THE PEOPLE OF EGYPT.

[See p. 322.]

Alexandria, July the , 6th Year of the Republic One and Indivisible, the of the Month of Muharrem, the Year of the Hegira 1213.

For a long time the Beys, who govern Egypt, have insulted the French nation, and covered her merchants with injuries: the hour of their chastisement is come.

For too long a time this rabble of slaves, purchased in Caucasus and in Georgia, has tyrranized over the fairest part of the world; but God, on whom every thing depends, has decreed that their empire shall be no more.

People of Egypt! you will be told that I am come to destroy your religion: do not believe it. Reply, that I am come to restore your rights, to punish usurpators; and that I reverence more than the Mameloucs themselves, God, his prophet Mahomet, and the Koran!

Tell them that all men are equal before God. Wisdom, talents, and virtue, are the only things which make a difference between them.

Now, what wisdom, what talents, what virtues, have the Mameloucs, that they should boast the exclusive possession of every thing that can render life agreeable?

If Egypt is their farm, let them show the lease which God has given them of it! But God is just and merciful to the people.

All the Egyptians shall be appointed to all the public situations. The most wise, the most intelligent, and the most virtuous, shall govern; and the people shall be happy.

There were formerly among you great cities, great canals, and a great commerce. What has destroyed them all? What! but the avarice, the injustice, and the tyranny of the Mameloucs.

Cadis, Cheiks, Imans, Tchorbadgis! tell the people that we are the friends of the true Mussulmans. Is it not we, who have

destroyed the Pope; who said that it was necessary to make war on Mussulmans! Is it not we, who have destroyed the Knights of Malta, because these madmen believed that it was the good pleasure of God, that they should make war on Mussulmans? Is it not we, who have been in all ages the friends of the Grand Signior, (on whose desires be the blessing of God!) and the enemy of his enemies? And, on the contrary, have not the Mameloucs always revolted against the authority of the Grand Signior, which they refuse to recognise at this moment?

Thrice happy those who shall be with us! they shall prosper in their fortune and their rank. Happy those who shall be neutral! they shall have time to know us thoroughly, and they will range themselves on our side.

But woe, woe, woe, to those who shall take up arms in favour of the Mameloucs, and combat against us! There shall be no hope for them: they shall all perish.

(Signed) BUONAPARTE.

A true copy.

(Signed) BERTHIER.

END OF VOLUME TENTH.

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